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of John Hay

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AMERICAN STATESMEN

IN FORTY VOLUMES

VOLUME XXXVII

THE RE-UNITED NATION — GROWTH AND PROSPERITY

JOHN HAY

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John Hay

American Statesmen

STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION

The Home of John Hay

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

American Statesmen

JOHN HAY

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY

CHAPTER XVII

"THE BREAD-WINNERS"

WHILE Mr. Stone spent the summer of 1877 in Europe, Hay took charge of the financier's business affairs. That was the season when the employees of several of the great railroads organized strikes, which quickly turned into riots and created for a short time the most alarming condition of its kind which the country had known. The worst excesses were committed at Pittsburg, but other large cities, particularly the railway centres, passed through the ordeal. Among them was Cleveland.

With what emotions John Hay watched the explosion appears in his letters to his father-in-law.

To Amasa Stone

ROOM 1, CUSHING'S BLOCK,
CLEVELAND, O., July 24, 1877.

. . . Since last week the country has been at the mercy of the mob, and on the whole the mob has behaved rather better than the country. The shame-

ful truth is now clear, that the government is utterly helpless and powerless in the face of an unarmed rebellion of foreign workingmen, mostly Irish. There is nowhere any firm nucleus of authority — nothing to fall back on as a last resort. The Army has been destroyed by the dirty politicians, and the State militia is utterly inefficient. Any hour the mob chooses, it can destroy any city in the country — that is the simple truth. Fortunately, so far, it has not cared to destroy any but railway property.

I saw Mr. Porter this morning. He says there are some 2000 men at Collinwood with revolvers. The freight men here will not let the merchants have their goods, which are spoiling at the Depot. Mr. Newell has no authority to act, and Mr. Vanderbilt has as yet given no orders.

All day yesterday a regular panic prevailed in the city. But the Rolling Mill resuming work helped matters somewhat, and to-day the scare has subsided. I was advised to send my wife and children out of town to some place of safety, but concluded we would risk it. The town is full of thieves and tramps waiting and hoping for a riot, but not daring to begin it themselves. If there were any attempt to enforce the law, I believe the town would be in ashes in six hours. The mob is as yet good-natured.

A few shots fired by our militia company would ensure their own destruction and that of the city. A miserable state of things — which I hope will be ancient history before you read this letter. Of course, if things get worse, I shall send Clara and the babies away out of danger with George Dudgeon, and keep house myself.

July 25. Things look more quiet to-day. Passenger and mail trains will begin running as soon as possible, Mr. Couch says, and it is probable that the strike may end by the surrender of the railroad companies to the demands of the strikers. This is disgraceful, but it is hard to say what else could be done. There is a mob in every city ready to join with the strikers, and get their pay in robbery, and there is no means of enforcing the law in case of a sudden attack on private property. We are not Mexicans yet — but that is about the only advantage we have over Mexico.

July 27, 1877.

We have passed through a week of great anxiety, which has brought us, as it now appears, nearly to the end of the gravest danger. It is not worth while to recount details to you, and there are some things which I prefer not to put on paper. But I feel that a profound misfortune and disgrace has fallen on the

country, which no amount of energy or severity can now wholly remedy.

One astonishing feature of the whole affair is that there has been very little fall in stocks. In the agony of the riots Rock Island went down a little, but recovered yesterday, before it really looked safe to buy, while a mob was still rampant in Chicago. Until the troops arrived, there was no safety in buying, for the rioters might destroy millions of property in an hour. . . .

The Democrats have nominated Bishop [of] Cincinnati for Governor. I do not know or care anything for him, but I am very glad that Converse was defeated. . . .

I cannot feel at all sure yet as to the result of these troubles on the election. The Democrats will of course try to throw all the blame on the administration, but it is possible that the law-and-order men may rally to the party which is unquestionably the law-and-order party. The Democrats have tried to curry favor with the rioters in their platform, without however daring to approve the outrages — and the Republicans will also have a milk-and-water resolution in favor of law and order, without daring to condemn the strike. These are the creatures which manage our politics.

August 17, 1877.

I am profoundly disgusted with our candidate West. He has made a speech, modifying a little his idiotic talk here, but it is still bad enough. All his sympathies are with the laboring man, and none with the man whose enterprise and capital give him a living. He condemns the use of force against strikes and opposes the increase of the army. He is a little mixed on finance, but is better than the common run in that respect. I suppose I shall have to vote for him, but it is a pill.[1]

August 23, 1877.

. . . Do you read the American news? If so, you must be sickened at the folly and cowardice of public men on both sides. Everything to flatter the mob. The one splendid exception is John Sherman's speech at Mansfield. I don't agree with everything he said, but it was a speech of ability, honesty and courage. . . .

The prospects of labor and capital both seem gloomy enough. The very devil seems to have entered into the lower classes of workingmen, and there are plenty of scoundrels to encourage them to all lengths.

[1] Richard M. Bishop, the Democratic candidate, was elected.

September 3, 1877.

. . . I am thankful you did not *see* and *hear* what took place during the strikes. You were saved a very painful experience of human folly and weakness, as well as crime. I do not refer to the anxiety, etc., for you are not a man who would be over-anxious even in a general panic; but you would have been very much disgusted and angered, I am sure. . . .

Those riots of 1877 burnt deep into Colonel Hay's heart. Like the rest of the world, he had theorized on the likelihood of war between Capital and Labor; but he had reassured himself by the comfortable assumption that under American conditions — equal opportunity for all, high wages, equal laws, and the ballot-box — no angry laboring class could grow up. The riots blew such vaporing away: for they proved that the angry class already existed, that the ballot-box instead of weakening strengthened it, and that not only the politicians of both parties but also the constituted authorities would avoid, as long as possible, grappling with it.

The event was too large to be dismissed as an outburst of temper: it must be accepted as a symptom, a portent. Did it mean that a cancer had attacked the body politic and would spread to the vital organs?

Was Democracy a failure, — Democracy — for more than a century the dream of the down-trodden, the ideal of those who loved mankind and believed in its perfectibility, the Utopia which good men predicted should somehow turn out to be a reality? Hay had sung his pæan to liberty; Hay had throbbed at the efforts of patriots in Spain and in France to overthrow their despots; he had even exulted over the signs of democratization in England. Had he been the victim of mirage? Was Democracy not the final goal of human society, but only a half-way stage between the despotism of Autocracy and the despotism of Socialism?

These questions he could not evade; no more can you who read or I who write. The solution was not for his day; nor is it likely to come in ours. But he held, as did many of his contemporaries, that the assaults on Property were inspired by demagogues who used as their tools the loafers, the criminals, the vicious, — Society's dregs who have been ready at all times to rise against laws and government. That you have property is proof of industry and foresight on your part or your father's; that you have nothing, is a judgment on your laziness and vices, or on your improvidence. The world is a moral world; which it would not be if virtue and vice received the same rewards.

This summary, though confessedly crude, may help, if it be not pressed too close, to define John Hay's position. The property you own — be it a tiny cottage or a palace — means so much more than the tangible object! With it is bound up whatever in historic times has stood for civilization. So an attack on Property becomes an attack on Civilization.

After revolving these things for several years, Hay decided to embody them in a novel, which should serve as a warning to those sentimentalists who were coquetting with revolutionary theories, and to those responsible officials who, through cowardice or self-seeking, were tolerant of revolutionary practices. He wrote his novel, apparently in the winter of 1882–83, called it "The Bread-Winners," and sent it to Mr. Howells, who, although no longer the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was in close relations with his successor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells read the manuscript with enthusiasm, and urged Aldrich to accept it. This Aldrich, after a slight inspection, was eager to do, provided the author would let his name be published. But Hay clung to anonymity, and gave the book to Mr. Gilder of the *Century Magazine*.

It ran through six instalments, — the first appearing in the *Century* for August, 1883, — caught the public at once, and became the novel of the year.

Although the secret of its authorship must have been shared by eight or nine persons, it was never so authoritatively divulged that curiosity ceased. Any one familiar with Cleveland could not fail to recognize that city as the scene of the story; further reasoning might have reduced the number of Clevelandites capable of writing it to one — John Hay; but he, of course, denied, or gave an evasive answer, when the accusation was made to him point-blank. Perhaps he remembered Seward's excellent formula, jotted down in the White House Diary: "If I did n't know, I would gladly tell you." So to the end of his life Hay never acknowledged "The Bread-Winners."

The success of "The Bread-Winners" during its serial publication outran that of any previous American novel. Three things contributed to this — the cleverness of the book, the timeliness of the subject, and the mystery as to authorship. Readers and critics alike set themselves to guessing. The literary journals devoted columns to correspondents, some of whom proved that the author must be a man, while others insisted that only a woman could understand the heart of Woman as the unknown writer had done. The name of pretty nearly every literary worker was suggested.

One lady in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote that, having "barely escaped a siege of brain fever in endeav-

oring to pin it on to the *guilty one* by an analytical process," she would "save others from the calamity which threatened" her, by suggesting that the culprit "may be, and perhaps is, the Rev. Washington Gladden." A Western Doctor of Divinity insisted that, although he was the author, the publishers had never paid him. A high school pupil of Worcester, Massachusetts, celebrated her sixteenth birthday by writing to express surprise that the heroine's name — Alice Belding — was hers also, and she begged the author to give pleasure to her and many friends — "among whom are my teachers" — by telling her whether he had known her father — "a business man of an extensive acquaintance."

From Kansas came the criticism of a local bluestocking, who felt it her duty to point out to "Dear Madam" lapses in taste or rhetoric, and concluded: "I am a little acid, perhaps, because you are successful, while, so far, I am not. So be it, but I will say that my whole expectation will be more than gratified if I ever write anything that receives half the favor yours has done." As was to be expected, a New York lady in East 27th Street made a truly metropolitan proposal, without evasion. "Mr. Hay," she writes, "I understand that you repudiate the parentage of that clever and brilliant story 'The Bread-Winners.' As it is now a foundling thrown upon the

world without father or mother, would you object to my adopting it as my own child and giving it my name? If you are willing to resign all rights and title to it, I shall be most proud to give it a permanent home and standing."

But anonymity has its annoyance as well as its humor. A literary item went the rounds of the papers purporting to give an interview with Mr. Roswell Smith, the President of the Century Company, who was thus quoted: "By the way, that story was rejected by the *Atlantic* before it was brought to us. Then we rejected it — probably for the same reason. But in returning it, our editors gave the author the result of their critical judgment as to desired modifications, and he was given to understand that we would take it if he should see fit to conform. He did so. Without those changes we should have been compelled to reject it — any firm would."

These false statements nettled Hay, but he made no public denial. In a private note to Mr. Smith, he poured his grievance into friendly ears.

"I have seen this . . . in several papers. It comes, of course, not from you, but from Aldrich. You know, perhaps, that Howells read the book and tried to get it for the *Atlantic*. Aldrich offered a higher price for it than the *Century* paid — but wanted my name with it. He only saw two chapters

of it. After it began to be printed his restless vanity induced him to say he had refused it — and when people told him he had made a mistake, he [pretended] that it had been essentially changed since he read it. The fact is there were never any changes, of any consequence, made in it. It was printed exactly as *first* written — with the exception of *5 or 6 lines — which were added*. Not a single page was struck out, though two or three phrases were omitted at Mr. G[ilder]'s request, in the magazine and restored in the book. . . ." [1]

Mr. Smith at once exonerated Mr. Aldrich and shifted the blame to himself, saying that he had given a reporter named Croffut an interview, in which, when printed, colorless suggestions of his appeared as downright statements.

The satisfactions of success, however, far outweighed these vexations. The book had not been long in print before Mr. Gilder wrote that the *Century* would welcome another novel or a sheaf of short stories. "It is curious to see," he wrote, "how many people are offering us 'anonymous' novels. What more likely than that the *Century* should come out with a new anonymous 'novel' or 'story'? If it were not said to be 'by' the author of the B.W.,

[1] As Roswell Smith's letter is dated November 5, 1884, Hay's was probably written a day or two earlier.

people would be off the scent, for no one would suppose we would miss such a good 'announcement.' Or a *nom de guerre* might be taken — perhaps a feminine one." (March 10, 1884.)

Hay probably smiled at the suggestion that he should disguise himself in a woman's petticoat; but henceforth he permitted himself no further literary digressions until the Lincoln History should be completed. The English read "The Bread-Winners" with enthusiasm, and their critics gave it unusual praise.[1] It was brought out in French, serially and in book form, under the title "Le Bien d'Autrui." Tauchnitz lost no time in reprinting it; there were translations into German and other foreign languages, besides various replies to it, one of which, "The Money-Makers," [2] achieved notoriety.

[1] The *Saturday Review* of February 2, 1884, sums up its long favorable notice in these terms: "The book is not without faults, frequent and evident enough. The basement is too big for the roof for one thing; the promise of the earlier chapters is not quite fulfilled; there are rankness and crudity; there are many signs of inexperience as a novelist; for, although the anonymous author is beyond question a writer of experience, he is obviously enough a novice as a novelist. But, after making all deductions, there remains a substantial balance in his favour. *The Bread-Winners* is emphatically a book to be read. It is a very strong story, but its brutal force has no flavour of the muscular paganism of Ouida and her fellows; it is rather the reaction of a highly-cultivated gentleman familiar with camps and courts, and tired of the prettinesses and pettinesses of most modern fiction." Professor Brander Matthews tells me that he wrote the review, which accounts for the hints that the reviewer suspected who the author was.

[2] By Henry F. Keenan.

Read today, "The Bread-Winners" still holds its rank among remarkable novels. The skill with which typical persons in various social classes are brought upon the scene and the consistency with which each moves forward to his catastrophe, are as evident as is the author's success in causing the several plots to converge on the central situation. The men and women are clearly individualized; much of the conversation flashes; and the atmosphere is fittingly sultry and oppressive, as before an electrical storm. But more important than the love story which runs through it, is the sociological drama. You become almost too absorbed in the issue of the struggle between Labor and Capital to care whether Farnham and Alice marry or not.

That indicates Hay's skill as an advocate. Convinced himself, he argues convincingly that the right lies nearly all on one side. He does not deny that Capital has its faults; he paints individual Capitalists in dark colors: but he instils into you the belief that "honest" Labor has nothing to complain of; that socialistic and anarchistic panaceas, instead of curing, would poison Society; and that those persons who engineer a social war are either actual or potential criminals, having the gullible masses for their dupes. The moral is obvious — Society must protect itself against the faction which plots its destruction.

Remembering the date when "The Bread-Winners" was written, we must regard it as the first important polemic in American fiction in defense of Property. But today, even conservatives have moved beyond Hay's outposts. If the book does not belong in the little group of other social polemics, like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," it is because Mrs. Stowe and Hugo spoke to free the downtrodden from misery and injustice, whereas Hay pleads in behalf of preserving the rights of the fortunate in the battle of life. His motive is as honorable as theirs — for he aims at saving civilization by saving the law-and-order classes on which civilization rests — but it lacks the emotional appeal.

CHAPTER XVIII

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY"

VERY soon after they reached the White House, in 1861, Nicolay and Hay began to collect memorabilia for a possible history of Lincoln's administration. They perceived its epochal significance; they divined his singular greatness. Nicolay was the more systematic gatherer, but Hay's Journals, which he kept only too casually, stored up much good grist. After Lincoln's death, the secretaries felt that, sooner or later, they ought to tell to posterity their story of their martyred chief; fortunately, they could not find a responsive publisher, when Hay, on his return from Paris, made inquiries in New York. That would have been premature, because many essential documents were then out of reach.

The largest body of material, indispensable in every respect, belonged to the President's son, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln; and in due time he put it at their disposal, with the proviso that, before publishing, they should submit their work to him. The earliest record that has come to hand is a letter dated March 3, 1874, in which Nicolay reports to Mr. Lincoln

that he is examining the Lincoln manuscripts. The following year, Hay having resigned from the *Tribune* and settled in Cleveland, the collaborators began in earnest.

"My dear Hay," Nicolay writes on November 16, 1875, "I send you to-day by express the first instalment of material."

Being Marshal of the United States Supreme Court from 1872 to 1887, Nicolay resided in Washington, where he was near the official archives. His Library was the central storehouse of material; but Hay collected also, and, as the work went on, he bought many manuscripts and documents and rare books for their joint use. Nicolay blocked out the schedule of chapters, which they then discussed together, and, after coming to a decision, each chose the topics he preferred. As fast as these were written, they passed to the other partner, for criticism, trimming, verification, and additions.

After a while, when publishers learned that this work was in progress, they made offers for the copyright; but Nicolay and Hay declined them all until they saw the end in sight. Finally, in November, 1885, they signed a contract with the Century Company, selling to it the serial rights in the history. The price agreed upon — fifty thousand dollars — was the largest any American magazine had paid.

Their first installment appeared in the *Century* for November, 1886; their last, in May, 1890.

On this frame of bare facts, let us now weave extracts from Hay's letters, which will disclose their methods of composition, the apportionment of subjects and, very often, the serious handicap of ill-health against which both of them, but more especially Hay, labored.

To J. G. Nicolay

514 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, O., Dec. 4 [1875?].

I am established here comfortably in winter quarters. I have received your box, and as soon as a little preliminary business is over and Mr. Stone has started for San Francisco or thereabouts, I shall go seriously to work upon it. I hope to be able to make considerable progress by next spring. . . .

Have I told you that Colfax sent me a copy of his letter to Arnold giving his last interview?

I read Count de Paris' last chapter yesterday and got a big disgust. It is a sincere and stupid attack on Lincoln in McClellan's interest. I had an angry talk of ten minutes with Lord Houghton about it in New York. He began it and I had to intimate to His Lordship that he was talking too much . . . on insufficient information.

CLEVELAND, O., June 23, 1876.

I have been dreading and postponing for some time the writing of this letter. I hate to tell bad news — and my news is bad. I went industriously to work last winter. Got a fine start on my material and commenced putting it in shape. I had even written a few pages when I was struck with partial blindness. I have had numerous doctors at me almost ever since, but the trouble is not yet over. During the last month my general health has been completely restored, and I think I see the case more clearly than before and hope by taking it easy this summer to be well next fall. That is the whole story, and I have never had the heart to write it before. I write now because I am greatly encouraged and begin to think I shall soon be all right again.

CLEVELAND, O., August 9, 1877.

I have hardly dared to write to you for some little time for fear of making illusory promises; but I think I can say now that I am started and can keep at work. If nothing happens adversely, we can have Lincoln inaugurated by the 4th of March, 1878. I have been very hard at work for a month or so, and sat down some weeks ago to writing. I have written

from nine to ten thousand words (that is the only definite way of stating it) and have brought up to 1830. I do not anticipate any bad delays unless my health should give way again. My old foe, the headache, is lying in wait for me, but I hope to get free. I write with great labor and difficulty — my imagination is all gone — a good riddance. I shall never write easily and fluently again. . . .

To Robert T. Lincoln

506 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, O., February 14, 1878.

My dear Robert: —

I have been spending a fortnight in Washington with Nicolay and am very much gratified at the work he has done in arranging your papers and in preparing for our history. Besides putting the MS. in admirable order, he has made a first-rate beginning at the chapters allotted to him. I also have had pretty good luck during the last season and we now consider the big job well begun. It will take a long time yet, but we are in no hurry and I presume you are not. We have made such arrangements that in case either of Nicolay's death or mine your property is safe and the work as far as done is available for the survivor.

On the way home I heard of the death of our old

friend Mr. Welles.[1] It is of great importance to us that we should get access to his diary and other papers. I know how much Edgar thinks of you, and he probably knows the interest which his father took in our work. As soon as you think proper I would like to have you suggest to Edgar that he should put the diary in our hands; we should, of course, pledge ourselves to regard it confidentially until our history is published, and even then to be guided by his wishes in regard to what should be used. I wish I could see you here sometime. Could you not run down for a few days. We could show you and Mrs. Lincoln a pretty town and plenty of sleigh-riding, although in other amusements we are rather deficient.

Yours faithfully.

I saw the President in Washington. The only thing of any importance he talked about was you. You evidently made a great impression on His Excellency.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., February 27, 1878.

I have devoted a day or two to looking over my notebooks, and am prepared to sit down on you with some force. I have a large amount of valuable

[1] Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Edgar, his son, died in 1915.

notes — made on the spot, the extent of and value of which I had quite forgotten. They are weak in 1861, not very good in '62 except in respect to Second Bull Run; but quite full and valuable for '63 and '64. They are not in good shape. I do not know but that I may try to have them copied by typewriter. . . .

Do you understand Mr. Welles's reference to a "Memorandum," written by Lincoln in 1864 in anticipation of defeat, in [the] *Atlantic?* [1] I have the original Memorandum; he gave it to me, in the presence of the Cabinet, after his reëlection. I have the whole occurrence in my notebook. As I was leaving the room with it, Judge Bates asked me for a copy. I cussed silently — then Welles asked for one, and then everybody. Charlie Penfield made the copies, and I have been dreading their reappearance, and felt a little relieved that our old friend had finished his work without an allusion to this matter — when, lo! in the very last article he refers to it. If he has not left other articles in MS. we are still safe; but if he has, he will be sure to copy this precious document in full in the next one. . . .

[1] The article by Gideon Welles to which Hay refers appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1878, and was entitled "The Opposition to Lincoln in 1864." Lincoln's "self-denying pledge" is given above, vol. I, pp. 216–17.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 20, 1879.

I have had good luck for a week or so, and have made considerable progress, I have almost got to the Shields duel time. Have you any original matter not included in the Lamon book? . . . I wish I could see you for a week in regard to two or three matters — but I dread journeys more than I can tell you. I get along well enough from day to day, but a change upsets me and gives me colds and insomnia.

Where does your work begin — that is, where is my work to join yours, *quoad* Lincoln? How far am I to write his biography before reaching your history of the g-r-r-eat conflict? Write as soon as you get this. Send me all the Shields' stuff you have, and any suggestions you want to make about Lincoln's marriage, the use of the Speed letters, etc. . . . If I keep my health, I expect to work steadily on this business henceforward.

Interruptions besides those due to ill-health kept retarding his progress: chief of these being his service under Mr. Evarts in the State Department.

CLEVELAND, O., March 30, 1879.

I saw to-day in the *Graphic* (?) a paragraph by T. on the authority of Frank Mason of Cleveland, that I alone had finished the first volume of our History.

I can't think Mason could have made such a mistake. T. must have misunderstood him. Both the papers here have tried to interview me on the work. I requested them to say nothing, as we were not ready for any announcement; and they complied with my request. But it is useless to try to stop up all the possible leaks, and some of these times we will have to let something be said, — in the *Tribune*, I should say, — so that the truth may be known. Think of it a little, and when I see you, give me your views. When am I to see you? It looks now as if I could not get to Washington this spring. My poor mother has had a dreadful accident, breaking her thigh bone at the hip. I have been in Warsaw for three weeks, hardly expecting her to live from one day to another — but last week she began to rally and now we have strong hopes of her recovery.

. . . I was getting along splendidly when this disaster happened. It throws me out, and I shall require some time to get in running order again. I have written now, in all, over 50,000 words. . . .

To R. T. Lincoln

CLEVELAND, O., January 27, 1885.

DEAR BOB: —

Nicolay tells me he has laid before you or is about to do so, the first volumes of our history, containing

the chapters in which I have described the first forty years of your father's life.

I need not tell you that every line has been written in a spirit of reverence and regard. Still you may find here and there words or sentences which do not suit you. I write now to request that you will read with a pencil in your hand and strike out everything to which you object. I will adopt your view in all cases, whether I agree with it or not, but I cannot help hoping you will find nothing objectionable. I do not think I have told you we have a new boy-baby,[1] born Christmas time. . . .

Faithfully yours.

By 1885 the collaborators had so far mastered their material, that they were already thinking of publication. Hay's correspondence of this year lets us see the work in the very process of becoming.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., April 13, 1885.

I have got to the 8th of March, 1862. What provision, in the schedule, has been made for the fight of the *Merrimack* and *Monitor?* Shall I do that? If so, all the material necessary is in the *Century* articles,[2] I suppose.

[1] Clarence Leonard Hay.

[2] The *Century Magazine* had been publishing a valuable series of articles on the Civil War.

I am kept riled constantly by the lies of McClellan, Joinville, and Paris. They have built up an impudent fiction which I fear the plain truth will never destroy. And the *Century* is going to give McC. the vast influence of its million readers.

CLEVELAND, O., April 22, 1885.

I have been going over your schedule with some care in connection with the work I am doing and I can't help seeing a radical difference of view between us as to the extent of treatment to be given to each topic. For instance: You indicate as separate chapters, The President's War Council. — Stanton. — President's War Order. — President's Plan. — McClellan's Fiasco.

I have put all these into one chapter! to be called, say, "Plans of Campaign."

Again you have "Manassas Evacuated" and "To the Peninsula." I shall make one short chapter of both. My idea of the McC. business was something like this: —

1. Army of Potomac. McC. Commander in Chief.
2. Plans of Campaign.
3. Evacuation of Manassas. Off for Peninsula.
4. Yorktown.
5. Chickahominy and Jackson's Raid.
6. The Change of Base.

7. Harrison's Landing.
8. Pope and Porter.
9. Antietam.
10. After Antietam — Burnside.

You make 15 chapters of the above.

Now there is certainly matter enough to make 15 or 50 chapters of it — but I judge from my own weariness of the subject that no living man will read more than I am writing. We will be happy if they read as much.

I saw young Harper in New York. They *want* the book, say they *count* on it. I put them off for the present.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 17. [No year.]

Your package of doc's is received and I regard it with dread and terror — like a magician contemplating a demon that he has raised and cannot lay. I will try to tackle it next week. I don't know where or how to begin — but will sail in anyhow and we will "put a head on it" when we come together. It looks to me awfully full for one chapter — but it must be squeezed in. If we give every incident a chapter we will have a hundred volumes.

The two preceding letters lead us to infer that there was a recurring need of compromise between Nicolay's desire for thoroughness and Hay's artistic

craving for proportion. The next note broaches the *Century* project.

CLEVELAND, O., June 16, 1885.

. . . The offer of the *Century* is certainly very tempting. Of course we could cut down a good deal and present what would be a continuous narrative in about half the space we have taken for our book. It is not to be hastily refused — and yet, how would we feel if tied up to it?

CLEVELAND, O., July 6, 1885.

I have finished Jackson's raid and shall commence on Seven Days' Fight this week.

Good luck and good health at Bethel. I do not believe Gilder will want the stuff for his magazine. It is not adapted for that. There is too much truth in it.

I have now several chapters — call it half a volume to sound liberal — which you can flourish before him as a reserve.

If I can keep well, and I am not very much encouraged about it — I can write a volume in a year.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 20, 1885.

Gilder wrote to me some time ago saying he wanted to see us both. . . . I have to go to New York

again in the first half of October and we had better have our talk then. . . .

I have just finished Comte de Paris' 6th volume. It is all about Gettysburg and Mine Run. In spite of my prejudice against him — and his outrageous unfairness to Lincoln — it is a splendid piece of work. He cares no more for time than McClellan himself. He goes plodding peacefully along and tells everything. His chapters average 150 pages. He makes me ashamed of my feverish anxiety to boil down and condense — but when your job is to get the universe into 8 volumes, you must not make two bites of an atom.

I am "complaining," but I do not know that I am any worse when I work than when I idle. I feel woe is me! if I write not my stint daily.

The next note is penciled on the back of a letter from a Philadelphia publisher, who promises a large sale for the book, if they will give it to him.

July 18[?], 1885.

"Children cry for it." . . . I am working like a Turk. I have done my 7 Days' Battle and Harrison's Landing since I last wrote you. I am impelled by a fiend of hurry who yells in my ear, "Finish! finish! and get it off your stomach!" If I could keep my

present pace without breaking down we should be through easily in two years. I would like to show you what I am doing — that you may see whether it is as bad as it is rapid. But the rapidity is only in the writing. The study has taken years.

Now comes the most important letter of the series: in it Hay gives his creed as an historian.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 10, 1885.

I have just received your letters of the 7th and 8th. I herewith return the Gilder correspondence. There will be no difficulty whatever in beginning the series — if ever — next fall [1886]. The only contingency in which we should not be able to keep up would be death. If we live we can do it.

The reason why I wanted you to criticize the chapter with the greatest severity is this — I dictated every word of it. I found myself breaking down with the nervous fatigue of writing and copying. I therefore hired a stenographer. . . . I always thought I could not dictate — but I found the only thing was to take time and not hurry, to go back — erase, start fresh, etc., just as if I was writing — and not much faster. It is a great gain. . . . After he writes out the notes I go all over them again with great care.

As to your criticisms, you can put in all the things you think lacking, or make a note, and I will do it next fall, strike out or reduce to footnotes whatever you think superfluous. Do this without hesitation and I will do the same with you. An outside judgment on these points is almost sure to be right.

As to my tone towards Porter and McClellan — that is an important matter. I have toiled and labored through ten chapters over him [McC.]. I think I have left the impression of his mutinous imbecility, and I have done it in a perfectly courteous manner. Only in "Harrison's Landing" have I used a single injurious adjective. It is of the utmost moment that we should *seem* fair to him, while we are destroying him. The Porter[1] business is a part of this. Porter was the most magnificent soldier in the Army of the Potomac, ruined by his devotion to McClellan. We have this to consider. We are all alone in condemning him. I don't count John Logan as company for historians. Even Palfrey, who takes the hide off McClellan, speaks of "Porter's perfect vindication at the hands of the Board." A big majority of the American people believe him innocent: all the Democrats, all the Mugwumps, which means all the liter-

[1] General Fitz-John Porter, court-martialed after the Second Battle of Bull Run; subsequently exonerated.

ary folks, all the Southerners, and half the Republicans of the North. We believe him guilty; but I don't think we need go further than say so dispassionately. A single word of invective, I think, would be injurious to us, rather than to him. It would be taken to show that we were still in the gall and bitterness of twenty years ago.

Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying that Lee ought to be shot: a simple truth of law and equity. I find, after a careful reading of a dozen biographies and all his own reports, that Stonewall Jackson was a howling crank: but it would be the greatest folly for me to say so. I am afraid I have come too near saying so, in what I have written about him. He is a "saint and a hero," Gen'l Black said so in a speech the other day. General Black, of Illinois, Commissioner of Pensions.

The war has gone by. It is twenty years ago. Our book is to be read by people who cannot remember anything about it. We must not show ourselves to the public in the attitude of two old dotards fighting over again the politics of their youth.

I confess I learned something from the criticisms of your book. All the reviews acknowledged its merits of style, accuracy, and readableness — but nearly every one objected to its tone of aggressive Northernism. This was a surprise to me. I read it in

MS. and thought it perfectly fair and candid — but I am of that age and imbued with all its prejudices.

We must not write a stump speech in eight vols., 8vo.

We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbering sentiment, of course. But we ought to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their harps about one side or the other.

There will be one exception. We are Lincoln men all through. But in other little matters, let us look at men as insects and not blame the black beetle because he is not a grasshopper.

Salmon P. Chase is going to be a nut to crack.

So is Stanton.

I am sick abed — but the Doctor thinks I am gaining on him, and will be out of his hands this week.

"Destroy this letter," Hay adds in a postscript. "It would be too great a temptation to any reporter who should pick it up." I am aware that I may be accused of indiscretion in printing criticisms so frank, written for Nicolay's eye alone. But a biographer's first duty — and his last — is to Truth; and if his subject cannot bear the light of truth, the biographer should not waste time over him. In this case, it is of

great importance that we should know in what spirit Nicolay and Hay wrote, because their history concerns Abraham Lincoln, and who can set a term, in centuries, to the longevity of Lincoln's fame?

That the two secretaries should carry into middle life the supreme enthusiasm of their youth, that their judgments should be tinged by past prejudices, that they should even feel it to be a duty to show up delinquents who had escaped exposure during the war, was inevitable. "We are Lincoln men all through" — that fact they never dissembled; and with that exception their aim was "to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels." How nearly they succeeded, the reader can determine by turning to their book. If he finds bias in it, this letter will inform him how far that bias was intentional, and how many times Hay, for one, in his endeavor to seem fair, curbed his impulse to speak out.

The endlessness of their task sometimes staggered them.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 17, [1885?].

I find *Murfreesboro* can be done concisely in less than a chapter. Are you doing Buell's "*Perryville*" Campaign? If not, I could sketch it in as an introduction to Murfreesboro and save that much space.

We shall never get through in a million words, I fear; and so must seize every chance to condense.

Mercantile Bank Building, Room 10.
Cleveland, O., Aug. 29, 1885.

I received the schedule this morning and have been studying it all day. With what subjects you gobbled for yourself, the Vth volume is practically finished. There is Mexico and Diplomacy — but until I have read what you have done I do not know how to tackle those. I had thought of doing Mexico and Maximilian in one — beginning with a long retrospect — but I have not the material here. I cannot begin in the middle of the Western Campaign without reading your articles on the earlier incidents.

If *all* the Seward and Chase material is in Warden I could do that. There is enough in Chase's letters abusing Lincoln behind his back for a quiet scorcher — but think of Mrs. Hoyt,[1] if you please. There is some difficulty about the sea-coast subjects — you have begun them and I must first read thoroughly what you have done.

I might take Grant at Washington and do the Wilderness — though that is a great way ahead. I find a good many things to talk about — condensing of two or three into one.

[1] Chief Justice Chase's surviving daughter.

I have written Hooker and Meade. They make four chapters — Chancellorsville; The Invasion of Pennsylvania; Gettysburg (a long one); The Line of the Rapidan. I do not think Kilpatrick's Raid is worth a chapter. You could spin out a hundred pages of incidents, but they are all *aliunde*. I give him a ¶ in the Rapidan. The same with Stoneman's Raid.

You give the Gettysburg Oration a chapter. The Oration itself fills half-a-page. I thought of tacking it on to the end of the battle chapter.

For the Grant in the Wilderness we have a lot of material and I think might go on without Bob Scott. We have Badeau and Humphrey's elaborate work and Grant's report: then there is Swinton and the Rebellion Record.

Do you not make too much of — The Conscription Act; The Draft; The Riots; Lincoln-Seymour? I think there is a chance there for a judicious squeeze.

I wired you to send me the MS. I will, I think, have another full copy made — to use for the book MS. in case extensive excisions are made by the Editor.

Dec. 14, 1885.

I have been toiling for a week on the Lincoln and the Churches chapter. I am brought to a stop for lack of Lincoln's own letters in the matter. If it is

perfectly convenient for you to get them out and send them to me, please do so.

As soon as the instalments of the History began to appear in the *Century*, the collaborators held frequent consultations, by letter or in person, with Mr. Gilder, the editor, or with Mr. Buel, the assistant editor. Generous though the *Century* was in allotting space, it could not undertake to print more than a third of the huge work. Hence, the need of selecting, condensing and trimming, over which the authors and the editors frequently disagreed, but not to the point of a serious break.

Three citations may interest readers who like to dissect an author's diction.

To R. W. Gilder

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 22, 1886.

On galley 39 you will find a phrase, "mopped the floor with him." When I first heard it, years ago, it seemed very racy. Since then it has got to be a regular bit of newspaper slang. If it has grown banal to your ear, strike it out.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., May 26. [No year.]

You use continually a form of speech like this — "to immediately begin," "to promptly choose,"

etc. I think this is condemned by all the authorities. Lincoln used it, I know, but I don't think it wise for us to. I have marked a few instances, out of many in this number.

To Henry Adams

MANITOU, COLORADO, July 14, 1888.

. . . I take note of your criticisms. I have not the magazine in reach, and do not remember wherein I have sinned. I agree with you about the historical present, and would have sworn I never used it, — except possibly of writing. Do you bar that? May I not say, "Pliny observes," or "McClellan writes under the date of —"? I share your detestation of "now." In fact, I consider it horribly obscene — but I may sometimes have fallen into that crime.

Hay himself, like many Southerners and Westerners, including Lincoln and Lanier, confused "will" and "shall": but benevolent proof-readers kept these slips out of his printed books.

To R. W. Gilder

CLEVELAND, O., April 25, 1887.

The only question is whether you want the Life to run three years or four. If the former, you must take heroic measures. Leaving out a chapter here and there, or retrenching an adjective, will do no

good. You must cut great chunks of topics out. For instance, Nicolay says if you want to leave out the history of the opening of the Rebellion, there are twenty-six chapters between the election and the inauguration of Lincoln which can be left out, and only the intelligent reader, if such a being exists, will miss them. Then there are in all some dozen long chapters of the war in the West, absolutely essential in the history, which can be cut down to a paragraph in the Magazine. But it ought to be settled beforehand whether or not you intend to make these serious abridgments. Neither Nicolay nor I can write the work over again for the purpose of saving a half chapter, here and there. You have his full consent, and mine, to leave out as much as you like, but we cannot shorten up a chapter to any extent by rewriting.

This is in the nature of a caveat. If you hereafter tell us the infernal thing is too long, we will sweetly answer, "I told you so."

To J. G. Nicolay

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLO., July 22, 1888.

I received your letter of the 16th covering Gilder's of the 12th, with proofs, last evening. I gave the night to them and mailed them back to him this morning. I also wired him to cut as he liked. You

may do with him as you choose about *your* military chapters, but, for my part, I am perfectly willing to have him cut out every military chapter I have written. I am sick of the subject, and I fancy the public is. I will not, however, rewrite the book and boil them down. Let him leave them all out and settle the matter with his readers.

159 Water St., Room 8,
Cleveland, O., Sept. 19, 1888.

I see the *Century* folks have whacked about all the life out of the November instalment. I have telegraphed my approval — as they requested — not because I think they have improved it, but because I approve every excision, large or small, that brings us nearer the end. My complaint is that they are printing too much. They will never get through, at this rate, in the time contemplated. I think I shall suggest that they leave out Vicksburg and Gettysburg and the Wilderness campaign *in toto*, on the ground that Lincoln did not personally direct those campaigns. As it is, they cut out about every third paragraph, destroying the significance of a chapter without gaining materially in space. The November instalment is, you see, only 18 pages.

I avoid calling there when I go to New York, as our interviews are invariably disagreeable.

I hope your summer has profited you more than mine has me. I have lost 10 pounds since June. I want to get done with this work.

Evidently, Hay was run down, and the foreordained conflict between author and editor irritated him. An author to-day who complained that a magazine editor was printing *only* eighteen pages of one article in a series of forty, would have to look far for sympathy. But when the rasping was over, it left no scars. He and Gilder remained fast friends through life.

To J. G. Nicolay

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, N.Y.,
April 15, 1889.

I told Gilder that he could cut and slash all he liked, provided we were to do nothing in the way of rewriting. He expressed his thanks for the permission, but thought he would not need to avail himself of it. They are all very cheery in the office about it.

I saw D. [Charles A. Dana?] this morning. He was quite curious about the process of collaboration, — said he had read it all thus far and could see no difference in manner or style. There is a singular proof of the nullity of criticism — coming as it does from one of the first critics of the age. I gave him no

satisfaction, but told him I thought no one would be able to say where one left off and the other began.

Whitman's lecture [1] yesterday was quite interesting as to audience and accessories. The lecture itself is about all in print, — nothing whatever new. The *Tribune* this morning, speaking of the lecture, calls Lincoln "this country's greatest President" — without qualification. . . .

Let me make one suggestion. In preparing for the chapters yet to be written, prepare — as far as possible — so that either of us can do the mere writing, when the time comes, without having to go all over the subject again. If I come back well next fall, I may be able, after finishing those I have allotted myself, to turn in and lend a hand to yours, if you find it then necessary to spare yourself. In that case it would be much easier to deal with a few envelopes than with a library.

That summer the Hays spent in England. Although Hay came back refreshed, he felt more and more the burden of the History, and the feverish desire, common to the nerve-harried, to be through with it, grew on him.

[1] Several times in his last years Walt Whitman gave his Lincoln lecture on the anniversary of the assassination.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, August 4, 1889.

. . . I am as anxious to get home and get through as ever I was to take my quinine when I was young, and have done. They send me an occasional column of abuse from some friend of McClellan or Chase and I can only wonder at the merciful Providence which keeps my critics away from the weak joints in my armor. Laws-a-mercy! If I had the criticising of that book, what a skinning I could give it! I can't amend it, but I could *éreinter* it — *de la belle manière.* There is nothing left but to read proof and get it printed, which will take six months, — forgotten, which may take six weeks.

From Cleveland, on his return, Hay writes to Mr. Adams: "The Lincoln peters out in January, and then there only remains the revision and proof-reading of the latter half of the impregnable volumes. You will get through first because you are *unus sed leo.*" [1]

The next letters, to Mr. Lincoln, explain themselves.

[1] Mr. Adams was on the point of completing his American history.

To R. T. Lincoln

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1888.

Thank you for the corrections — all of which I have of course adopted. The MS. of all the articles goes to the publisher to-day. I was sorry to bother you, but I thought it best in every way to consult you — and it was.

I am much gratified at what you tell me about Mr. Lowell; he has after all said the best things about your father — but that's what a poet is for.[1]

We get thus far very little abuse and most of that is clearly motived.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 12, 1888.

I own a few of your father's MS. which he gave me from time to time. As long as you and I live I take it for granted that you will not suspect me of boning them. But to guard against casualties hereafter, I have asked Nicolay to write you a line saying that I have never had in my possession or custody any of the papers which you entrusted to him.

I have handed over to Nicolay to be placed among your papers some of those which your father gave me. The rest, which are few in number, are very

[1] James Russell Lowell, in his "Commemoration Ode."

precious to me, I shall try to make an heirloom in my family as long as one of my blood exists with money enough to buy a breakfast.

We are nearly at the end of our life-long task and I hope you will think your father's fame has not suffered any wrong at our hands.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 22, 1889.

It has occurred to me that you might like to get to the end of the Magazine publication of our book, without waiting a month, so I send you this last instalment. They are putting the book into type as fast as we can revise and read the proof, but it is an enormous job, and will require several months to complete it. Think of reading, carefully and critically (stopping every five minutes to make sure of a fact or a situation), five thousand pages, four times over! This we have to do, *after* the book is finished.

The publishers think best to have the whole book ready before they begin to publish — they will then put out the volumes rather rapidly, two at a time. There will be ten volumes. It will be dedicated to you.

Now, in very fact, the fifteen-year-long task was drawing to a close.

To W. D. Howells

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1890.

. . . And how are you? I have worked so like a dray-horse of late that I have seen nothing, heard nothing, read nothing; our proof-reading is half over. You know nothing about proof-reading, with you it is the perusal of a charming author, — no more; — with us it is reading an old story, musty and dry, and jumping up every instant to consult volumes still mustier, to see if we have volume and page right in the margin, — and the dull story right in the text. I am aweary of it. . . .

Jan. 23, 1890.

I have just read your study on Lincoln, and will not wait a moment even to see Nicolay, before thanking you. I should be less than human if I were not pleased with such generous praise from such an authority; but I am delighted more than I can tell you in view of the fact that you selected for approval precisely those features of the work in which, in our opinion, its success or failure is involved. I felt that we had not altogether wasted our time when I read what you say about our sacrifice to our task, about Lincoln's treatment of McClellan and his Cabinet. . . . I like also what you say about

Lincoln's use of words, and wish I had said it myself.

The work, big as it is, is really a *tour de force* of compression. In nine cases out of ten the people who criticize it, blame us for having treated too briefly this, that, or the other subject, in which they are specially interested.

On March 18, 1890, Hay writes from Washington to Mr. Buel, in characteristic phrase, which seems to indicate a recovery of spirits at the approach of freedom: "We have been going on gaily for a week, and I hope we can keep it up. I shall charge my bill for quinine to you, if you keep me here till the malaria season. None but cats and congressmen can stand our August sunshine."

To R. W. Gilder

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1890.

I have at last yielded to your furious importunity and have written an article on "Life at the White House in Lincoln's Time." [1] When will you want it? Nicolay thinks he will write one or two, but cannot promise them immediately.

I reserve the privilege of using the article as I please in future, and expect, of course, a monstrous

[1] Printed in the *Century* for November, 1890, vol. XLI, pp. 33–37.

honorarium for it — enough to put the Magazine into the hands of a receiver.

This final note to Nicolay shows the ingenuity on which an author must sometimes rely in order to meet the printer's exigence.

To J. G. Nicolay

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB,
319 Fifth Ave., July 8 [1890].

They have just put the last page in my hands, twenty minutes before my train starts for Cleveland. There seem to be only two things to do: shorten p. 348 two words and lengthen the last page a line or two. P. 348 can be shortened by striking out "calmer nor" in the first line.

I can't on the spur of the moment invent a sentence or two to lengthen the last page. I will see what I can do when I get to Cleveland.

I could think of no way to put in the fact of your absence from the deathbed, after the note was suppressed, other than putting it into the text as you did — but it looks very awkward there — as if dragged in by the ears.

This hurry-scurry at the end is disgusting. I wish I could have stayed through — but I thought I had made allowance enough, in waiting till the 7th.

It is frightfully hot to-day and I am sick — been taking medicine all day to hold me together so as to get on the train.

Arrived at the station Hay telegraphed Nicolay: "To fix last page I can introduce on page 350 what Sherman says: General Grant, after having met the ruler of [almost] every civilized country on earth, said that Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact."

The insertion was made, and so the vast undertaking was completed.

The Century Company published the work in ten volumes that autumn, and sold 5000 sets by subscription within a short time. Since then some 1500 more sets have found a market. Not long before his death in 1901 Nicolay made a one-volume abridgment, which has reached a sale of about 35,000 copies. Remembering the world-wide publicity given to the instalments of the History which appeared in the *Century*, it is evident that no other American historical work has reached so many readers in so short a time.

Subsequently the authors, at Mr. Gilder's request, edited Lincoln's letters and speeches, which were published in 1894.

The "Lincoln" calls for no critical comment here. Nicolay and Hay very properly affixed to it the subtitle, "A History," for only in the broadest sense is it a biography. Rather is it an historical quarry or encyclopedia, to be judged piecemeal, chapter by chapter, as the builder tests each block of marble, and not in its entirety, as a finished edifice. Anybody can point out where it errs in proportion, or lacks charm; or where the narrative, instead of flowing forward like a river, seems to stagnate in a lagoon or to lose itself in some subterranean channel; or where it suffers from repetition: but such censure would be beside the mark. The value of the "Lincoln" lies in its substance, which is priceless.

Some of its readers have thought they could sort Hay's chapters from Nicolay's, by the touchstone of style. The clues I have furnished may enlighten them. Certainly, Hay's characteristic style — which sparkles in "Castilian Days," in passages of "The Bread-Winners," and in the best letters in the present volumes — rarely peeps through in the pages of the "Lincoln," where he and Nicolay seem to aim at being as unindividual as possible. When Hay was driven to dictation — the foe to durable writing — he further depersonalized his style. Nevertheless, the great work seldom falls below an excellent average, and, upon occasion, it rises to a high level. It

will outlast all other histories of the period, and be kept alive as long as Abraham Lincoln's name survives. As the Lincoln Legend grows, men will turn again and again to the record of the two young secretaries who walked and talked with him, saw him most intimately as man, as statesman, and as savior of Democracy, and came to revere and love him as a hero-friend: for no other source can rival theirs.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WASHINGTON CIRCLE

THE reader cannot fail to have observed the quality of casualness in John Hay's life. Fitted to do many things extremely well, he pursued no one thing long, except the Lincoln history. Even while he was toiling on that, he appeared to be engaged on a side-issue rather than on what would have been, for almost any one else, the culmination of his life-work. Hay was not an amateur, but he managed to retain the freshness and ease, and the freedom from pedantic insistence, which make the charm of the amateur spirit. Real superiority is so rare that Americans will only grudgingly admit that a man may succeed in more than one field. The diplomat must not shine as a novelist or the historian win a separate fame as a dialect poet: the metropolitan editor must not be confounded with the author of a fascinating volume of sketches of travel. Hay discovered all these forbidden combinations; and as each achievement left him still unexhausted, he came to have the air of one who was waiting for an enterprise to which he could devote himself heart and soul. Perhaps it was this which led those who saw only the

surface to surmise, that, as he advanced far into middle life, he was by preference a man of the world, a dilettante, a delightful companion when the mood favored, but not really serious.

No doubt, fortune helped to spread this misconception: because, after the death of Mr. Stone, who had always given the Hays a liberal allowance, Mrs. Hay's inheritance made them rich. Then it was that Hay and his friend Mr. Henry Adams built their houses side by side on Lafayette Square, employing as architect Henry H. Richardson, foremost in his profession, and one of the few American architects whose talent was so assured that he could borrow from the old masters of Europe without having his borrowing appear mere theft, clumsy and palpable. Washington became thenceforth the home of the Hays.

Friendship for Mr. Adams was the magnet which first drew and then held them there. He, the son of the consummate American Minister to England during the Civil War, was born in the same year as Hay, and represented in his derivation the essence of old Boston, — of those vigorous, blunt, hard-headed, fearless and far-sighted men who led the colony of Massachusetts into the Revolution, and then shared with Virginia in leading the Republic. His grandfather and great-grandfather were Presidents of the United

States. He himself had gone through Harvard College; had served his father as secretary in London; had known all sorts of English society — including the best; had taught history for seven years at Harvard in a way that history had never been taught before in America; had edited the *North American Review* for six years; and in 1877 had settled in Washington, convinced, he says, that, "as far as he had a function in life, it was as stable-companion to statesmen, whether they liked it or not."

His acquaintance with John Hay, begun many years before, ripened into the closest friendship. No other person exercised so profound an influence on Hay; no other kindled in him such a strong and abiding devotion. Living side by side on H Street, they made almost a common house. Very dissimilar in temperament, their tastes bound them together — their tastes, and their delight in each other's differences. Mr. Adams was the more learned, the more systematic in reasoning, the more resolute and careful in coördinating his knowledge. Life to him was a cosmic exploration, and when he found himself baffled in reaching port, he accepted, without flinching, but not in silence, the sentence of agnosticism. His autobiography passes from the plane of humor to that of irony, which he came to inhabit permanently. Fate, he sees, has played a sardonic trick on

him, — and on all of us, — in summoning us into life; but the jest becomes all the more sardonic for him, because he, unlike the majority, sees that it is a jest and nothing more.

Whatever his ultimate convictions, however, Mr. Adams's tastes were too strong and too various to permit him to stagnate. His intellectual curiosity never flagged. He loved the fine arts, with a love controlled by careful study. He not only knew the contents of books, but had regard for the beauty of their make. As happens sometimes in the case of persons without special scientific training, he took an almost passionate interest in the large speculations of science. He attracted men of natures so dissimilar that their only common bond might be their friendship for him.

Mrs. Adams was an admirable ally to him in making their house a unique place in Washington; and more than in Washington, for nowhere in the United States was there then, or has there since been, such a *salon* as theirs. Sooner or later, everybody who possessed real quality crossed the threshold of 1603 H Street. There was no lionizing. Notoriety gained no admission. Host and hostess were fastidious, and only the select came to them. Mr. Adams sought nobody out; he regarded himself as solitary, and knew very well that official Washington cared nothing

for him, and little enough for the intellectual sphere in which he lived.

Still, the best reached him. One by one, Richardson the architect, Saint-Gaudens the sculptor, John La Farge and John Sargent the painters, and many a writer, American or foreign, found their way up to his library. In Washington itself a few of the official world became familiars — Senators Lodge and Cameron with their wives, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, being among them. But the two chosen friends were John Hay and Clarence King. Hay we know. Of King, Mr. Adams has written many noble praises: what, for instance, could be better than the following characterization.

"King had everything to interest and delight Adams. He knew more than Adams did of art and poetry; he knew America, especially west of the hundredth meridian, better than anyone; he knew the professor by heart, and he knew the Congressman better than he did the professor. He knew even women; even the American woman; even the New York woman, which is saying much. Incidentally he knew more practical geology than was good for him, and saw ahead at least one generation further than the text-books. That he saw right was a different matter. Since the beginning of time no man has lived who is known to have seen right; the

charm of King was that he saw what others did and a great deal more. His wit and humor; his bubbling energy which swept everyone into the current of his interest; his personal charm of youth and manners; his faculty of giving and taking, profusely, lavishly, whether in thought or in money, as though he were nature herself, marked him almost alone among Americans. He had in him something of the Greek, — a touch of Alcibiades or Alexander. One Clarence King only existed in the world." [1]

Mr. Adams goes on to mention some of King's attainments, and adds: "Whatever prize he wanted lay ready for him, — scientific, social, literary, political, — and he knew how to take them in turn. With ordinary luck he would die at eighty the richest and most many-sided genius of his day. So little egoistic he was that none of his friends felt envy of his extraordinary superiority, but rather grovelled before it, so that women were jealous of the power he had over men; but women were many and Kings were one. The men worshiped not so much their friend, as the ideal American they all wanted to be. The women were jealous because, at heart, King had no faith in the American woman; he loved types more robust." [2]

These two, King and Adams, were the companions

[1] *Education of Henry Adams*, p. 271. [2] *Ibid.*, 272.

of Hay's later life. King came and went, Ariel fashion, according as his geological duties called him to or fro over the continent: but Hay and Mr. Adams were well-nigh inseparable; and a day seldom passed when they did not see each other. The Adamses had no children, but to the young Hays and the young Lodges Mr. Adams was always "Uncle Henry"; with the sure intuition of children they saw only his kindliness, where strangers were awed by his brusqueness. He and Hay took their constitutional together every afternoon; Hay stopped for Adams, and then off they went, — Hay with one arm crooked behind his back, — two small men, busily discussing great topics, or, quite as likely, the fleeting events of the hour.

During the eighties, Mr. Adams was engaged on his History of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations, and Hay was collaborating with Nicolay on the Lincoln biography; but they both found leisure for social and other distractions. The Adamses, the Hays, and Clarence King formed an inner circle, which somebody named "The Five of Hearts," and out of this came, in 1882, a novel entitled "Democracy," a strikingly clever satire on Washington society. Its authorship was at once attributed to them, but one after another denied it. If it was a joint product no individual could monopolize the credit; and

as it seems to have been read chapter by chapter to the group, and discussed by them all, it might be said, technically, to be a composite. Clarence King is still commonly regarded as its author; and there are many supporters of Hay; but I believe that only Mr. Adams possessed the substance, and style, and the gift of Voltairean raillery which distinguish it.

At the end of 1885, the sudden death of Mrs. Adams occurred while the Hays and King were absent from Washington. Hay telegraphed at once; he was too late, however, to attend the funeral.

To Henry Adams

THE BRUNSWICK,
NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1885.

MY DEAR HENRY:—

I hoped all day yesterday and this morning to hear from you, and thought it possible you might summon King and me to be with you at the last. But I suppose you had already gone north when I sent my dispatch. I return to Cleveland to-night.

I can neither talk to you nor keep silent. The darkness in which you walk has its shadow for me also. You and your wife were more to me than any other two. I came to Washington because you were there. And now this goodly fellowship is broken up forever. I cannot force on a man like you the commonplaces of condolence. In the presence of a sorrow like yours

it is little for your friends to say they love you and sympathize with you — but it is all anybody can say. Everything else is mere words.

Is it any consolation to remember her as she was? that bright, intrepid spirit, that keen, fine intellect, that lofty scorn of all that was mean, that social charm which made your house such a one as Washington never knew before, and made hundreds of people love her as much as they admired her. No, that makes it all so much harder to bear.

We are anxious about you. Tell us, when you can, how it is with you. You have a great sorrow, but no man should bear sorrow better than you.

Mr. Adams commissioned Saint-Gaudens to design, as a memorial to Mrs. Adams, the statue which was erected in the Rock Creek Cemetery outside of Washington. Hay wrote his first impression of it to Mr. Adams, who was then in England.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1891.

. . . To-day Del and I went to Rock Creek, where we were joined by Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lodge. Mrs. Hay could not go, being laid up by a severe cold. Mrs. Cameron and Del will send you the fruit of their cameras. The work is indescribably noble and imposing. It is, to my mind, St. Gaudens's

masterpiece. It is full of poetry and suggestion. Infinite wisdom; a past without beginning and a future without end; a repose, after limitless experience; a peace, to which nothing matters — all embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form. . . .

For a while after Mrs. Adams's death the group was broken up. Mr. Adams went on long journeys to Japan, to Tahiti, and other Pacific islands, taking La Farge with him for a companion. Hay missed him greatly, as his letters, some of which I print in the following chapters, show. At last, Mr. Adams returned to Lafayette Square, and revived, singly, his hospitality. His breakfasts became an institution, not less notable than those of Rogers and Milnes in the London of an earlier time. "His friends," he says, "sometimes took pity on him, and came to share a meal with him or pass a night on their passage south or northwards, but existence was, on the whole, exceedingly solitary, or seemed so to him. . . . He loved solitude as little as others did; but he was unfit for social work, and he sank under the surface." This, on looking back, was his report: but to his intimates — and these included women of wit and charm and distinction — the hours spent in his study or at his table were the best that Washington could give.

This gathering of ladies with men completed the attraction of Mr. Adams's hospitality: it added also that note of civilization which men alone cannot supply. During a reign of sixteen years, he says, "Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lodge led a career without precedent and without succession, as dispensers of sunshine over Washington," — and over the shrine of friendship at 1603 H Street.

This was the background, these were the vital elements of John Hay's mature life. Amid this fellowship he found in many forms the culture for mind and taste that he craved. Here his appetite for society, always eager and now fastidious, could be satisfied. If he secretly longed for the opportunity to exercise the powers he was conscious of possessing, he kept silent, and regarded his deprivation as but one more example of the Cosmic Irony which assigns their lot to men. Mr. Adams had come to face life in rather the sardonic mood; Hay tended to the humorous.

The group which gathered round Mr. Adams has had no counterpart on this side of the Atlantic. It was free alike from the academic flavor which prevailed in Boston and Cambridge, and from the Bohemianism which New Yorkers seemed to affect. Its leading members had the Renaissance stamp of versatility. The great artists among its members

strengthened its likeness to the Renaissance coteries at Florence or Ferrara; and so did the presence of highly cultivated women.

Although the deep, true satisfaction flowed to Hay from these intimates, he enjoyed a touch-and-go acquaintance with many persons of all sorts who never entered Mr. Adams's door. He mixed in that grotesque conglomerate known as Washington society, and played his part well there, as he did everywhere; so well, indeed, that those who could not look beneath the surface supposed that the rôle of society man sufficed for him. In truth, however, he took society as a pastime, not more important and often not more diverting than a game of cards.

His children filled a large place in his life. He continually mentioned them in his letters. Here is a droll paragraph from a letter to Mr. Adams: —

"One by one, our offspring have come down with measles. I went last week to visit my mother, leaving two of them in bloom, with an imbecile hope that the rest might escape; but I got back last night to find the baby in flagrant efflorescence, and this morning Del looks like an Italian sunset." (May 12, 1887.)

How does a father live in the memory of his children? is always a searching question, the answer to which helps us to round out his portrait. At my re-

quest, Mr. Hay's children have sent the following notes.

Mrs. Whitney writes: —

"He was a most satisfactory father from a child's point of view. I don't think he ever even reproved me in his life; he shirked any kind of parental authority. He was most keenly sensitive about giving moral pain to anyone, and also at the idea of any physical pain. If we hurt ourselves, just a little, as children, and wanted to be petted and deeply sympathized with, it was always to him we went; if we *really* hurt ourselves, we had to pretend to him that we had n't, and go to my mother to be mended.

"The greatest treat we had was to go 'on a spree,' as he called it, with him. When I was away at school he used to come on and always arranged a 'program' ahead which began with: 'We will have a nice sandwich lunch at the station; we will then go to call on an old lady who wishes to see you, and we will finish the day with a delightful and improving lecture on astronomy.' Which meant, of course, that we lunched at Delmonico's on whatever I wanted to order, and shopped and 'played' all the afternoon, and finished up with a musical comedy.

"To most people he was a man who never did or could unbend; but to us he was the very jolliest kind

of a pal. When we were little, we had a regular concert every night. He had a very charming, true voice, and sang dozens of the old war-time songs and plantation melodies; also, I remember a very ribald one which ended, 'and the baby's hair was red' — but my mother made him stop that!

"The evening would end with a 'Kalabacine story.' The 'Kalabacine' was a little fairy hero, something like an Irish Pixie, who was as real to us as a member of the family, and his adventures were marvelous and endless. We used to beg him later to put 'Kalabacine' in print, but he always said it was so 'on the spur of the moment' he never could remember how to put it down."

Mrs. Wadsworth corroborates several of her sister's reminiscences, and adds these others: —

"One of my strongest impressions of my father was the contrast between his gentle, uncomplaining patience in his own afflictions, and the splendid, fiery, righteous indignation which injustice or the wrongs of others instantly roused in him. He would never make any effort to further his own comfort.

"He was constantly trying to teach us impartiality and fair judgment. For example — there was a lady of our acquaintance who for some obscure reason had incurred our infant disapprobation. One day at luncheon my father said: 'How handsome

Mrs. ——— looked to-day.' There came a hoot of derision and dissent from around the table. My father said: 'You shrimps are blind with prejudice. You can't see beauty or good in anything or any one that is n't personally attractive to you. Now, *I hate* Mrs. ———, but she's an extremely good-looking person.'

"He admired and advocated thoroughness and completeness. If he heard us singing or whistling scraps of a tune, he would stop us and ask whether we 'did n't know the rest of it.' If we said yes, he would tell us to sing it all; if not, to learn it, or else try something else. He also taught us to write addresses clearly, and without abbreviation of streets, cities or states.

"He was a *spirit* rather than a *voice* in the household government. We were sent to 'ask Papa,' who always said: 'What does Mother say? She knows best' — and that was final. He had an aversion, amounting to physical suffering, to publicity in any form, and his greatest public utterances were preceded by days of nervous dread that sometimes made him literally ill. His wonderful fund of self-control and balance always came to the rescue at the critical moment, but they could not prevent his suffering agonies of anticipation. He once said: 'Luckily the shakes go to my knees and not to my voice.'

"He was so tender-hearted that my mother always had to deal with our youthful injuries, illnesses and discipline without his coöperation. He could n't bear to see us hurt or made unhappy, even for our own good. He spoiled us shamefully with money, always giving us double the amount we said we needed.

"He was the least self-indulgent of men I have ever known, and yet one of his favorite teachings was: 'If you see a thing you *really want*, get it, no matter what it costs. If you don't, it will haunt you all the rest of your life and come between you and the later desires of your heart, and make them appear less and less desirable.' "

The following poem, which Mr. Hay slipped into a copy of "The House Beautiful," for Mrs. Hay, will fitly complete these glimpses of the inner family life.

[THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.]

Not pomp of crimson or of gold,
  Nor aught the dazzled eye can see,
In Art's creations manifold,
  Make the House Beautiful for me.

One dear fair presence, lovelier
  Than all the miracles of art,
With gentle power to move and stir
  The deepest pulses of my heart —

Her smiles, the sound of melodies
Made purer by her voice, the face
Wherein all candid harmonies
Have found their peaceful dwelling-place,

A voice and eyes, twice-mirrored truth —
A spirit sunny, bland and sage,
The bloom and charm of gracious youth,
The promise of a lovelier age —

The children, her small images,
Who lisp their sweet prayers at her knee,
All three alike God's children, these
Make the House Beautiful for me.

Hay had great delight in the early manifestation of poetic talent by his daughter Helen. On April 10, 1895, he writes to Mr. E. L. Burlingame, the Editor of *Scribner's Magazine:* "My daughter has written a few things that seem to my not impartial taste good enough to print. I send you a sonnet, knowing your conscience is more powerful than your friendship — and that, if you do not like it, you will not hesitate to send it back to me." *Scribner's* accepted the sonnet, and in 1898 a little volume with the modest title, "Some Verses, by Helen Hay," was published.

Hay himself, despite the depoetizing effect of a long-continued prose work like the "Lincoln," occasionally sought expression through the cherished language of his youth. He writes Mr. Gilder of the *Century*, on June 3, 1890: —

"Here is a sonnet which I hope may find favor in the eyes of you — past-master of the sonnet. If you think it worth printing, it is yours, without money or price, on the condition it be printed anonymously. I am rather too old a bird to be singing in this strain. If you conclude to print it, tell me about when, and send me a proof.

"*June 5.* Your ear is all right — not so long, perhaps, as some editors'. Pronounce 'heaven' in one syllable, and there you are. If you prefer 'sky,' why 'sky' be it. I have a preference for heaven, being a Presbyterian."

Gilder, acquiescing in Hay's Presbyterian preference for heaven, printed the sonnet in the November (1890) *Century*.

One other literary letter belongs here: —

To W. D. Howells

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1890.

I have had the impudence to collect all my verses, new and stale, into one volume which Houghton & Mifflin have printed. But I have at the same time printed a little edition of them for my friends and lovers, of which I send you a copy. You will not suspect me of taking them too seriously in thus dressing them up. On the contrary, it is only the conscious amateur who does such things.

June 11. . . . I have not, I think, told you how I was "seized" by your "Shadow of a Dream." You produce masterpieces faster than I can write letters. This is tremendous in power and grasp. Turgenieff himself might have signed those delightful and masterly pages. I am proud to feel such things are done in my time and by a friend of mine.

Hay's generosity of spirit, which shines in such letters as this, also displayed itself in the easier and commoner form of material benefactions. He shrank from letting even his intimates know of his frequent gifts; but one example may be told here. When Matthew Arnold stopped to lecture in Cleveland, he stayed with the Hays. On the afternoon of the lecture Hay went round to the theater and inquired how the tickets were selling. Learning that very few had been sold, he bought up all the rest and distributed them among students of the University. That evening, as Arnold faced a large and enthusiastic audience, he perhaps flattered himself on having a greater number of admirers in Cleveland than he had found in many cities more populous and more renowned for culture. Hay never divulged to Arnold the magic which wrought this result.

During Hay's life in Washington, he used his ample means, not on the luxuries and amusements

of the vulgar rich, but on those objects which appeal to men and women of taste. Infinitely more precious to him than anything money could buy were his friendships. They not only satisfied the healthy demands of his affections, but fed his always keen and craving intellect, and stimulated his enjoyment of the fine arts. Washington gave him a better opportunity than any other American city afforded to know men of every stripe and observe how masses of men are swayed; and his frequent visits to England enabled him to compare the Aristocratic system where birth still had a large influence in determining a man's position, with the Democratic system at home. Nearly everybody of any importance at Washington was his own ancestor, having proved his superiority in law, journalism, or politics, in mines, or oil, or railroads, in Wall Street or in the Chicago Stock Yards: and to this rule Hay himself was no exception.

Looked at from this point of view, the years which he seemed to be spending unproductively were really completing his preparation for the crowning achievements of his career.

CHAPTER XX

LETTERS TO HENRY ADAMS

I CANNOT do better, to carry on the story of John Hay's career for the next seven or eight years, — if story there be, — than quote freely from a parcel of his letters to Henry Adams. The elements of Hay's life we have already assembled. The great red house in Lafayette Square was home henceforth to him and his. The vital friendships of his heart — that with Henry Adams first, that with Clarence King second — had ripened. His routine was fixed. He passed his winters in Washington; his summers, after 1890, at Newbury, New Hampshire, near Lake Sunapee. But he had also his "hut" in the Rockies, and his house in Cleveland, and business or pleasure took him to Chicago, or New England, or the South. Fast trains made the journey to New York so easy that it had become a common incident in their social programme. And until his mother died, the year rarely passed when Hay failed to visit her in Warsaw.

Europe also was brought so near by the swift ocean liners, that the Hays frequently crossed the Atlantic. The older children were old enough to enjoy

sight-seeing, and their father took especial delight in guiding them to the historic places. He and Mrs. Hay paid visits to friends in English and Scotch country-houses. They saw more and more of English life, diversified by reunions with Americans — Henry James, Abbey, Frank Millet, and others, who had settled in England.

The letters in 1887 begin during one of these holiday visits overseas.

To Henry Adams

TILLYPRONIE,[1] ABERDEENSHIRE, July 20, 1887.

MY DEAR HENRY: —

I got your letter the other day in London just as we were flitting from that jubilating [2] and tiresome town. We planted the babies in the sand and shingle at Folkestone and then went off to the Farrers in Surrey. Thence we came north by slow degrees; whenever we came in a sight of a cathedral tower we stopped the train and got off and dined and slept. Thus we did at Ely and Norwich and York, and finally at Edinburgh. After that, we went to Andy Carnegie in Perthshire, who is keeping his honeymoon — having just married a pretty girl —

[1] The Scotch estate of Sir John Clark, one of Hay's earliest and dearest friends in Britain.

[2] Queen Victoria's jubilee had been celebrated in June.

in the sensiblest manner imaginable, by never allowing an opportunity for an hour's *tête-à-tête* from one week's end to another. The house is thronged with visitors — sixteen when we came away, — we merely stayed three days, the others were there for a fortnight. Among them were your friends Blaine and Hale of Maine. Carnegie likes it so well he is going to do it every summer, and is looking at all the great estates in the County with a view of renting or purchasing. We went with him one day to Dupplin Castle, where I saw the most beautiful trees I ever beheld in my wandering life. The old Earl of ——— is miserably poor — not able to buy a bottle of seltzer, — with an estate worth millions in the hands of his creditors, and sure to be sold one of these days to some enterprising Yankee or British Buttonmaker. I wish you or Carnegie would buy it. I would visit you frequently.

LONDON, August 25, 1887.

DEAR ADAMS: —

James comes in to dinner occasionally and is remunerative. He has quite recovered from his Venetian jaundice. Mrs. Hay and I spent last Sunday with the Millets [1] and Abbey at Broadway, their place

[1] Frank D. Millet and Edwin A. Abbey, American painters. Millet was lost on the *Titanic* in 1912; Abbey died in 1911.

in Worcestershire. We saw some of the prettiest country we have ever come across, and the establishment wore an air of decency and intelligence which was extremely agreeable. Millet is painting two pictures which promise well, and Abbey is at work on his first oil painting. He is in the stage of cold fit, and says it is "getting ilier and ilier."

I bought at the R. sale a nice lot of Old Mastery drawings — which I *tard* to show you. I have also spent the last cent I got for "Democracy" [1] in minerals for Mrs. Hay.

After we left the Clarks' house we took the two older shrimps and went down to Isle of Wight. We found the neighborhood of Cowes so infested with princes and such vermin that we went down to the south coast, and found Brading, Sandown and Ventnor extremely pretty and soothing. There are lots of pretty things in this rickety old planet, if we could only have the enterprise to look for them and the nerves to enjoy them. But — *eheu fugaces* — I ought to have done my enjoying while the day lasted.

We expect to be in New York on the 17th September. Then I hurry to Cleveland — put my affairs into disorder — and scoot down to Washington at the earliest possible moment. I hope I may meet you

[1] A joke, as Mr. Adams wrote *Democracy*.

there, though if you go to Mexico, I shall be content for your and King's sake, dismal as Washington will be without you. I shall work like a yeast plant this winter — not because I feel like it but because I hate it, and because I feel that my time is waning.

My wife and children send their loves. The children bid me tell you they have a little collie pup, — they know you will be glad to hear it.

CLEVELAND, O., October 22, 1889.

I am grieved to think you are to fail, also, of your Mexico. My own disappointment did not move me half so much — for sufferance is my badge. . . .

Our Highland Lassie came home last night "late, late in the gloaming," like Kilmeny, escorted by two schoolboys, and for the advertised reward. The children welcomed her without a word of doubt. The baby, at the first word of demur, shouted, — "Of course it 's Yossie!" and all the sceptics gave in their adhesion this morning at the brilliant success of a test proposed by Del. He took her into the garden where she broke away and ran to a pile of leaves at the foot of the lot, and dug up a bone she had providently hidden there before her escapade. But I could not have believed a dog could have developed so rapidly in a fortnight. However, two

weeks of vagrancy would accomplish a good deal in any young female. She has a detestable little air of having seen the world and being up to snuff.

. . . I am trying to settle up my little affairs so so as to leave here as near the 1st November as may be, and come to you. I have had two or three days of duck-shooting on our marsh; — no ducks, but a peculiarly fascinating landscape of wild rice and lily-pads. . . .

CLEVELAND, O., November 4, 1889.

MY CHERISHED LIVY: —

I fully expected till an hour ago to bask in your "social wit" to-morrow. But things have concatenated so as to keep me here all this week.

So keep up a good heart! . . . Give Spring-Rice my love and fond regrets! Give the Goddesses of the breakfast-table my worship and duty! Give the President [Harrison] three years' warning! . . .

CLEVELAND, O., July 12, 1890.

We leave here next Wednesday and take two leisurely days for our journey to Newbury. I try to shut my eyes to what may happen when we get there. I shall be in the position of a school teacher without lessons and without authority. If I were only with you cleaving the blue waters of the Pacific, eating

an occasional missionary with the unconverted natives, or, in default of that, carving a loaf of bread-fruit "by the long wash of Australasian seas," I might recover the lost tone of my spirits. As it is, I enjoy little but sleep. I get plenty of that in this cool and breezy village. My day in New York was the hottest I remember, — the next day, here, I needed an overcoat, driving home from the station.

As Hafiz sang — "How sad were the sunset, were we not sure of the morrow!" and that is just our fix. That pleasant gang which made all the joy of life in easy, irresponsible Washington, will fall to pieces in your absence. You were the only principle of cohesion in it. All its elements will seek other combinations except me, and I will be left at the ghost-haunted corner of 16th and H.

. . . I had a letter just now from Henry James. He had dutifully done his *Ober Ammergau*, which bored him, and he was going to leave Venice before Mrs. J. arrived.

BOSTON, July 17, 1890.

Your good letter reached me yesterday at Cleveland when I was on my way to the station. It comforted me through the long journey, kid-haunted and hot, from Cleveland to Boss-town. I have no excuse for writing to-night except that you said you had not

my new address, which is, to wit: Newbury, New Hampshire. Thither I go at early fowl-crow to-morrow, to plunge into a barbarism profounder than any that Stanley came across in Jimjamjumbo. My desire to go to the Pacific with you increases at every new exhibition of the bellicose with my children; and yet I feel more and more that my duty lies here — to keep them from massacring each other.

You are also a discoverer. You have discovered that my mare — is quiet. Let us give her a name worthy of her, and call her The Pacific. I got her as a life-insurance for the children — and they unanimously refused to ride her on the ground that she has no hustle on her. I do not know what my poor little wretches will do at Newbury; — they are looking forward to a season of summer opera-bouffe, instead of the deadly repose we have planned for them. I went out to-day and bought Del a carload of fishing tackle which he will never learn to use. He did not even seem to care for the shopping. In my day, buying the hooks and lines, and digging the bait was fun enough, even if you caught no fish.

This is a wonderful city of yours in its summer sleep. Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street [Boston] are as still as Tadmor in the desert — swathed in green cerements of Ampelopsis, as if earth's concerns were not over for them. We should have felt

quite lonesome had not our dear Gen'l B. turned up at lunch. His is the only familiar face we have come across in Boston. A few people seemed alive in a goodly building, which our hackman said was "a club of private gentlemen, called the All-gonquin."

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 5, 1890.

. . . Mrs. Hay has once more proved her superiority to me in practical sagacity. This sojourn which I regarded with horror has turned out rather agreeable than otherwise. I do not mind the country fare. The children seem very happy. They have even more amusements than they can manage. They fish and row and swim. They colonize the desert islands in the lake. They climb the hills. They quarrel and fight and have a good time generally.

I cannot tell you how my heart sinks at the thought of your going away without me. I recognize it as the last ringing of the bell. I now feel that I shall never go west, and thence east. I shall never see California nor the Isles of the Sea. But we have resolved to begin building at once, and I must be here during the next three weeks. I am a worthless creature, destitute of initiative.

Yours, what there is of me.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 9, 1890.

MY DEAR GLOBE-TROTTER: —

I . . . start home to my mother on Monday next. Then I come back here and shoot *at* some ducks, and then go down to Washington. My visit to that capital is attended with some palpitation, as my Botticelli has arrived and is at my house, as yet unhonored and unhung. I am half afraid to see it, yet I wish to know the worst. But oh! the misery of the empty house next door!

800 SIXTEENTH STREET,
LAFAYETTE SQUARE, Dec. 12, 1890.

If it is any pleasure for you to know that you have planted the thorn of envy in the breast of a friend, you have the right to enjoy that pleasure to the fullest extent. I read and re-read your Samoan letter. I hang over your photographs and contemplate your old-gold girls, and interrogate the universe, asking if there was ever such a fool as I — who shall never, *à grand jamais*, enter that Paradise! King says we will go some day, but King will never be ready, nor will I.

Everything has gone to tarnation smash since you went away. First the G. O. P.[1] went to wreck over

[1] "G.O.P." — "Grand Old Party," as the Republican Party was nicknamed.

McKinley's Bill, and the G. O. M. over Mrs. O'Shea's beak.[1] Your own Democracy with its 150 majority is far from happy, as it is mounted on the Farmer's Alliance, and no man knoweth whither it goeth. W. H., e.g., was beaten for the Senate yesterday by one Ingalls, whose hair drops hay seed as he walks. The Republicans gang like ghaists but there are still lots of chances. Cabot Lodge is a spared monument of the cyclone. . . .

But politics are a bagatelle in comparison with the tornado of falling stocks. We are all poorer by an average of ten millions apiece since you went away and left the continent to its fate. I think I told you that three men had died, each one of whom ruined King by his untimely demise. One would think that was his share of lethal casualties, but since that, two more have died, one of them smashed by a railway train at W. and each in his agony kicked over a full pail of milk which King had been a year in drawing. Worst of all, that coal arrangement which he had cooked up with your brother Charles, and which he looked forward to as a provision for his declining years, has gone to Hades with the revolution in Union Pacific.[2] In spite of all he seems full of pluck

[1] "G.O.M." — "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, who split with Parnell, on learning of his scandalous relations with Mrs. O'Shea.

[2] Charles Francis Adams was president of the Union Pacific Railroad, 1884–90.

still, is working like a Turk at new enterprises, and reads about viscosity the greater part of his night.

Things in Washington are hardly worth writing about. Old B. of T. made a speech about J. in the Senate last summer which scared the Commissioners into a fit, so that they have again changed the site of the Lafayette Statue to the Southeast corner of the Square. They are digging a new hole for the foundation. Perhaps some other shining light of your party will object again, and they will cast the statue out to Oshkosh and make all the residents of the Square have a likeness of the hero of New Orleans branded on their behimesides. Your Triumphant Democracy is a bore.

Your modest soul has never yet conceived the vacancy you make in this little town. Your breakfast-table is as a flock without a shepherd. They are scattered abroad and seem to possess no principle of cohesion. I have had the Rs. and Ls. to dinner once or twice, but I cannot make them gay. We try to put a little life into ourselves by abusing mugwumps, but all our gayety rings false, and we drop the effort and our voices, and talk of Samoa. By the way H. is losing his mind. I met him in New York and he told me to tell you he wanted Samoa history. Mrs. H. also spoke of her delight in your work, and while I am on the subject permit me to say that V

and VI took the cake. There is a gathering strength and interest in these later volumes that is nothing short of exciting. The style is perfect, if perfect is a proper word applied to anything so vivid, so flexible and so powerful. I never expected to read anything which would give me so much pleasure.

Mrs. C. and Mrs. L. are getting up a series of parlor concerts (Adamowski) in honor of you. The first one is to-day at the Russian Legation. *We* are to have the next, I believe. Only fifty tickets are sold. *Ces dames* are desolate without you. They seek each other, but avoid the rest of the world. They read your letters and discourse of you — but they think your old-gold girls are horrid. I have incurred their grave displeasure because I admire Fanua and Fangali.

M. V. has come back from her conquest of the British Isles, prettier and more posed than ever. She bowled over the aristocracy without half trying. . . . Spring-Rice has come and gone. . . . [He] behaved himself very well here — threw over a dinner at the Legation where thirty people were asked to meet him, and came to dine with me, — telling Sir Julian [1] he would come to him the next day. I knew nothing of this until it was over. The Pauncefotes were good-natured and did not seem to bear malice. The

[1] Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington.

ladies are making a pet of A., — he is certainly the youngest sexagenarian I ever saw. He goes about in his pleasant, maidenly way, damning everything he sees. He even criticised the hands in C.'s picture by Sargent. He thinks R. the best we've got, but devilish poor after all. Yet he *is* good company and agreeable for all that.

My big Botticelli has come and is hanging on the stairs. It is a beautiful thing — a picture of the first importance. I lie awake nights fearing it will warp, and get up in the morning to see if the convexity has become critical during the night. D. T. says it is a shame to bring such pictures to America, and I agree with her. I wanted O. to come down and look at it, — but O., just to spite me, up and died. So far as I can learn, there is nobody in the country can stop a picture from going to the devil if it wants to — same as a boy.

Your desolate house is unfeelingly flourishing. . . . L. meets me on the street and asks when you are expected home. *Ay de mi!* . . . The next time you write, ask me some questions. I want to write to you, but I have nothing to say except that I miss you every day more and more and cannot get accustomed to the lack of you. Give my love to La Farge. *He* at least will come back one day and tell us many things.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1890.

I have just read Daudet's "Port Tarascon." It is his definite Waterloo — everything is *manqué*. Now is your chance! Do a South Sea book, *comme il n'y en a pas*. It is a felt want.

I feel that I am shooting into the infinite azure in writing to you. If this letter ever gets to Tahiti you will not have arrived there or will have just gone. You are too remote. But I will go to the Post Office and put it in the slot with the same vague hope with which one subscribes to a Missionary Fund. Please tell me when you write again to address you Care of The Queen, The Tower, London. There will be something familiar and definite about that.

Now I will have to tell you, — perhaps a dozen fellows have done so — of Stevenson's account of your visit to him. Your account of that historical meeting is a gem of description. I have it by heart. His is no less perfect and characteristic. He writes to N. B.: — "Two Americans called on me yesterday. One, an artist named La Farge, said he knew you. The name of the other I do not recall." Bear up under this, like a man, in the interest of science! It completes the portrait of your shabby parrot.

. . . You are losing nothing, I believe. I hear of nothing that is written — nothing that is said —

nothing that is done. Nothing — "yet all there is, I hear."

LONDON, June 4, 1891.

. . . I spent two days at the two Salons. I rather thought the seceders at the Champs de Mars had the best of it. The pictures that attracted attention were not great works of art, but the anecdotes, the epigrams. There was a "Dinner at the Pharisee's" by B.; the traditional Christ seated at the head of the table; at his feet grovels a pretty Parisian cocotte; all around men of to-day, in Poole coats, stare and wonder or leer. . . .

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 20, 1891.

I came here the end of July — found everything in confusion and a lot of workmen dawdling. I started things going, and, after a week or so, sent for Mrs. Hay and the children. We get along well enough in the half-finished house, and amuse ourselves watching the painters and paper-hangers. The house, such as it is, will be finished by the time we leave it next month.

I wish I could take ship to-morrow and meet you in some of the effete capitals of Europe. But I must dree my weird. I go to Cleveland from here, and to Washington in November. My winter will be spent

in editing the Works of Abraham Lincoln, to whom I then bid an everlasting farewell. . . .

WINON'S POINT,[1] O., Oct. 24, 1891.

A letter to you has been weighing on my mind for a week or two, but yesterday your long and interesting letter of the 29th of September arrived, to put me still more hopelessly in your debt. It was a splendid wind-up of your circumnavigatory series. Ceylon, the mangosteen and the durian will always hereafter be objects of my hopeless passion. Of course I shall never know them. I envy you many things, but, most of all, that power of making up your mind to do things, and then doing them without any fuss.

. . . I read your letter under unusual aspects. I got it at noon as I was starting out in my boat. I went to a remote pond in the marsh, and as the water is unprecedently low, we had to push and pull the boat through mud two feet deep a half a mile. We got there at last, after unspeakable trials, built our blind, and waited for ducks, "the tardy ducks that did n't come." So under the level evening light that streamed across the wild marsh, turning the reeds and the cane to amber, with a wind cutting to the marrow of my bones, I read your letter, and

[1] Shooting club of which Hay was a member.

contrasted your wise and fruitful method of amusing yourself with my melancholy attempts to be gay. I asked, with the immortal Flanagan, — "Why am I here?" and got no satisfactory answer.

We are a queer lot of odds and ends. You have met B. and perhaps Col. H. There is no one else noteworthy except ——, the electrician, the Cleveland Aladdin — a magnificent creature, 5 feet 2 in height, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, who eats three ducks for his lunch, and then asks me about Carlsbad; thinks "he must go there"; is "getting heavy and bilious."

Then there are two or three old men from 80 to 90 — original members of the Club, — in whom every passion, lust, avarice, appetite and thirst, are all gone, and nothing is left but the inextinguishable love of killing ducks. They get up at daybreak and shoot till it is so dark they cannot see their last duck fall, and then limp in to supper groaning and whimpering, and nodding with sleep.

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 26, 1892.

MY OWN DEAR ADAMS: —

Mrs. Hay and Del and Helen came back from a short visit to Boston yesterday in a fury of rain which seemed trying to drown out our mountains and wash away our lake. Two doctors sat on Del: X, a New

York man, and Z. The net result of all the pow-wowing is that they don't know what is the matter with him: that they don't think it is hip-joint, and that it probably is: — that he will probably get better of it, if he don't get worse — though he *may* remain as he is; — that the main thing is to consult frequently with an able doctor. "I," said Z., with a fine candor, "am as able as any."

. . . I wish I could think of something to tell you. There is, I am told, a good deal of politics about, but I know nothing about it. . . . Your letters to B. and T. were models of style and tact; nothing better could have been done; but T. goes pendering through the town, wondering if you really think education is on the whole worse than infanticide. I told him it was, but I doubted if you really thought so; because, being a Mugwump, you naturally took the wrong side of everything.

NEWBURY, N.H., September 13, 1892.

We have had a lazy and peaceful summer — twice brightened by the presence of celestial visitors. For did not the Camerons come for two days, to our delight and amazement? Don was grumpily good-natured, and la Donna was radiantly lovely. They pretended to like the place, and commissioned me to ask the price of farms. I am doing so, and discover-

ing that their visit has put everything up fifty per cent. I am the only human being that has bought an acre of land in the place for forty years, — yet the *auri sacra fames* so rages in the autochthonous heart as to convince them that I and my friends are going to buy all their bogs at a million an inch.

WINON'S POINT CLUB,
PORT CLINTON, O., Nov. 9, 1892.

MY BELOVED MENTOR: —

I slew with my gun to-day a dozen of ducks. I divide them between you and Mrs. Cameron, and send with each moiety a double portion of love. Think of me as sitting all day in a punt, half the time in rain, and the other half in snow; all the time in a fierce east wind; trying to warm my poor heart with the thought of the charming *destinataires* of my game.

Woe is me for my unhappy country, which is to struggle on under the double infliction of a stuffed profit and a stuffed ballot box.[1] To think that you should say your Democrats were poor politicians! A party ruled by Tammany unprovided with practical politics! Ah, Henry of my soul, what do you tike me for!

[1] Cleveland had been elected and the Republicans overwhelmingly defeated in the election of that week.

. . . But as to me it matters little. We must pay double taxes [1] because a Cleveland blackguard of your party so wills it. But I shall economize by breakfasting with you, and even things up in that way. . . .

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1893.

My mother, who attained her 90th year on the seventh of this month, died the day before yesterday. She had been failing for some time, but with that unselfish fortitude which marked her whole life she forbade my brother and sister to send for me, and died at last without moral or physical trouble. All the rest of the family were there, or within easy reach. I am so far away, and there are such interruptions of travel by storm and flood, that it is useless for me to attempt to get home, even for the funeral. This is an added misery — though it is as illogical as all remorse.

Do not imagine I am writing to extort from you a letter of condolence. I do not want one from you. You did not know what she was to us.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 6, 1893.

Billy Phillips [2] told me yesterday you could be reached at Savannah. But what does he know? He

[1] President Cleveland advocated an income tax.

[2] A Southerner settled in Washington at the practice of law.

came in to lunch yesterday and told us of your Odyssey. Afterwards, while I was out for a walk, he came back and scared my wife into giving him all her Peter's Pence; he pretended it was for you. I knew he had been playing poker for an office with Cleveland and had lost. If you don't hurry back you will get nothing. There are several thousand office-seekers of your sort camped about V.'s house. Some dozens come hourly to me, thinking I am [Senator Calvin] Brice, and swearing when they find I am not. Brass bands played ribald tunes under his Presbyterian windows all day Sunday! It is a pretty town you and your gang have made of it.

CLEVELAND, June 9, 1893.

We heard the most dismal news of our tavern: that it is not finished and never will be; that the elevators are unborn; that the walls *suintent* Chicago water and malaria — and verily we are sore beset. Add to that, every business house in Chicago seems *aux abois;* a lame darkey has just left my office after making me help buy him a $12 horse; an Englishwoman from Allahabad without an *h* to her back has done me out of a month's rent in the name of sweet charity; the tax-gatherer sits on my doorstep in permanence; and C. and the M. boys fight from dawn till dusk.

CLEVELAND, July 3, 1893.

. . . Well, we have done our Chicago, and have not a word to say about it. We were all knocked silly. It beats the brag so far out of sight that even Chicago is dumb.

The impression which the World's Fair made on Hay did not soon fade. More than four months later he wrote to his friend Gilder: —

To J. B. Gilder

PARIS, Nov. 20, 1893.

DEAR MR. GILDER: —

Your letter of the 4th reached me only to-day, too late for me to write anything for printing in your paper. Even if I had received it in time, what I could have said would have been little to the purpose. I imagine that most of your responses must have been as monotonous as a chorus of angels in glory. The Chicago Fair was, in almost every respect, the greatest universal exposition ever seen; but in architectural beauty, and in the felicity of the disposition of its principal features, it so far transcended anything which the genius and the devotion of man has ever yet achieved, that it will probably be remem-

bered and celebrated more for the incomparable splendor and loveliness of the *ensemble* than for any merit of details; the particular claims to admiration, great as they were, are likely to be neglected in the overpowering impression of grandeur and beauty made by the whole.

Perhaps the thing that has most impressed me has been the entire ignorance of Europe in regard to the matter. The most beautiful sight that has ever gladdened the eyes of humanity has shone for six months on the shores of Lake Michigan, and it is hardly too much to say that the rest of the world knows nothing, and refuses to know anything, about it. When we speak of it, we are met with incredulity and a more or less polite lifting of the eyebrows. In the annual *revue* of one of the Paris theatres, it is represented as a *four gigantesque*. In this country where they are continually talking of our worship of the Dollar, the Chicago Fair is summarily dismissed from notice as a failure, because the stockholders made no money out of it. They order these things better in France.

But it is not philosophical to quarrel about such matters. Contemporaneous history gives no account of the Crucifixion. Nobody knows anything about Shakespeare. The Chicago Exhibition has fared better, at least, than these two events, the most

important in the history of the human mind. A great many millions of Americans have brought away from it higher and nobler standards of beauty and grandeur than they ever had before.

CHAPTER XXI

LETTERS TO HENRY ADAMS (*continued*)

AFTER visiting the World's Fair at Chicago, the Hays lost no time in hastening to Europe, where they spent a year. They had planned much journeying with Mr. Adams, who was already in Switzerland, but news of the financial panic called him suddenly home.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, July 22, 1893.

MY DEAR ENRIQUE: —

Your letter from Zermatt has this moment reached me, and my altruistic soul is half assuaged of its grief at not seeing you in England when I think of you "lolling on silken sofies in the gilded palaces of royalty," and contemplating the Alps in the eyes of the all-beautifullest R. . . .

We arrived here Thursday night. We had a dull voyage — there was nobody on board worthy of a place at your breakfast-table; and the weather, while not rough, was wet and muggy all the way. We got to Liverpool Wednesday evening too late to come

on; so slept enjoyably in a shore bed, and came on the next day. They gave me a car to my own cheek without charge, — I don't see how these innocent English roads pay their dividends when we, who treat the public with deserved contempt and outrage, can't make both ends meet.

Our plans, which you do us the honor to ask for, are vague but simple. We stay here till August 1. Then go to Scotland for a week or two — come back here and start for Paris about the 1st of September. Two or three people have kindly asked us to visit them, but it seems so impossible to bestow our little menagerie of venomous wild creatures that we shall have to decline everything of the sort, except perhaps a few days at Tillypronie, whither Helen and Del will accompany us.

I hope we may see you in Paris — though my hopes are not too presumptuous or robust. Perhaps you may get enough of the Alps by that time — perhaps you may get *nostalgique* for the Palais Royal.

I had an amusing talk with White [1] this morning — far too amusing to put on paper. He knows nothing as yet of his salvation; he has heard L. is after his scalp.

[1] Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Legation in London.

London, Aug. 29, 1893.

My Own and Onliest: —

. . . I got here an hour or two ago from Scotland, and found yours of the 12th on my table.[1] I am glad you are alive, and able to pay for your champagne — and mine also — I don't drink much. I got letters at the same time from Cleveland and New York full of dolor and profanity. People I owe want their money, which they won't get it, Hallelujah! People who owe me say they will be d—d if they pay — which I think quite probable. But seedtime and harvest will follow each other. There will be marrying and giving in marriage. Statesmen will lie and be lied about. Speculators will rob and be robbed. And pretty women and good wine will still be found at the old and reliable stand, No. 1603 H. Do not forget the number! No connection with the shop over the way.

We feel as if we had been out of the world for the last month. We had a peaceful ten days at Tillypronie. The old Laird and Lady were not well, of course, but wonderfully plucky and bright, and did not let us feel that they were suffering or that we were in the way. I had a sharp attack of rheumatism which stopped my breathing for 24 hours. But I astonished the little Tillypronie by getting well in

[1] Mr. Adams reached New York on August 6, expecting to hear that he was bankrupt.

two days. I made the useful discovery that breath is not necessary to life. We spent a day at Glen Tana, and then pulled out and abode a few days at Fyvie. Helen and Del were with us, and enjoyed their stay in that beautiful fortress as much as they ought. Helen was deeply disgusted at not being told until just as were going away that she had been sleeping in a ghost-chamber, haunted by the lively spirit of Lilias Drummond, the Green Lady. I suppose the ghost thought if she tackled a Yankee girl, she would get the worst of it. We went on from there to the As, who were on their heads in sixteen kinds of a hurry, getting ready for Canada. Sir. J. was there, and went with us to Aberdeen to say good-bye. I was much touched at his emotion at parting. The same thought was doubtless in both our minds, that we were saying farewell for the last time. Few and evil are the days that are left to both of us.

. . . Good-bye! I agree with you about the future. But I distrust my own black spectacles. Things can't be so bad as I think.

Aix-les-Bains, Sept. 25, 1893.

My dear Globe-Trotter: —

Your letter of the 8th has just reached me, having been forwarded twice and lost a day each time. It represents you in such a frog-hopping attitude that

I am not sure this will ever find you. So I will make it short, and not repeat my error of sending reams of science and morals to you at Tahiti, which arrived, as old as Aristotle, after you had been years in Washington.

I am here because, like a fool, I took all my friends' advice, who told me it would be good for the rheumatism. I have got steadily worse every day since I arrived — but I calculate I can stave off your friend Thanatos for ten days more, the period of my cure. The doctor tells me I have Thermal Fever, the result of the baths. It is not much worse than cholera, so I will grin and drop the subject. When you get this I will be in Paris or Hades. . . .

Aix-les-Bains, October 2, 1893.

Your letter of the 21st of September arrived here to-day and found me in most uncommon dumps. My fool of a doctor has discovered another mortal malady in me, which tickled him very much, and disgusted me to such an extent that I am waiting only to see whether to-morrow is a fine day or not. If it is, I am going to the Grande Chartreuse near Chambéry; if it is not, I am going to Paris, and the doctor may go hang. I have wasted three weeks here. Nothing is changed; there is only one humbug the more.

But you — the expectancy and rose of the Democratic party — what has man thee, thou artless one, gedone? Having a mind of your own, young man, when the President has spoken, will bring you to no good end. All men of virtue and intelligence know that all the ills of life — scarcity of money, baldness, the comma bacillus, Home Rule, J., and the Potato Bug — are due to the Sherman Bill.[1] If it is repealed, sin and death will vanish from the world, . . . the skies will fall, and we shall all catch larks.

PARIS, November 3, 1893.

MY BELOVED: —

I have no idea where you are or what you are doing, but from force of habit I shut my eyes and shoot a letter at you from time to time, feeling that it makes no difference whether you get it or not. This one is to tell you that we are going to skedaddle from this gay and wicked city (this is the formula — for my part I have found it as dull as a dead rat and vitreous as a mugwump), on or about the 20th of the present month, for a little meander of four weeks in Spain. Then we come back here for a week, give the shrimps a Christmas dinner, and betake ourselves to Italy, with what appetite we may. This is

[1] The Sherman Silver Act, passed July 14, 1890, intended to check the free coinage of silver, required the yearly purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver, and the issue of Treasury notes thereon.

our modest programme, and I give it to you as is my bounden duty. It may not be carried out, for I get up each morning with the impression that I will probably drop to pieces during the day. But that is all in a day's work, and we shall go if I can toddle.

I can see you are having so much fun in Lafayette Square with your Bs and your Ls and Silver Bills, that nothing will tempt you to come away — so I will stop importuning you. Did you see Henry White? [1] You ought to be ashamed of yourself for bouncing him. . . .

We went the other day to see Sardou's *Madame Sans Gêne*. It would have amused you. It is in your period, and Napoleon, in full uniform, stands on his hearth-rug and abuses his sisters Elise and Caroline, like a coster. There are a lot of little plays at the small theatres, but it is no fun to go alone, and so long as you shirk your duty I shall not see them.

ROME, January 21, 1894.

I am willing to stand even your unprincipled vituperation, to get a letter from you. But are you crazy? I have written you a million times, by actual count.

We are in Rome, and it is grotesquely melancholy

[1] Mr. White was removed to make way for a Democrat.

to see how incapable of enjoying it I have become in the time it has taken to get here. Take warning by me and stop globe-trotting, now that you are young and gay.

We were frozen stiff on the way here. Turin was knee-deep in snow. Genoa was swept by a murderous mistral. I gave up and went to bed at Pisa — but Florence picked me up and smoothed the creases out of me in fine style. I think on the whole when you get ready to open your heart and set me up in life, you may buy me the Strozzi Palace. With weather, and art, and architecture, one can worry along. We have all three here, but in addition we have a lot of American bosom-friends, and that complicates matters.

Helen and I went to the grand function at the Pantheon, where they had a magnificent mass to get old Vict. Emman. out of his well-earned purgatory. As we stood in the gorgeous gloom of incense smoke and flambeaux in a suffocating crowd, I heard a familiar voice at my shoulder say — "Well, I did not expect when I saw you last, to see you next in the Pantheon, in a dress coat at ten o'clock in the morning." It was P. B., also in a dress coat and white cravat, as our "etiquettes" prescribed. And coming out, I heard more English, or what passes for English, than Italian.

I am delighted to hear you expect to take King to the West Indies.[1] It will not hurt you, and will do him no end of good. It would be almost worth an attack of meningitis to take a trip to the tropics with you. Comfort him and jolly him up. Saturate him with sunshine and sapodillas, and get him to come and live in Washington like a man and brother. Now that his affairs have gone to everlasting smash, we can set him up in a bijou of a house, and give him corn and wine and oil to educate us in viscosity.[2]

We are here for a few weeks. If Helen insists on Egypt, to Egypt we go. But there are a few girls and dudes of her species here and I hope she will like it well enough to dawdle along here till it gets too warm for the Nile. . . . There is something to do every day. All I lack is a stomach to eat and drink withal, eyes to see withal, ears to hear withal, and a heart to flirt withal. If I had these, I would get on in Rome very well. As it is, I sigh for Lafayette Square the *lieben langen Tag.*

An extract from a letter to Nicolay adds two or three touches to Hay's travel notes.

[1] Clarence King's health — and fortunes — had broken down. Mr. Adams took him to the West Indies.

[2] King had been planning a treatise on viscosity, of which he believed he had discovered the principles.

To J. G. Nicolay

ROME, Jan. 26, 1894.

. . . The younger children are established at a sort of school-family at the Château D. . . . about an hour from Paris, the residence of the Marquise de S. D., a lady in reduced circumstances, with a fine place which she is unable to keep up without outside help. She has a large family of daughters — the older ones teach the younger — and the thing seems to be going on very well. . . .

To Henry Adams

ROME, February 5, 1894.

Since I wrote you last, nothing has happened to me, save that, impelled thereunto by a daughter who cares more for her amusement than my repose, I have been to court and made a leg to the Queen. I do not know how I acquitted myself, but trust that, in imitating as well as I could remember the reverences I have seen you and King make to the beautiful and the great in H Street, 1603, I did you no discredit. Her Majesty was very gracious — and afterwards expressed herself in regard to my family in language I have carefully kept secret from my wife and daughter for fear they should shake me and "go off with a handsomer man" from mere considerations of homogeneity.

Rome is a hopeless job. We have been here nearly a month, and have scarcely as yet nibbled the edges of the things one ought to do. *De guerre lasse* we have given it up, and are going to Naples in a few days. Stillman [1] told me the other day that in a dozen years of Rome he had not seen it, and had also chucked up the job. The present régime, I admit, is making the sight-seeing business easier year by year, destroying the picturesque old town, and building a cheap and nasty imitation of Paris on the ground. But they are too late for me. There is still enough Rome left to put me in my little grave, if I undertook to see and understand it.

We buried poor C. W. last Wednesday in the Protestant Cemetery, laying her down in her first and last resting-place — a thoroughly good, and most unhappy woman, with a great talent, bedeviled by disordered nerves. She did much good, and no harm in her life, and had not as much happiness as a convict.

FLORENCE, ITALY, EUROPE,
March 9, 1894, A.D.

MY ANGELICAL DOCTOR: —

It is sinful to think of your having such a good time in the tropics without me. I presume you have not endorsed a dress coat since Tahiti. *O nimium*

[1] W. J. Stillman, Rome correspondent of the *London Times*.

fortunatus! Perhaps you have shed the frivolity of dress entirely and reverted to the buff of your Pomare-nian ancestors. At all events you are having too good a time to suit me. With the gradual progress of age I have lost all my vices and most of my passions, but envy still survives, and the thought of you and King enjoying the subtropical days and nights of the Great Antilles is too much for me.

My annals, since I last wrote to you, are appropriately short and simple. We went back to Rome for a fortnight after Paestum and Sorrento . . . and found the Yankee colony standing on its little head about the departure of Potter and the arrival of MacVeagh.[1] It is a loyal little colony, and likewise fond of a diet of toads. It wanted to be sorry Potter was going and to be glad MacVeagh was coming, and its perfectly sincere efforts to weep with one side of its mouth, and laugh with the other, were very touching. We had a big dinner at which both the diplomats made good speeches. Baron ——— was of a comic unspeakable trying to talk English, and later in the evening ———, who was far gone with the rosy God, asked me if I ever met a friend of his, a Colonel Lincoln, who wrote a life of Et-cetera.

[1] William Potter was replaced by Wayne MacVeagh as Ambassador to Italy.

And so your old friend Gladstone [1] has had to throw up the sponge at last in his bout with Chronos the Slasher. We are all growing old except Grover [2] and the Mugwumps; they will remain eternally about nine years old — nine or eight and a half.

DRESDEN, 27 March, 1894.

ENRIQUE DE MI ALMA: —

If you keep to the plan referred to in your esteemed favor of the 27th February, which has just reached me, you will be nearing your refined Christian home in Lafayette Square about these days. Your letter was a great comfort. The slight tribulations you met with on your way to your earthly Paradise only whetted your appetite for the tranquil pleasures you found in your *cafetal*. The fleeting and evanescent *ewig weibliche* is far better hoped for than attained — so I do not waste any sympathy on you-alls on that account.

To be a month away from an American newspaper is as near an approach to the bliss of Nirvana as you have any right to expect in this world. The domestic divinity under whose gentle tyranny I groan takes in the *New York Herald* of Paris, an American paper, with French worthlessness added,

[1] Gladstone retired from his last premiership on March 3, 1894.
[2] President Grover Cleveland.

which is filled with idiotic laud of the *New York Herald* of New York and Grover Cleveland, a stout gentleman who, I believe, is a neighbor and friend of yours in Washington, with occasional references to the deputy omniscience of one C. Nordhoff.[1] It is almost more than I can stand.

Nothing has happened since I last wrote to you. We have driven in cabs through several towns. We have smelt incense in many churches. We have gazed on several acres of spoiled canvas and seen some good pictures. Bologna and Verona and Perugia were very remunerative, and I was almost tempted to buy the —— Palace in Venice, as I hear Mrs. —— has quarrelled with her poet-sculptor-painter husband, and wants to sell him out of house and home. But the common sense of my wife, as usual, prevailed. She says Washington is less damp for my rheumatic shoulder; and doubts if you would come to Venice.

PARIS, April 25, 1894.

MY DEAREST TAURA: —

Your letter from Tampa, informing me that you had once more reintegrated yourself under the flag, arrived this morning and gave me a happy day. It gave me courage and strength to go through the Champ de Mars Salon, with its wilderness of impres-

[1] Charles Nordhoff, editor of the *New York Herald*.

sions and nudities, and dirty-looking portraits of Frenchmen smoking the cigarette. Why they cannot paint a Frenchman doing something else — blowing his nose, combing his hair, or performing some other natural function — puzzles me. Even a Frenchman must do other things occasionally. On the whole, the show is a poor one, distinctly below those of former years.

The Salon of the Champs Elysées opens Tuesday, and on Wednesday we skip for London, having seen more pictures than in any previous year of our little lives.

I do not write long letters for the same reason that I see nobody, and do not talk. I am filled to the lips with the *amari aliquid* of age and infirmities. If I talked or wrote, I would talk or write about myself which is a loathly subject. Perhaps I will get better one of these days — and younger, — and then I may again be company for the unexacting. At present I am a bore from Boresville.

. . . I see Gladstone's return to sanity the moment he got out of office has not escaped your eagle eye. *Per contra*, the moment the cynical and clever Rosebery gets into the chair, he begins to make a fool of himself. His speech in the House of Lords giving Home Rule the grand bounce, was an incredible *légèreté* — all the worse because it was true and logical.

What right has a Prime Minister to fool in public with truth and logic?

. . . I shall read of the progress of Coxey's army [1] with new interest now that I know you are in Washington. Perhaps they will spare my house because it adjoins yours. You, of course, are known throughout the country as a Democrat and an Anarchist and an Unemployed. Your house will be safe anyhow; so you might as well stand on my steps while the army passes, and shout for "Chaos and Coxey" like a man. I hope you won't fare like Tailhade, the Anarchist poet, who *porter*-ed a toast to Vaillant ("*Qu'importent quelques vagues humanités pourvu que le geste soit beau!*"), and a little while after, sitting in the Café Foyot with a lady-friend, was blown up by a bomb.

LONDON, June 9, 1894.

. . . Next, let me congratulate you on your Loubat prize. It is good money, and the old Duke will be delighted that it has gone into hands so worthy. Don't spend it till I get home, and we will paint the horizon crimson with it. The only wonder is that Columbia College could have done so evidently sensible a thing.

[1] Coxey, a labor agitator, undertook to lead an army of "unemployed" from the Middle West to the lawn of the White House.

We spent a pleasant day at Cambridge yesterday . . . and got home in time to make ourselves beautiful for the Court Ball at Buckingham Palace. You ought to have seen me! My wife and Helen looked rather handsome, but the old man! Great Scott! *je ne vous dis que ça!* . . . M. swore that he would have me kodaked in my clothes, so that I would never dare to run for President — from which it was easy to see what was preying on his mind.

You may thank your stars you were not in London when Ladas won the Derby. They ate, drank and dreamed nothing else for twenty-four hours. They are a dear and simple folk, in some ways — these English.

LONDON, June 19, 1894.

MY ONLIEST: —

. . . I got yours of the 8th last night at midnight, as I returned from the dinner of the Fishmongers, stuffed with turtle and spiced meats, drenched in loving-cup and Bayard's eloquence. How our Ambassador does go it when he gets a big roomful of bovine Britons in front of him! He knocks them all silly. I never so clearly appreciated the power of the unhesitating orotundity of the Yankee speech, as in listening — after an hour or two of hum-ha of tongue-tied British men — to the long wash of our Ambassador's sonority.

A fortnight later the Hays landed in New York, and found that Mr. Adams was planning a camping trip in the Yellowstone, and expecting Hay and Del to join him.

CLEVELAND, O., July 14, 1894.

Your letter of yesterday has this moment arrived. I will try to do the things that Billy Hofer ordains, but would fain leave some of them to be done further west. The bed business, for example. I cannot lug my bed across a continent. Certainly there must be a place nearer the geysers where a bed can be procured by the unstinted use of money.

And the guns! B., who is a hardened sportsman, says there is not a bird west of St. Louis; that a shot-gun will be of no use except for purposes of suicide. I mentioned a rifle, and he said it *would* be of use, to shoot at a mark.

Fishing tackle! Del never cast a fly in his life, and I could as soon think of dancing a serpentine.

Hay was not a sportsman, neither did he like roughing it after the novelty had worn off. But Mr. Adams's companionship was always the best to him, and he never lost his love of nature. The next letters are to his wife, just before the party went into the wilds.

To Mrs. Hay

GRAND CAÑON HOTEL,
THURSDAY, July 26, 1894. No. 1.

I do not know that I ever saw a day so stuffed full of natural beauty and grandeur as yesterday. We started early and went to that part of the Grand Cañon which is called by the idiotic name of "Inspiration Point," a name by which the finest view of Yosemite and other places is disfigured. It is a rock which juts out over the Cañon and gives a wonderful sweep of view both ways. A strong wind came up while we were there and we had to hold on by our teeth and toes to keep from blowing away. Before we left, a lot of lady tourists came and they had to be held on by the guides. Even two hats went sailing gracefully down into the chasm a thousand feet below. All around were those brilliant-colored crags and walls you see in Moran's picture in the Capitol. Halfway down we saw an eagle's nest with two great eagles sitting quietly at home with their family. After we had stayed there some time we walked slowly up towards the Falls, stopping at every favorable point of view; the scene changed every moment, giving new aspects of beauty and magnificence. When at last we got to Lookout Point, the full glory of the Falls burst upon us. They are just twice as high as

Niagara, and the "setting" of them is immensely bigger and grander. You cannot imagine anything grander than the red, yellow and green rocks of the vast cañon and the quiet background of the green-wooded mountains.

In the afternoon I stayed at home and Del and Hallett Phillips went off for trout. Del went as a spectator and pupil. They came back in a few hours. I heard the family whistle under my window and looking out saw Del carrying a splendid load of big trout, some speckled and some rainbow! which re-appeared a little while after on the dinner table.

We have not come to the "roughing it" as yet. I do not know how long it is delayed. The hotels so far are excellent — but in the depth of woe on account of there being nobody in the Park. Last year the panic, this year D ——— ; there is no end to their troubles.

YELLOWSTONE PARK HOTEL,
July 26, 1894. No. 2.

I do not know when you will get this or in what condition these flowers will be when they arrive. But they are so sweet and fragrant that I must send you one or two. The white one is phlox and the pink are yarrow.

This is another wonderfully beautiful place. The great Yellowstone Lake lies just in front of us, and

beyond it is a chain of magnificent mountains. We left the Grand Cañon after lunch to-day. Just as we were leaving, an unmistakeable English couple arrived: a gawky, aristocratic-looking man in knickerbockers and a young woman, blond as wheat and awfully sunburned, the English "Mees" of French farce. The proprietor of the hotel ran after us to say it was Mr. and Mrs. R. W. The drive here was delightful; about three hours. Our road ran beside the Yellowstone River all the way, a clear, tranquil stream, which gave no hint of the terror and magnificence of the fate that awaited it a little farther on. In one place we saw dozens of enormous trout playing near the bank. In another a big flock of wild geese were walking along. They calmly stepped into the water and swam away as we came up. Half way here we came to the most hideous and dreadful sight I ever saw, the Mud Volcano. We heard it grumbling and coughing before we got there, but when we approached it, no words can describe the horror and fascination of the sight. To think that for ages and ages that hideous throat is expectorating that red sea of mud every other second.

On coming out of the Yellowstone, Mr. Adams went to Seattle and Vancouver, while Hay rejoined his family at the Fells.

To Whitelaw Reid

NEWBURY, N.H., Sept. 10, 1894.

I got here a day or two ago after two months in the Rocky Mountains, which were to me exceedingly amusing and instructive. We were most of the time out of any possible communication with the world by mail or telegraph. We lived mostly on fish and game of our own purveying, and lived well. The régime grew intolerable after a while. I had not been able to send a line to my family nor get one from them from the 28th of July to the 3d of September — the longest *lacune of the sort in my history*. We rode five hundred miles on horseback through trackless wildernesses, and felt as remote and friendless as Grover Cleveland in Washington.

To Henry Adams

NEWBURY, N.H., Oct. 10, 1894.

Our house is dismantled — we are sitting among the ruins waiting for the train which is to take us to Cleveland *via* Boston. The autumn has been very gorgeous, and to-day, for the first time, the wind and rain are stripping the trees of their goodly raiment, as if they were Viceroys who had lost a battle.

We had King here for one day, and then, of course, a telegram came, clamoring for him to go to New

York to see an exigent millionaire. He was in fine form, cheerier than I have seen him for several years, — full of schemes, all of them brilliant, not to say iridescent, in promise. I was glad to see him hopeful again, with, or without, reason.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 27, 1894.

DEAR TAURA: —

I have never known a more gabby campaign. Eloquence overflows the legitimate stump and slops the sidewalk. I stop sometimes and listen to the gutter Ciceros. They are talking finances to the best of their lungs. Free trade and single-tax have the call. J. seems to have hired dirty orators by the dozens to blather on street corners. Most of the working men are idle, so that there is always an audience. He is an amusing caricature of the classic demagogue with a dash of T. cynicism. . . . If I had the bounding youth and literary vitality of a Tahiti chief, I would make a story about him, and get back the money I blow in, every two years, in vain, against him.

I went to see R. the other day to say good-bye before he sails for Algiers. He is in the evil case, I fear — though a momentary improvement just now has cheered up his wife and himself. King and Bishop Potter were of the party, so we were very gay and worldly. Potter and I went off together, as he was

going to Hartford and I to New Haven, and when we got to our station (Rye), we found that King had not only eloped to White Plains with Mrs. Potter, but had also carried off the Episcopalian trunk, with all the robes, chasubles and stoles which were to dazzle the Hartford faithful.

I found Del on the playing fields of Yale,[1] engaged in deadly combat, with a face blackened with dirt and toil, and tangled hair, and garments ragged with onset. He seems to be in good enough shape, though mathematics make life as gloomy to him as it was to me, for the same cause.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1895.

Your party wallows still in the trough of the sea. Cleveland's recommendations to Congress are like wisdom crying in the streets — no man regardeth him. My party is nearly as much embarassed by its victory as is yours by its defeat. Here the Reed[2] men are worse afraid of McKinley than of the devil, and more anxious to beat him. In New York the good people are scared out of their wits for fear Platt should do something they would like, so that they never make up their mind till he moves, and then

[1] Adelbert Hay entered Yale this autumn in the Class of 1898.

[2] Friends of Speaker T. B. Reed, who hoped he would be the Republican nominee for the Presidency.

they jump like sheep for the other thing. Tammany will come back in a year or two with an outfit of sevenfold deviltry. Don [1] is quite nervous about Pennsylvania; he thinks there is a chance of losing the State, in spite of its quarter-million majority. So you may be ready for another big swing of the pendulum.

Everybody seems to admit there will be no financial legislation this session. Perhaps Cleveland will call an extra session — but I doubt it. They can rub along through summer with one or two loans.

NEWBURY, N.H., June 14, 1895.

To the most excellent Taura Atua, Chief of Amo, in his palace in the City of George the Truth Teller, these words, greeting, from his grovelling slave, unworthiest of his vassals, Jock, the Tenderfoot: —

I reached New York without incident, and saw King, who was too busy to talk to me much, being engaged in the same futile pursuit of elusive wealth which has been for years so distressing a sight for his friends. He admitted he had made nothing but his expenses in the long and dismal winter's work in Oregon and Washington, but still hopes something might come of it. . . . He has written another appalling bit of physics for the *Journal of Science*, which

[1] J. D. Cameron.

he says lays over the "Age of the World," out of sight; and still believes he will write the *Magnum Opus* if he can make money enough to be idle three years.

We had an uneventful journey up here, Helen and I, and found the rest of the family on the railway platform, with a fresh and cultivated air of Boston about them. Our sky and air leave nothing to be desired, but I foresee that I shall miss your afternoon visit, and shall go sadly astray without your words of wisdom.

. . . What a dull old man I am! I even lack words to tell you how I miss you.

NEWBURY, N.H., June 27, 1895.

MY DEAR TAURA: —

Well, go your ways, have a good time on sea and land. My wife has just received a letter from Lady C. saying they are established in R., with a bachelor room for you, and already looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you. And I suppose the papers to-day will tell us of M. V.'s added greatness. It is curious what a step C. made in marrying. Last year he was never thought of for Cabinet rank — now it is a matter of course. All England feels that in marrying an heiress, he has merited well of the *Patrie*.

The whole house sends love and good wishes to you. It is raining outside and we have a bright fire blazing in the room. Clarence and Nip are toasting their brains on the hearth-rug. My wife is embroidering. Helen and Alice are making a futile song at the piano, which they will never have the energy to write and score, — and I am, so far as so venerable an impostor can be anything,

Yours affectionately.

To Whitelaw Reid

NEWBURY, N.H., August 4, 1895.

. . . We are living a curious vegetable life here. It suits elderly folks like Mrs. Hay and me very well. I am afraid my children are getting old enough to kick at the solitude, but they are kept more or less contented by relays of their friends. I listen to their clamor, and reflect that, after all, the world is still young. But I am sure that you and I were never so young as the boys of to-day. The riddle of the painful world suggested itself to us earlier and more imperatively. The fellows who came of age in the Lincoln year were forced to look at life in wider aspects than the Sophomores of to-day.

I feel as though I should not look at anything much longer. I am getting a very bad pair of eyes on me.

That is another reason for wanting to see you before the curtain drops.

To Henry Adams

Newbury, N.H., Sept. 3, 1895.

Querido de mi Alma: —

. . . Time goes by imperceptibly in indolence and solitude, and there is nothing to do, or think, or write about. I have developed two or three more mortal diseases since I came here, and I am going to New York next week for vivisection. "But this is not journalism," as Johnny McLean[1] would say.

I have a letter from Whitelaw Reid which is far from gay. He is ordered to Tucson for the winter, which has to me the sound of the *glas funèbre*. I am going to see him, for he has his moribunditude cheerful, and does not worry his friends except by his wheezing, and his pathetic attempt to talk jauntily of next year. And yet he may hold the cords at my funeral; for did I not sit, with profound emotion, at the deathbed of Levi P. Morton, and is he not — at the hour which is — all sorts of potentates and possibilities? There is nothing like being given up by the Doctors. It is a certificate of longevity.

Speaking of longevity, King was coming here, but sent instead a long telegram from Council Bluffs, at

[1] John R. McLean, proprietor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

a ruinous expense, telling me he had to go out to the Coast — and would write. He might have written at an expense of two cents, and made me much more satisfied. But that would have been too simple a procedure. Nothing more has been heard of him — he has evaded into space. . . .

And Bil Filips has just left us on his way to Kipling. He has been spending his exiguous holiday among the Bluenoses and had good fishing with George Kennan[1] at Cape Breton. He was gay and jimp, and lost very few things on our mountain, and most of those he found in his other coat. He was a brilliant feature in our otherwise dull landscape, in his stockings and knickers, and a radical red sash around his youthful waist. Mrs. Stone admired him very much but could hardly make up her mind whether he was a serious pirate or merely a Jesuit in disguise. He gave it as his deliberate opinion that this air would be a good thing for you, my cherished Taura! and I believe it might, if it were not for the mortal dulness I am conscious of diffusing about me.

If you don't hurry back, there won't be a silver man in America except you and Peffer,[2] and even Peffer said in an interview the other day that the jig was up. I think Reid and McKinley and Allison

[1] Exposer of the Siberian exile system.

[2] Senator W. A. Peffer, of Kansas, Populist and Silverite.

and Harrison and Morton are all good gold-bugs now. A large majority of Democrats have thought they were not, but the post-masters and "deppity marshals" have convinced them that they are, — at least, such of them as go to conventions.

Poor Dupuy de Lôme[1] is becoming the target of our unbridled and licentious press, because he tries to serve his country, and wants ours to obey the laws. The Cubans are knocking Campos about like old boots, and Yellow Jack is joining in the fun as merrily as he knows how. You will have a fine chance in Spain to make a revolution, for the whole army will be in the ever-faithful Isle by the time you get there.

NEWBURY, N.H., Sept. 20, 1895.

Rudyard Kipling has been here for a day or two. How a man can keep up so intense an intellectual life without going to Bedlam is amazing. He rattled off the frame-work of about forty stories while he was with us. One day I was, as an ignorant layman will, abusing the sun-myths, and happened to say I expected to see "Mary had a little lamb" become one. He instantly jumped upon it, and as fast as his tongue could wag, he elaborated the myth. It was better than anything Andrew Lang ever wrote. He was

[1] Spanish Minister in Washington. Marshal Campos commanded the Spanish Army in Cuba.

very bright and pleasant, entertained himself and all the rest of us, and made Clarence very happy.

Mr. Henry Adams accompanied the Lodges to Europe, and found himself "for the first time at Caen, Coutances, and Mont Saint-Michel in Normandy" — a visit out of which grew his extraordinary interpretation of mediæval religion and history through Norman art, — a book without a peer.

Now we must turn to trace the events which led up to John Hay's promotion to the sphere of statesmanship.

CHAPTER XXII

MAJOR McKINLEY

ONE of the wittiest Harvard graduates of the last generation, a man of sound counsel and an unflagging benefactor of the University, used to say: "President Eliot comes to me for my money and my advice; and, as happened to the two women mentioned in the Bible, one is taken and the other is left." For many years the Republican managers took both John Hay's money and his advice, and hardly said "Thank you" for either. This neglect in no way cooled his enthusiasm. That he would have liked recognition is obvious — who does not? — but, having made loyalty to Republicanism part of his creed, he never allowed the omission of others to excuse him from his duty.

This loyalty was proof against his personal preferences as to candidates. In 1884, he supported Blaine, whom the Republicans nominated in spite of the grave evidence against his integrity. They believed, to recall the political phrase of the time, that they could "wring one more President out of the Bloody Shirt." Blaine's chief function in Congress had been, as appears in the retrospect of history, to scold and

bait and threaten the caged Rebel Brigadiers who sat in that body. His prowess in such work earned for him the interesting title, "The Plumed Knight." His magnetism among the populace rivaled that of Henry Clay. The Republican managers were a little anxious at symptoms which showed that some of the faithful were beginning to look doubtingly at the gospel of hide-bound Protection. A genuine demand for a reform of the spoils system was also pressing on them. So they resorted to the expedient of putting up a candidate whose popularity they believed was proof against all accusations, and who would remind the country that the Democratic was the party of Slavery and Rebellion.

Their attempt to divert attention failed, however, for the campaign was fought on the question of Blaine's honesty, and he was beaten by the narrowest margin.

Hay consistently regarded the Cleveland administration with a critical eye. It was bred in his bone to feel that the best of Democrats, with the best intentions, could not bring good to pass; and he looked forward to the restoration of Republican prestige much as a Crusader might to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. His friend, Mr. Adams, on the contrary, was a Democrat who watched with a satisfaction more than ironical the efforts of President

Cleveland to turn the stream of American polity out of the deep channels of Privilege into the open sea of Democracy. Mr. Cleveland worked so prosperously that he seemed sure of reëlection in 1888. But in his annual message in the previous December, he boldly announced that the high tariff must be done away with. Like other great declarations in politics and in religion, this was received with the epithets "impolitic," "unnecessary," "indiscreet." The Republicans saw their chance to make Protection the vital issue again, and they took it. They felt sure of winning with the right candidate; but who would be the right candidate?

The following letter exhibits Hay as adviser to the party which neglected him: —

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1888.

. . . I am engaged here for a week or two, finishing up some important matters, but shall go to New York about Easter. But meantime is there no light on the situation? If Blaine is irrevocably out, what is the matter with Sherman?

There are three questions: —

1. Who is the man to get votes and be elected?
2. Who is the man to make a good President?
3. Who, beaten, will leave the party in best shape?

It seems to me Sherman is the best possible man for the last two points. His lack of magnetism, his lack of following, would be worth millions in the Presidency, if he were elected. He is thoroughly fit for power. Then, if we must be beaten, Sherman is the best possible man to be beaten with. It won't hurt the party much, and won't hurt him at all.

The first point is the great one for a nominating Convention. You know more about that than I can. If you went in for him he could be nominated. Could he be elected?

A more judicial piece of advice could not have been given.

Having attended the Republican Convention, Hay sent an amusing letter to Mr. Adams.

To Henry Adams

CLEVELAND, June 25, 1888.

I have got back alive from Chicago and out of the hands of the Greshamites. I sat near Miss Rachel Sherman and Walker Blaine and Mr. Platt, and lifted up my voice in shouts for Uncle John,[1] but to no avail. Benjamin Harrison got there, and I suppose I must vote for him. I will keep myself up to the task by thinking of Cleveland, and occasionally reading an editorial in the *Nation*.

[1] Senator John Sherman.

I dined at Franklin MacVeagh's[1] The new house[2] is beautiful beyond words, exquisitely furnished and adequately lived in. The beautiful Honoré girls (Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Fred Grant) were there; likewise Frank Bartlett and Mr. Wirt Dexter, — so the air was decidedly Manchester-by-the-Sea.

I also gazed with due reverence at the shop of Marshall Field. It is, to use your own elegant phrase, a squealer from Squealersville. I went inside and had speech of the proprietor. I told him it was nip-and-tuck between him and Pittsburg, which had the tidiest house in the country. He answered, with the large magnanimity of the West: — "Oh, Pittsburg! Yes, they say it's a daisy!"

Mr. Harrison was elected President in November. While he was preparing to distribute the great offices, some one suggested to him the fitness of John Hay. "That would be a fine appointment," replied the President-elect, "but there is n't any politics in it!" An unanswerable reason, indicative of the logic which the spoils system forced upon the most logical of all the occupants of the White House. Hay

[1] Brother of Wayne.

[2] Designed by H. H. Richardson; so also were Field's department store and the Pittsburg courthouse.

himself did not sulk. The universal good of the cause required partial evil to individuals. He completed "Lincoln," visited England, and exchanged good-natured banter with Mr. Adams.

Meanwhile, the Republicans in power proceeded to illustrate what seems to be the general law of institutions which have passed meridian — instead of moderating the most offensive and freely acknowledged excesses of Protection, they drew up a new tariff bill in which they not only re-affirmed the sacrosanctity of the doctrine, but increased some schedules and added others. The measure took the name of William McKinley, of Ohio, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and was passed in October, 1890. At the congressional elections a month later the Republicans were swept away by an anti-tariff hurricane.

When the next presidential year came round the Republicans renominated Harrison and the Democrats Cleveland. Whitelaw Reid, whose unremitted presentation of his claims when any office was in sight contrasted with Hay's reserve, ran with Harrison.

These extracts, written before and after the balloting, reveal scarcely uncontrolled enthusiasm on Hay's part.

To Whitelaw Reid

Cleveland, October 20, 1892.

. . . Your letter of acceptance is remarkably fine and strong. It could not be improved in substance or in manner. It gives a perceptible lift to the campaign. How can any honest or rational man be against us this year? And yet I hear of no Mugwumps renouncing the error of their ways. My own feeling towards the President is not one of friendship, but . . . I wish I could feel sure about New York. I hoped they would not be so zealous this year as to run the risk of State's prison — that was all I ever hoped from the malice of Tammany, but I see by the *Tribune* that even that was too much to hope for. They are preparing their usual dose of crimes in New York, and our reliance, as so often before, must be in Heaven and J. D.

Here a singularly calm campaign is going forward; but I see no reason to doubt we shall give our usual majority and get back several Congressmen. If the ticket were turned end for end we should do better.

Port Clinton, O., November 10, 1892.

. . . I will not waste words in attempting to express my deep chagrin and grief. At present, my chief sorrow is that you and Mrs. Reid are not to be our neigh-

bors in Washington for the next few years. . . . The post would rather have wearied you; now you are your own man again and are very much more of a political quantity than ever before. Of course this is under the supposition that the Republican Party can survive this rout. I am not sure of that, but there is certainly nothing in sight that can take its place.

Now ensued the most grotesque episode in American politics.

If the question had been asked during the third quarter of the nineteenth century, "Who is the typical American of this period?" a perspicacious observer might have replied, "Phineas T. Barnum." Barnum not only assumed that the people liked to be fooled, — that was an ancient discovery, — but he also discovered the immense potentiality of advertising. And he demonstrated in his Great Moral Show that it made little difference what the object was — woolly horse, anaconda, or the elephant Jumbo — so long as it was effectively advertised. Imitating him, later promoters have made almost anything go — from cherry pectoral to garters, and from breakfast food to "best-seller" fiction.

It happened that in Ohio there flourished a captain of industry — Marcus Alonzo Hanna — who had amassed a large fortune as a wholesale grocer

and coal operator. He knew from experience the value of publicity. He had no doubt that on the continuance in power of the Republican Party, with its loyalty to Protection, depended the welfare of the Republic. After the collapse in 1890, Mr. Hanna, who had previously taken little active part in politics, decided that the Republic must be saved by securing the election in 1892 of a flawless champion of Protection. Looking over the field, he decided that Major William McKinley was the man.

The Major, born in 1843, enlisted in the Civil War when he was only eighteen years old and received his brevet as major for gallantry in battle. After the war, he practised law at Canton, Ohio; went into Congress in 1876, and stayed there for fourteen years, when the Democrats defeated him by gerrymandering his district. As Congressman he was what is called "a worker." He looked after the interests, not only of his constituents, but of Protectionists all over the country, and enjoyed the honor of giving his name to the high-tariff measure which wrought the disaster of 1890. McKinley was not a politician of intellectual force. Although he made a thousand speeches in behalf of Protection, no economist would go to him for ideas. He had the art, however, of throwing a moral gloss over policies which were dubious, if not actually immoral, and this

he did with a sort of self-deceiving sincerity. For he seems to have held that whatever platform the party adopted must receive the immediate and unquestioning acceptance of all the faithful, of whom he counted himself one. So unspotted was his Republicanism that he might be regarded at any given moment as the resultant of the preferences of the different sets in the party. His transcending quality was his good-nature. With him the politician you might disagree and quarrel, but with him the man you were friends. He was kindly, willing, cheerful, forgiving. Like Mr. Barnum he knew the potency of words. Even when the United States were engaged in wiping out certain tribes of recalcitrant Filipinos, the Major announced that we were bent on "*benevolent* assimilation."

Mark Hanna displayed courage in taking up the Major so soon after the defeat which the McKinley Bill had brought upon the party; but he knew the Major's qualifications, among which was his popularity in Ohio, which might have won for him the nomination in 1888 if he had consented. Hanna would have run McKinley in 1892, but he recognized that he must respect the claims of President Harrison, who hankered after a second term. When Harrison was defeated, Hanna began to work in earnest. With the Major elected Governor of Ohio,

the campaign seemed to open propitiously: but his sudden plunging into bankruptcy would have brought consternation to a backer less resolute than Hanna. According to report, McKinley had endorsed an acquaintance's note for over $100,000, the acquaintance had failed, and the endorser stood to lose. It did not require Hanna's wits to see that no amount of hippodroming could save a presidential candidate who had been through the bankruptcy court: the Democrats would need only to paper the country with facsmiles of his signature to the poor debtor's oath. So Mr. Hanna called upon a selected list of Republicans to contribute enough money to pay the Major's way to solvency. Some gave because they admired McKinley, others because he had served them in Congress, others again because they wanted to save the party from unedifying criticisms. Among the subscribers to the ransom was John Hay.

Thenceforward, the McKinley "boom" flourished. It was wonderful to note the enthusiasm with which the Southern Republican delegates experienced an irresistible impulse to vote for McKinley; equally wonderful to see the spontaneity with which hardened practical politicians discovered, on searching their hearts, that he, and he alone was the candidate who could satisfy their highest aspirations. Just as

the circus king used to placard the fences and barns of the Atlantic States with marvelous posters bearing the announcement, "Wait for Barnum," so Mark Hanna sprinkled through the press of the country seductive references to the Major. The patriotic voter was warned not to give his vote prematurely — for McKinley was coming.

Mark Hanna's biographer tells us that little record remains of the methods employed — nothing, in fact, which shows that Mr. Hanna spent money. He was no speaker, and yet something about him talked so persuasively that long before the convention met he had secured a large majority of delegates over McKinley's nearest competitor, Speaker Thomas B. Reed. And there can be as little question of the Major's personal popularity as of the willingness of all those who came under Hanna's influence to regard it as a duty to vote for him. Every one who believed in Protection must rally to support the embodiment of that policy.

The development of the country since the Civil War might be regarded, as I remarked earlier, as a process of the creation and accumulation of wealth to an unexampled amount. The ultimate question was, — Who should own that wealth, how should it be distributed? Should it build up a plutocracy or a democracy? The suspicion grew that the people

were not getting their share in the distribution of capital. The election of Cleveland indicated a general discontent. The rise of Populism after 1890 brought forward the advocates of bizarre or half-baked economic projects. One of these was the belief that the free coinage of silver would enable the poor man, by an unexplained jugglery, to transfer into his own pocket some of the wealth of the rich man.

This heresy infected Republicans and Democrats as well as the avowed Populists; and the Major, true to his instinct for summing up the various elements in the Republican Party, gave it a polite attention. This was the only anxiety which troubled Hanna during the last part of the canvass. He himself, as capitalist and financier, preferred gold; but he regarded Protection as of primary importance. If worse came to worst, tariff duties could be paid in silver as fruitfully as in gold and the protected industries would still thrive; but if there were no tariff, what would become of the protected industries? So open-minded were both Hanna and the Major that they left it for the Convention to decide whether the candidate should stand on a gold or a silver plank.

This brief and admittedly imperfect outline may serve to trace the transition which took place in

the Republican Party during the promotion of McKinley's candidacy. Hay watched Hanna's venture in hippodroming, much as a retired manager forty years earlier may have watched Barnum's efforts to capture the public with a new and strange attraction. Hay apparently preferred McKinley, for he wrote Mr. Adams on October 25, 1895: "I think McKinley is much 'forrider' than a few months ago. The faithful think Foraker is pulling straight, and there are *anguilles sous roches* that betoken an early collapse of other booms." [1] Hay could hardly foresee however, that the rest of his career was bound up in McKinley's success.

Another menace besides Free Silver alarmed the conservatives of both parties during that winter. At the end of 1895, President Cleveland, almost without warning, hurled a defiant message at Great Britain, which had long been bickering with Venezuela over their common frontier. The President declared that England must arbitrate, and that the United States would uphold the Monroe Doctrine against all comers. The country stood breathless, convinced that this meant war. Hay wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Mather: "You are dead right. It is

[1] Governor Joseph B. Foraker was another Ohio aspirant. The allusion to the "eels under the rocks" seems to imply that Hanna's intrigues were beginning to tell.

incumbent on all sane men to be very careful how far they commit themselves to the support of one in so disturbed state of mind as the President at this moment. The man who could write so headlong a message, and follow it a few days later with that panicky cry for help from Congress — and then allow Carlyle to say that no help was needed, is a most unsafe guide to follow." (December 31, 1895.)

The British did n't desire war, and there was no war; but the Monroe Doctrine remained, like a volcano suddenly thrust up in mid-ocean athwart the paths of half the world's ambitions.

Never disposed to join in factional wrangles, Hay spent the summer of the campaign in Europe. The following extract introduces another subject — the Cuban insurrection, which Marshal Weyler was endeavoring to suppress.

To Henry Adams

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1896.

To you, O Globe Trotter, light of my lonely soul, to whom all wisdom is an open scroll, and to whom Truth is as easy as Sin: — Health and Prosperity.

With your usual unmerited luck you have got Upper-deck room E, per *Teutonic*, May 20, while I, merely because I am righteous and provident, stew and stifle in a far forward kennel on the deck below.

But a time will come — *Tremblez, tyrans!* when an outraged proletariat will have reason of your luxury and pride.

We are much the same. We and Maceo [1] larruped *los Señores Españoles* at La Chuza — which it would have done your insurgent heart good to see it. Weyler has been complaining all along that we would n't stop and fight with him. So, just by way of a friendly accommodation — not to spoil sport — Maceo attacked the Alfonso Trece regiment and drove it seven miles into the sea under cover of a gunboat. And even yet Weyler does not seem happy.

During Hay's stay in England, however, he took care to enlighten the British public as to McKinley's prospects and deserts, and he used his personal influence to renew the friendly relations between England and the United States which had been wrenched by President Cleveland's Message on the Venezuela Boundary dispute.

On June 7, 1896, Hay writes from Paris to his wife in Washington an account of his brief stay in London. At a dinner-party, he says: —

"E. was placed between Joseph Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt, and had a very merry time. Old Sir W. flirted with her in his most elephantine

[1] Cuban insurrectionist.

manner, and occasionally he and C. would fight across her, on politics, in a very savage though courteous manner. It was a chance that a girl of her age rarely gets to see the greatest politicians of the time in their hours of ease.

"After dinner, in the smoking-room, I sat between Lord C. and Chamberlain, and had some very interesting talk with each of them. My talk with Chamberlain was especially important. I was urging him to have the Venezuela question settled before McKinley came in, and he said they were doing all they could, but that Venezuela would not treat separately now that she had been encouraged so by the United States. He hopes that both countries may agree to arbitration.

"My letter to the *Times* appears to have been read more than anything I ever wrote. Everybody I meet speaks of it — most with approval, but some thinking I am wrong in being so sure of McKinley's nomination. S. and the *Herald* have greatly influenced people's minds against McKinley. But next week will show them. In fact, the little *Herald* of this morning virtually gives it up.

"The *Chronicle* was after me for several days for an interview. I fought it off till the last day, and then concluded I might as well say a good word for McKinley. I inclose it to you. It is wrong in many

particulars, but the general impression is all right. I did it to reach the immense Radical constituency of the *Chronicle*. It is Henry Norman's paper."

On returning to London, after a rapid trip through France and North Italy to Venice, Hay caught up with the latest political news from home. His letters to Mr. Adams now are more bantering than ever, because Mr. Adams, like Senator Cameron, was a "silver man."

On July 26, Hay writes from Brown's Hotel, London: —

To Henry Adams

One more human being I have seen, if it is proper to call an argento-maniac human. Moreton Frewen [1] bore down on me in St. James's Street, looking very well and prosperous, and grasped me by the hand, and told me to put all my money on Bryan; that it was a walk-over; that betting on Bryan was simply picking up money. The cause of his rapture was that he had just read that the Goldbug Democrats were going to nominate another candidate. It is a good working theory, I suppose, that the more candidates a party has, the surer it is to win, but I am too old and feeble to follow the argument. . . . All right! I

[1] At that time the most conspicuous British advocate of bimetallism.

have lived under many sorts of Presidents in my time, and I can even stand a Boy Orator; but unless he can show a left hind foot of a snow-white rabbit killed in the dark of the moon by a black dog I am not going to waste my money betting on him.

To Mrs. Hay he sent further news of his last days in London: —

H. M. S. *Teutonic*, July 31, 1896.

Monday I called at the Embassy. Mr. Bayard was away, and [James R.] Roosevelt asked me if I would like to go to the House of Commons, where he had an engagement to meet General G. I accepted with alacrity, and went down at once. He got us excellent seats in the front row of the gallery. We heard the questions and answers, and then heard speeches by Labouchère, Curzon, and Harcourt on the Uganda Bill, which were extremely interesting. Roosevelt then told me Sir Wm. Harcourt and Balfour [1] both wanted to see us. So we went to Harcourt's room (he has a room to himself as leader of the Opposition) and saw him and Balfour for a few minutes. It turned out that they had nothing to say to G. (not knowing him), but both were anxious to talk to me about McKinley and Venezuela. I had a talk with

[1] Mr. Balfour was then First Lord of the Treasury.

Balfour, and Sir Wm. made an appointment with me at B.'s for the next day. He went at once into the matter. Balfour had told him nearly every word I had said, and he had remembered it all. These English public men have wonderful memories. We had a talk of an hour of great interest and importance. He thinks the Venezuela matter ought to be settled now. He asked me to say to Chamberlain and Curzon what I had said to him. He thought it would do a great deal of good.

In urging British public men to settle the Venezuela dispute as soon as possible, Hay was performing a patriotic duty; for he warned them not to expect that a Republican administration would disavow President Cleveland's stand in the matter.

From the steamer, as he neared home, he wrote another amusing letter to Mr. Adams.

To Henry Adams

H. M. S. *Teutonic*, TUESDAY, Aug. 4, 1896.

The days have been gray and muggy; the air clasps you like an affectionate devil-fish. The boat is filled with highly respectable New York Democrats who say they are going to vote for McKinley, and then go below and are sick at the thought of it. Poor things! I am sorry for them — I, who would die for Mc-

Kinley and the Old Flag. Why can't they vote for him and like it? . . .

At the Embassy in London there was the same wail of despair. Bayard [1] was away, but R. and W. and C. were howling for McKinley, at the same time feeling that they were periling their souls' salvation by it. Mr. Bryan has much to answer for, driving so many great and good people into the support of Anti-Christ.

On the other hand, whisper it soft and low, a good many worthy Republicans are scared blue, along of the Baby Orator of the Platte. Even my sanguine G. was far from chortling when I saw him in London. I am still cheerful, but even in my dauntless ear there murmurs the fragment of an old Saga which says: "In politics the appeal to the lower motives is generally for the moment successful." What if the Baby Demosthenes should get in with this programme: Free silver; abolition of Supreme Court; abolition of national banks; confiscation of railroads and telegraphs! Add to this such trifles as making Debs Attorney-General, and you or Brooks Secretary of State!

Please buy me a house in Surrey, and a couple of palaces in Venice — name of Bryan Debs Smith, if you please. It is well to be ready for contingencies.

[1] Thomas F. Bayard, American Ambassador in London.

But shadows avaunt! We are going to elect the Major if it takes a leg — and then you will all be happy, even the perverse and the froward. . . .

I have been reading Shelley. He seems to have had a certain faculty of writing verse. If it had not been for that, he would have made a good candidate for the Presidency.

During Hay's absence, the Republican Convention met at St. Louis and Mr. Hanna produced Mr. McKinley, who was nominated on the first ballot. The platform, thanks to the efforts of some Eastern delegates, declared in favor of a gold standard. At Chicago, three weeks later, the Democrats nominated Mr. William J. Bryan, a comparatively unknown politician, who carried the convention by storm by denouncing the tyranny of gold. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns!" he shouted in concluding his speech. "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" An assembly, or a party, which allows itself to be the victim of such a metaphor is as much to be pitied as the children whom the Pied Piper conjured, without return, into the mountain.

The silver men bolted from the Republican Party, and the Gold Democrats nominated General John M. Palmer in the hope of drawing votes away from

Bryan. So the Republicans, instead of being compelled to make another fight in behalf of Protection, with Major McKinley to lead them, were forced to defend "honest money" during this campaign.

When he reached New York, Hay reported to Mr. Henry White in London: —

"I find the feeling a little nervous, unnecessarily so, I think. I talked with Hanna and some of the Executive Committee, and while there is nothing like dread of defeat, there is a clear comprehension that [Bryan] will get the votes of a good many others of his kind, and that it will require more work than we thought necessary last spring to beat him. But the work will be done and he will drop into congenial oblivion next November.

"I had a long and serious talk with Sir William Harcourt by his own appointment, the day before I left, in which he referred, as you do, to the idea the government seem to have, of the advisability of delay. I assured him, almost in your very words, that it was a great mistake: that McKinley could not yield on such a position taken by Cleveland." (August 5, 1896.)

Until the end of the summer the Republicans imagined that they could win with ease. But Mr. Bryan's personal canvass, unparalleled till then in the

number of speeches made and the distances traveled by the candidate, was beginning to cause alarm by September 8th, when Hay wrote to Mr. Adams: —

"What a dull and serious campaign we are having! The Boy Orator makes only one speech — but he makes it twice a day. There is no fun in it. He simply reiterates the unquestioned truths that every man who has a clean shirt is a thief and ought to be hanged; that there is no goodness or wisdom except among the illiterate and criminal classes; that gold is vile; that silver is lovely and holy; in short, very much such speeches as you would make if you were here. He has succeeded in scaring the Goldbugs out of their five wits; if he had scared them a little, they would have come down handsome to Hanna. But he has scared them so blue that they think they had better keep what they have got left in their pockets against the evil day. Your friend George Fred Williams [1] weeps in public over the wickedness of the Goldbugs and does not appear to get reconciled to the [kicks] which they are giving him. He is, so far as I know, the only blossom of the Mugwump garden who has gone wrong this year."

On October 4 Hay writes again in his bantering vein: —

[1] Former Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts who joined the Bryan party.

"What you say about the Majah is all I could ask, but the way you say it pains me. Your head is right, as usual; but how about your heart? Is it up to the G.[1] test? Would you die for the Majah? If you will do that, and send a certificate, you will be all right. We really cannot admit any less rigorous rest. W.,[2] I think, would. I know Cleveland would, and Olney. Cabot and Teddy have been to Canton to offer their heads to the ax and their tummies to the hara-kiri knife. He has asked me to come, but I had thought I would not struggle with the millions on his trampled lawn. Still, if you will go with me, and offer to pour out the bluest blood of your veins, I will go."

A fortnight later (October 20), writing from Cleveland, Hay sends this significant letter. He had taken the stump for the Republican ticket, and had conferred, by invitation, with Major McKinley, who, throughout the campaign, stayed at his home in Canton, Ohio, and there received visiting delegations and individuals on his lawn: —

"The days succeed and resemble each other considerably. Cleveland has ceased the ennobling pursuit of the dollar (371¼ grains fine), and has given itself over to two weeks' debauch of politics. No business is done in the mart. We roughen our throats all night shouting for the Majah. The ante-

[1] Gilderian. [2] Wayne MacVeagh.

election scare which I have observed with more or less detachment for twenty years has set in with unusual vigor. Most of my friends think Bryan will be elected and we shall all be hanged to the lampions of Euclid Avenue. I have not yet made up my mind to this. When I do, I shall change my politics and try to placate the mob by saying I am next-door neighbor to your brother Brooks's brother. I spent yesterday with the Majah. I had been dreading it for a month, thinking it would be like talking in a boiler-factory. But he met me at the station, gave me meat, and, calmly leaving his shouting worshipers in the front yard, took me upstairs and talked for two hours as calmly and serenely as if we were summer boarders in Beverly at a loss for means to kill time. I was more struck than ever with his mask. It is a genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the fifteenth century. And there are idiots who think Mark Hanna will run him!

"You are making the mistake of your life in not reading my speech. There is good stuff in it — to live and to die by. If you read it in a reverent and prayerful spirit, it might make you a postmaster. You are not interested in political news. If you were, I would give you a pointer. The Majah has a cinch — and don't you forget it."

On January 26, 1897, Hay went to Canton by ap-

pointment with the President-elect. In a brief memorandum he says: — "Hanna at the house . . . talk from 11 till 1. . . . [McKinley] was called away to the telephone. Kohlsaat [1] wanted to talk with him. He came back saying K. was dancing with delight over the reception of the Gage [2] appointment. Hanna said, 'He need n't claim that. I discovered Gage.' McK. said, 'I don't care who claims it, if it is a good thing.' He then told me what remarkable support it was getting all over the country. P. Morgan, Simmons, B^ds of Trade, politicians, etc., from one end of the country to the other.

"He then discussed fully the rest of the Cabinet as contemplated. State, Sherman. Treasury, Gage. War, Alger. Navy, Long."

About this time the rumor spread that Mr. Hay had accepted either a Cabinet position or an Ambassadorship. As late as February 25th the situation, as he described it, in a letter to his brother-in-law, was as follows: —

To Samuel Mather

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, '97.

. . . Smalley was too previous with his announcement. The place has neither been accepted nor

[1] Herman H. Kohlsaat, editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*.
[2] Lyman J. Gage, Chicago banker.

offered. I have received an intimation that the President thinks of sending me to England but he has not made the offer in so many words. I am not worrying him nor myself about it. I have done all I could for Whitelaw Reid and have reason to think he has been offered the place and declined it. I have allowed nobody, so far as I know, to worry McKinley in the matter.

We are getting very anxious about his cold. It would be a grievous disappointment if he should be compelled to take the oath in his bedroom in Canton.

The outcome of the Bushnell-Hanna complication is most gratifying. It is the sensation of the state.

Knowing Mr. Reid's appetite for high places, we doubt whether the English mission was offered to him. The reference to the Bushnell-Hanna affair recalls one of the most shocking examples of political cynicism in modern American history. McKinley desired to take Hanna, to whom he owed everything, into the Cabinet ; but Hanna was too astute to run the risk of frittering away his ascendency in a position which afforded little scope for his peculiar talents and was likely to be transient. He insisted, therefore, upon going to the Senate, where he would be virtually assured of a life tenure. But as there was no vacancy in the Senate from Ohio,

McKinley brutally demanded that John Sherman should resign from the Senate and accept the Secretaryship of State. Thereupon Governor Bushnell of Ohio appointed Hanna to Sherman's seat, and later the appointment was confirmed by the Ohio Legislature, though not without difficulty. To force the venerable Sherman, whose powers were already failing, into the most important office after that of the President himself, showed a disregard of common decency not less than of the safety of the nation.

As soon as President McKinley was inaugurated, he announced that he had appointed John Hay Ambassador to Great Britain — an announcement which caused general satisfaction throughout this country, for he was experienced, he had not been identified with any Republican faction, and he was popularly thought of rather as a statesman than as a politician.

CHAPTER XXIII

HAY'S AMBASSADORSHIP

HAY went to England gladly. He had many acquaintances there, both in political and social life. He knew the ways of diplomacy. Not only his own experience in subordinate diplomatic positions, but also his long study of Lincoln's administration had given him the best possible insight into statesmanship in action. He found, as every intellectual man must find, the ceremonial of office tedious. But it had large compensations in the access which it opened to the rulers of an empire, to questions of world-wide significance and to patriotic service of the highest kind.

On April 6, 1897, he writes from New York to the First Secretary of the London Embassy: —

To Henry White

I see by to-day's papers you have arrived, and have already taken over the Embassy. I see also that Mr. Bayard [1] is booked for an ovation on the 7th of May. I do not know quite what that means, or how long he is to be in London before he gets

[1] The farewell ovation to Mr. Bayard took place on that date.

his loving-cup. But all this can be left until I see you.

I have already declined four public dinners and speeches. I hope, if you are consulted in regard to any invitations to such functions, that you will, where it is practicable, dissuade our kind friends from sending such invitations. I do not intend to begin a campaign of speech-making the moment I land, and I should much prefer not to be asked.

I have promised Mr. Murray to say a few words at the unveiling of the bust of Scott in Westminster Abbey in May. Please regard this as confidential until Mr. Murray himself makes it public. Arthur Balfour is to make the principal address.

He arrived in England on April 21 and dreaded the public reception which threatened him.

To Samuel Mather

U.S.M.S. *St. Paul*, April 21.

My dear Sam: —

Here we are at the end of our journey, just entering Southampton Water. I quake a little in the knees and pale a little about the gills as I am informed the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton are to meet us at the dock and make me an address of welcome and flapdoodle. If they stop at that I will be happy

— for I heard a horrible rumour on leaving New York that they were planning a banquet and public reception. If that should turn out to be so, there will be no London for me till after midnight. I wired Mr. White to stop it if possible, and hope he will have done so.

An extract from a note to Senator Lodge written from London a fortnight later adds a comic touch to the description of Hay's triumphal entry into the United Kingdom: —

"If you had been at Southampton, you would not have had the pleasure of seeing Oom Hendrik [1] gloating over my sufferings. He so thoroughly disapproved of the whole proceeding that he fled to the innermost recesses of the ship — some authorities say to the coal-bunkers — out of sight and sound of the whole revolving exchange of compliments. Henry James stood by, and heard it all, and then asked, in his mild, philosophical way, 'What impression does it make on your mind to have these insects creeping about and saying things to you?'. . .

"I have declined twenty-six invitations to eat dinner and make speeches. I trust my action in this matter meets your approval." (May 6, 1897.)

The ambassador established himself at No. 5

[1] Hay's nickname for Mr. Adams.

Carlton Terrace. His first public appearance was at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey (May 21, 1897), where he made an address of marked literary distinction which led the British public to believe that they had in him such a minister as America had not sent them since James Russell Lowell. Immediately thereafter came for Hay the fatigues incident to his share in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Contrary to his wish, Whitelaw Reid had persuaded President McKinley to send a special Embassy to greet the Queen, with himself naturally at the head of it. This greatly added to the burden of Hay's responsibility, in making arrangements for two American representations instead of one.

He writes confidentially about his annoyances to Mr. Adams, who had gone to France: —

"*June 4.* The town begins to grow abominable for Jubilee. Six miles of lumber deform the streets. The fellow-being pullules. How well you are out of it!

"*July 7.* The Jubliee is gone like a Welsh-rabbit dream. It was an explosion of loyalty that amazed John Bull himself. What a curious thing it is, that there has been no king in England since Elizabeth of special distinction — most of them far worse than mediocre — only the foreigner, William III, of any

merit — and yet the monarchical religion has grown day by day till the Queen is worshiped as more than mortal, and the Prince will be more popular still when he accedes. . . . I see nobody but everybody, and that is a diet of husks."

To Mr. Adams's invitation that he come over and refresh himself at St. Germain, Hay sent a serio-comic reply.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, July 25, 1897.

MY DEAR D'ANGOULÊME: —

It is no less than a bloomin' shyme that I cannot accept your kind invitation to your royal pleasure-dome. But the flight of my household Goddesses does not free me, as you seem to think, from all obligations, human and divine.

I cannot leave this blessed Isle even at the summons of my betters in the Forest of St. Germain. "Come again next week!" says my Lord of Salisbury, or, by preference, "Wait till I send for thee, when I have a more convenient season."

The sight of a worthy human being happy is comforting to the soul, and I have seen my friend Whitelaw sitting between two princesses at supper every night, a week running, and I now may intone my *nunc dimittis.* His rapture had the *aliquid amari* that

the end must come, but the memory of it will soothe many an hour of *ennui* at Ophir Farm.

I do not know why, in your presence, I naturally run to slanderous gossip, but I suppose one must once in a while abuse one's friends, — and you inspire confidence. And E. A. has been to see me, and called me and all my friends idiots and thieves, under the impression that he was making himself especially agreeable.

If Hay, in his intimate correspondence, had his joke at the foibles of others, he was, as we have often seen, equally impartial in seeing his own comic side.

Hay's work as Ambassador may be divided into two phases. One, covering his first year of residence in England, resulted in cementing friendship between the two nations. This was a service of great importance, because Cleveland's Venezuela Message had aroused at home the chronic, though then slumbering, animosity towards the mother country, and had caused in Britain itself, quite logically, indignation, resentment, and a predisposition to regard everything American unfavorably.

The Venezuela Message, however, put to the test the deepest convictions of both peoples and revealed to each of them that a war between England

and the United States on any grounds then conceivable, would be not only an immeasurable calamity, but also a crime against the Anglo-Saxon ideals of civilization for which each stood. To bring about friendliness was the task not merely of formal diplomacy but of personal influence: and this it was which Hay possessed to a degree surpassing that of any of his predecessors in the English mission. Personal influence is a force which can hardly be defined in such a case. It acts cumulatively, often subconsciously, and can be estimated only by its outcome. The great diplomatist — and Hay was that — attains his ends, not merely by the business-like methods with which he receives visitors in his office, but by his social contacts. In societies like the English and French, which possess a long tradition of etiquette and manners, the quality of man-of-the-world, which also was Hay's, often counts for more than rank, intellectual eminence, or learning in history and the technicalities of international law.

Several important questions were pending between the United States and Great Britain. The dispute over the Bering Sea fisheries; the attempt to pacify the Free Silver fanatics at home by securing an international agreement on bimetallism; the conclusion of the Venezuela arbitration; and the passage of the Dingley Tariff Bill, by which the Republicans

reaffirmed their devotion to high protection, — all gave the Ambassador work which called for two qualities in which he abounded — tact and courtesy.

"The town swarms with Senators on their holidays [he writes humorously on August 12]. They are all in a blue funk about the inspector on the New York docks. It was gentle and joyous sport to pass the Tariff Bill, but when it comes to paying duty on their London dittoes it is another story."

Later he speaks of several prominent Americans as "resting from the slaughter of grouse, and marking down their pajamas to get them under the $100 limit. You can go home as a Polynesian prince and pay no duties" [he adds].

His fidelity to Protection never dulled his sense of humor.

During the winter, Mr. Hay, accompanied by Mr. Adams and other friends, went up the Nile. Before he returned to London in March, the *Maine* had been blown up in Havana Harbor and fire-eaters in the United States were clamoring for war with Spain. The Ambassador set himself to work to propitiate English opinion, and this was the second phase of his service. His formal instructions came, of course, from Washington; but it depended largely on his tact whether the British Government looked favorably on them or not.

In a private letter he gives a summary of the feeling in London.

To Senator H. C. Lodge

LONDON, April 5, 1898.

If you think I am rushing in where I am not welcome, you can rap my knuckles and I will bear it meekly — but I will have had my say.

I do not know whether you especially value the friendship and sympathy of this country [England]. I think it important and desirable in the present state of things, as it is the only European country whose sympathies are not openly against us. We will not waste time in discussing whether the origin of this feeling is wholly selfish or not. Its existence is beyond question. I find it wherever I go — not only in the press, but in private conversation. For the first time in my life I find the "drawing-room" sentiment altogether with us. If we wanted it — which, of course, we do not — we could have the practical assistance of the British Navy — on the *do ut des* principle, naturally.

I think, in the near future, this sentiment, even if it amounts to nothing more, is valuable to us. . . . [He now describes how, at the last levee,] all the royalties stopped me, shook hands and made some civil remark. The Spanish Ambassador coming next

among the noble and the pure have had occasion to change their minds about him. My friend Smalley changes his weekly. Sometimes he admires him more than I do, and sometimes less. I think he is wrong both times. I don't pretend to know the Major very well, but the Cobden Club and Godkin [1] know him still less."

Another letter to Senator Lodge gives this important information: —

To Senator Lodge

LONDON, May 25, 1898.

. . . Your letter gave me the most gratifying and the most authentic account of the feeling among the leading men in America that I have got from any source. It is a moment of immense importance, not only for the present, but for all the future. It is hardly too much to say the interests of civilization are bound up in the direction the relations of England and America are to take in the next few months.

The state of feeling here is the best I have ever known. From every quarter, the evidences of it come to me. The royal family, by habit and tradition, are most careful not to break the rules of strict neutrality, but even among them I find nothing but hearty kindness, and — so far as is consistent with

[1] Editor of the *New York Evening Post.*

propriety — sympathy. Among the political leaders on both sides I find not only sympathy, but a somewhat eager desire that "the other fellows" shall not seem the more friendly. Chamberlain's startling speech [1] was partly due to a conversation I had with him, in which I hoped he would not let the opposition have a monopoly of expressions of good-will to America. He is greatly pleased with the reception his speech met with on our side, and says he "don't care a hang what they say about it on the Continent."

I spend the great part of my time declining invitations to dine and speak. But on the rare occasions when I do go to big public dinners the warmth of the welcome leaves nothing to be desired. But the overwhelming weight of opinion is on our side. A smashing blow in the Caribbean would help wonderfully.

[1] On May 13, Mr. Chamberlain addressed the Birmingham Liberal-Unionist Association and said: "What is our next duty? It is to establish and to maintain bonds of permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic. There is a powerful and a generous nation. They speak our language. They are bred of our race. Their laws, their literature, their standpoint upon every question, are the same as ours. Their feeling, their interests in the cause of humanity and the peaceful developments of the world are identical with ours. I don't know what the future has in store for us; I don't know what arrangements may be possible with us; but this I do know and feel, that the closer, the more cordial, the fuller, and the more definite these arrangements are, with the consent of both peoples, the better it will be for both and for the world — and I even go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

But an enemy determined not to fight can elude a battle a long time. And our hair is growing gray while we wait and read the fool despatches. . . .

I wish we could all be chloroformed for a few months, and begin life again in October. I do not so much mind my friends going into battle, but the fever is a grisly thing to encounter.

The next letter to Mr. Adams is dated May 27. The Ambassador is already looking forward to the end of the war. I have found no trace of the draft of the "little project" which he mentions.

"I have your yesterday's letter, and it was a great balm to my self-conceit to know that I held the same views you express as to terms of peace. I had drawn up a little project which was yours almost verbatim.

"The weak point in both of our schemes is the Senate. I have told you many times that I did not believe another important treaty would ever pass the Senate. What is to be thought of a body which will not take Hawaii as a gift, and is clamoring to hold the Philippines? Yet that is the news we have to-day.

"The man who makes the Treaty of Peace with Spain will be lucky if he escapes lynching. But I am old, with few days and fewer pleasures left, and I don't mind.

"I think, however, Paris will be the likelier place, and I don't hanker after the job."

The stress of work during these anxious months was partly relieved for Hay by the coming and going of American friends, among whom were several of his Washington circle besides Mr. Henry Adams. In June Mr. Adams writes: —

"The Camerons came over and took the fine old house of Surrenden Dering, in Kent, which they made a sort of country-house to the Embassy."

Hay's letter to Senator Lodge, just quoted, indicates that he realized that civilization stood at the cross-roads in those months of the Spanish war, and that on the welding together of England and the United States, the future welfare of two hemispheres depended. Mr. Adams with his genius for keen and philosophic generalization puts the issue in a memorable paragraph.

"After two hundred years," Mr. Adams writes, "of stupid and greedy blundering, which no argument and no violence affected, the people of England learned their lesson just at the moment when Hay would otherwise have faced a flood of the old anxieties. Hay himself scarcely knew how grateful he should be, for to him the change came almost of course. He saw only the necessary stages that had led to it, and to him they seemed natural; but to

Adams, still living in the atmosphere of Palmerston and John Russell, the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror which in twenty years effected what Adamses had tried for two hundred in vain, — frightened England into America's arms, — seemed as melodramatic as any plot of Napoleon the Great. He could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed, at last realised under his own eyes for the advantage of his oldest and closest ally."

The next note that follows belongs to this time.

To Senator Lodge

July 27, 1898.

I am most grateful to you for your letters. I appreciate the sacrifice so busy a man makes in writing; and coming, as they do, from the very center of news, they are most interesting and valuable.

I can send you little that is interesting in return. The daily telegrams in the papers make everything stale a few hours after it happens. There are a few things, it is true, under the surface, but the people you know tell you everything. I have been under great obligations the last few months to X., who knows Germany as few men do, and has kept me wonderfully *au courant* of facts and opinions there.

How splendidly things have moved our way! I do not see a ghost of a chance for Bryan in the next few years.

Meanwhile the change had come about in the State Department at home which was presently to affect Hay himself. He writes to Mr. Adams on May 9: "Judge Day [1] is Secretary of State. He did not want it, and the Major [McKinley] had other views. But the crisis was precipitated by a lapse of memory in a conversation with the Austrian Minister of so serious a nature that the President had to put in Day without an instant's delay — I need not tell you how much to my relief."

One summer evening while the Hays were visiting their friends at Surrenden the Ambassador received the following cablegram: —

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1898.

It gives me exceptional pleasure to tender to you the office of Secretary of State, vice Day, who will resign to take service on the Paris Commission, to negotiate peace. It is important that you should assume duties here not later than the first of September. Cable answer.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[1] William Rufus Day, of Ohio, now a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The honor offered came as a surprise. Whatever had been rumored, or talked over, or conjectured, the President had not earlier promised Hay the reversion of Secretary Day's portfolio. Hay would have preferred to remain in London, where the duties were more congenial, and, as he thought, better suited to his capacity.

The friends at Surrenden debated what reply Hay should make. He would gladly have found, Mr. Adams writes, "a valid excuse for refusing. The discussion on both sides was earnest, but the decided voice of the conclave was that, though if he were a mere office-seeker he might certainly decline promotion, if he were a member of the Government he could not. No serious statesman could accept a favor and refuse a service. Doubtless he might refuse, but in that case he must resign. . . . His only ambition was to escape annoyance, and no one knew better than he that, at sixty years of age, sensitive to physical strain, still more sensitive to brutality, vindictiveness or betrayal, he took office at cost of life.

"Neither he nor any of the Surrenden circle made pretence of gladness at the new dignity, for, with all his gaiety of manner and lightness of wit, he took dark views of himself, none the lighter for their humor, and his obedience to the President's order was the gloomiest acquiescence he had ever smiled.

Adams took dark views, too, not so much on Hay's account as on his own; for, while Hay had at least the honors of office, his friends would share only the *ennuis* of it; but, as usual with Hay, nothing was gained by taking such matters solemnly, and old habits of the Civil War left their mark of military drill on every one who lived through it. He shouldered his pack and started for home."

So he cabled his acceptance to the President. Illness and various duties detained him in England till the middle of September.

As soon as his promotion was published, letters of congratulation began to pour in upon him, and these were followed by other letters in which his English friends expressed their regrets at his departure.

To one correspondent he replied: —

To Andrew Carnegie

London, August 22, 1898.

My dear Carnegie, — I thank you for the Skibo grouse and also for your kind letter. It is a solemn and a sobering thing to hear so many kind and unmerited words as I have heard and read this last week. It seems to me another man they are talking about, while I am expected to do his work. I wish a little of the kindness could be saved till I leave office finally.

I have read with the keenest interest your article in the *North American*.[1] I am not allowed to say in my present fix how much I agree with you. The only question in my mind is how far it is now *possible* for us to withdraw from the Philippines. I am rather thankful it is not given to me to solve that momentous question.

A few other letters which refer to his home-going should be quoted.

To Sir John Clark

OSBORNE, August 30, 1898.

I have a few minutes left before my boat starts for Portsmouth, and I improve them to send you a word from the house of your august and venerable friend and sovereign. The Queen spoke of you last night with great kindness, and made me unhappy in the thought that I could not go as I had intended to Tillypronie. But since I have said good-by to her here, it would hardly answer to go so near Balmoral, even if I could. It does not seem possible that I am buried down with trivial affairs which will take all my time till the day I sail.

I wish I might have a day or two to talk with you.

[1] The *North American Review*, August, 1898. "Distant Possessions — The Parting of the Ways."

The *péripéties* which have led up to this most unwelcome change are too complicated to write about. When the time came, all too soon, that the President sent for me, there was no possibility of refusing to answer his summons. There could have been no adequate explanation of my *nolo episcopari*.

I grieve to go away from England. In a year or two I think I should have been ready, but the charms of this blessed island are inexhaustible, and perhaps I should never have had enough of them.

I have received much kindness here from all sorts and conditions of men. Dearest and most enduring of all my recollections are those happy hours spent at Tillypronie with the earliest and best of our English friends. The chains of office will not fetter me for ever, I hope, and the first use I shall make of my liberty will be to cross the great water and to renew an acquaintance which will be precious to me as long as I live.

To Senator Lodge

LONDON, August 31, 1898.

Just a word in advance of my home-coming to thank you for your kind letter. I hope, after I am installed in Mr. Mullett's masterpiece,[1] I may count

[1] The State Department Building in Washington.

on the same kindness and indulgence for all my shortcomings that you have hitherto shown.

I am going down to-night to say farewell to our little Washington colony at Pluckley. I am sorry you have never been able to look upon that idyllic scene. Don [1] is the finest type of old Tory baronet you ever saw. His wife makes a lovely chatelaine, and Oom Hendrik has assumed the congenial functions of cellarer and chaplain. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams [2] are there also, and shed sweetness and light over the landscape. Moreton Frewen has been there, darkening counsel with many cheery words. It was delightful to see him, one evening after dinner, lauding Colonel Bryan as the greatest and most beneficent personality in American life since Abraham Lincoln.

You will understand I have no time to write a letter. I am looking forward to many a long talk with you in the future, with Hay unto Lodge uttering speech, and Lodge unto Hay showing knowledge.

To his old chief in the days of the Paris Legation, John Bigelow, who wrote to congratulate him, Hay replied: —

[1] Senator J. Donald Cameron.

[2] Mr. Brooks Adams is the youngest brother of Mr. Henry Adams, "Oom Hendrik."

To John Bigelow

[London] September 5, 1898.

I am so tossed about and worried by these unexpected changes in my fortunes that I need a Mr. Speaker to tell me where I am at.

I fear you are right about the Philippines, and I hope the Lord will be good to us poor devils who have to take care of them. I marvel at your suggesting that we pay for them. I should have expected no less of your probity; but how many except those educated by you in the school of morals and diplomacy would agree with you? Where did I pass you on the road of life? You used to be a little my senior; [1] now you are ages younger and stronger than I am. And yet I am going to be Secretary of State for a little while!

His old professor at Brown, President James B. Angell, who was returning from Constantinople, where he had been minister, wrote: "You and I are apparently in these days walking round like official St. Denis, with our heads under our arms. Only you are so soon to be re-capitated, and with a 'big head' indeed." From the highest British officials came notes of farewell, in which the regret expressed was

[1] John Bigelow, born in 1817, was twenty-one years older than Hay.

personal not less than official. Lord Salisbury wrote from Germany: "I most deeply regret, for our sakes in England, the call that has taken you away from our shores, though I confidently anticipate most beneficial results, not only to the United States, but to England and her relations with the States, from your discharge of the most important duties you have undertaken." Another Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, spoke in a similar strain: "I wish you joy most heartily on having as Ambassador won popularity here without losing it in America, on being equally respected and regarded in both countries, on being as it were poised with a foot on both. I wish you joy too on being able in your new position to do something which may further the highest interests of both; in having the power to foster and facilitate those relations between the two countries which may so largely mould the future of the twentieth century."

A final extract is from Mr. H. H. Asquith, destined to be Prime Minister during a life-or-death struggle such as none of his forerunners had faced: "Both my wife and I feel the personal and public loss of your departure," writes the then member for East Fife, "which robs us of much anticipated intercourse of a kind that is becoming every year rarer to find. But, as life goes on, one sees it to be better, and

ought to find it to be easier that our immediate environment should at the cost of its growing emptiness contribute to the general good. . . . We should like to hope that the revolutions of what is called accident may before long bring us — at least for a moment — into the same orbit, and meanwhile be assured that — however far apart in space we may be — we shall in interest and sympathy and real affection be always yours."

One final comment. Queen Victoria said of Hay to Lord Pauncefote: "He is the most interesting of all the Ambassadors I have known." The Queen's acquaintance with American envoys went back to Andrew Stevenson, 1837.

The last letter I find, written before Hay sailed, is dated September 14, 1898, and addressed to Whitelaw Reid: —

"We are to cross each other at sea, it appears, and I have been so worried by every wind of destiny since I got your long and delightful letter that I have not answered it, and now the carriage waits to take me to the train which is to drag me to Liverpool, and I have no time to talk to you.

"Please take everything for granted — the old love, the old confidence, the old trust.

"You are going to do a most important piece of work at Paris, and I know it will be well done.

"As for me, you can imagine with what solemn and anxious feelings I am starting for home. Never, even in war times, did I feel anything like it. But then I was young and now I am old."

John Hay's ambassadorship ranks in importance next after that of Charles Francis Adams. Adams prevented England from officially coöperating to destroy the American Union. Hay, more than any other individual, persuaded England, in a world crisis from which was to issue the new adjustment of nations and races, of Occident and of Orient, and of civilization even, that her interests, if not actually her salvation, called for a larger union with her American kinsmen. His experience in London taught him the currents of European diplomacy. It also gave him first-hand testimony as to the personality of the German Emperor and as to the earliest manifestations of Pan-Germanist ambitions. These facts, as we shall see, had their bearings on his work in the State Department.

In what mood he took up that burden, he confides to his brother-in-law, in the following letter.

To Samuel Mather

NEWBURY, N.H., September 24, 1898.

. . . I find it hard to say how I feel about coming home. I have never been so oppressed by a sense of

inadequacy before. I feel as if I had been drawn into a match with Corbett [1] and the day was drawing on, and all my hope was to be knocked out by an early blow which would not kill me. I did not want the place and was greatly grieved and shocked when it came — but of course I could not refuse to do the best I could. It was impossible, after the President had been so generous, to pick and choose, and say, "I will have this and not that." But I look forward to the next year with gloomy forebodings.

The existing vacancy of Secretary and Assistant in the State Department requires my immediate presence there. I am going Wednesday. Clara brought me here for a day or two of fresh air and quiet. I hope you did not think I uttered the idiotic remarks attributed to me in the *World* and *Herald.*

[1] J. J. Corbett, who was then the world's champion prize-fighter.

CHAPTER XXIV

ENTER HAY SECRETARY OF STATE

THE new Secretary quickly fell into the routine of office — although he never accepted routine without inwardly chafing. From his house it was but a short five minutes' walk across Lafayette Square to the Executive Mansion or to the Department of State. Either path he trod every morning. On Tuesdays, the Cabinet met at the White House, on Thursdays, the Secretary received calls from the Diplomatic Corps at his own office. His forenoons were filled with the regular business of the Department, in going over correspondence, in conferring with Mr. Adee or other subordinates, in blocking out despatches or in revising them, and in dictating to his secretary, Mr. Babcock. At one o'clock he walked back across the Square to lunch at home; and returned in the afternoon to finish the day's business. Official receptions, dinners, and other engagements, like the stream of persons who sought an interview with him, constantly pressed upon him. As his burden of work increased, he became less ready to throw its worries off in his hours of leisure.

But his few deep friendships were unshaken. His

letters, now less frequent, are alive with the old affection for Clarence King and Mr. Adams and the two or three other intimates. He enjoyed such respites as books and talks afforded, and during his summer vacation he refreshed himself with long draughts of reading, with Nature, with his children, and with stray visits from old comrades.

Mr. Henry Adams remained his closest friend. Mr. Adams himself describes, in the following extract, how far the Secretary's new official life trenched upon their old companionship: —

He [Adams] had nothing to do with Hay's politics at home or abroad, and never affected agreement with his views or his methods, nor did Hay care whether his friends agreed or disagreed. They all united in trying to help each other to get along the best way they could, and all they tried to save was the personal relation. Even there, Adams would have been beaten, had he not been helped by Mrs. Hay, who saw the necessity of distraction, and led her husband into the habit of stopping every afternoon to take his friend off for an hour's walk, followed by a cup of tea with Mrs. Hay afterwards, and a chat with any one who called."

When John Hay went to his desk as Secretary of State, on October 1, 1898,[1] he found many important

[1] He was sworn in on September 30.

matters pressing for an issue. With most of these, his year and a half in London had made him acquainted. He had the advantage of knowing the leaders of public life in Washington and in England, and he was generally regarded as a man, not only of singular personal attractiveness, but also of keen intelligence and of unblemished uprightness. If he had little taste for the routine work of office, still he performed it conscientiously. His health, never robust, became more and more precarious under the strain put upon it by questions of vast moment, by opposition which he thought factious, and by a tragic sorrow. More than once he was on the verge of breaking down; but he held, duty-true, to his task, until he had spent his last ounce of strength in the service. Then he died.

The public, little aware of his trials, and observing chiefly the carrying out of brilliant policies, enjoyed a comfortable sense of security that while he was Secretary of State the national honor and safety were assured.

Throughout his long term in the State Department John Hay relied especially upon two invaluable helpers. The first of these, a friend since their youth, was Mr. Alvey A. Adee, who had been in the Department for more than twenty years. As Second Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Adee was then, as he is

Alvey A. Adee

to-day, the only permanent official of high rank under the executive. Administrations came and went, Adee stayed on. Presidents ignorant of diplomacy and international law felt reasonably safe in appointing as their chief secretaries gentlemen as ignorant as themselves, because they knew that Adee was there to guard against blunders. He was the master of both the language and the practices of diplomacy. He could draw up note, memorandum, protocol, or instructions, not merely in just the right words, but with the indefinable tone of courtesy or coolness which the occasion required. His knowledge of American diplomatic history was unrivaled. His capacity for work, like his cheerfulness, never ran out. Though it took sometimes six and a half hours to "shovel through" the morning's mail, and fifty-five minutes to sign the official correspondence, he could still close a letter to his absent chief with the salutation, "Fatiguedly but always chipperly yours." Hay called him "*semper paratus Adee.*" An invaluable man.

Service of a very different kind, but equally important, was rendered by Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Embassy in London. While long experience taught him the technique of diplomacy, his personal qualities made him a welcome companion with the various groups which

constituted British society, and especially with the shapers of British statecraft. Informal relations often count most in diplomacy. The proposal which has been talked over confidentially in the library after dinner stands a better chance of being accepted than if it is first presented with official punctilio at the Foreign Office. London being at that time the center of world-diplomacy, Mr. White's intimacy with British statesmen enabled him to keep Secretary Hay informed, not only as to their views, but as to international affairs. Thanks to him, Hay did not lose touch with acquaintances he had himself made during his ambassadorship; and more than once he employed Mr. White to sound privately the British Ministers before beginning even a tentative negotiation. Discreet, sympathetic, trustworthy, and untiring, Mr. Henry White helped the Secretary of State to plan and to act with the consciousness that what he did might affect conditions the world over.

One of the first annoyances which beset Secretary Hay was the rapacity of office-seekers. When they did not attack him themselves, they worked through their Senators. To say no to the local statesman of Pumpkin Four Corners, who aspired to be consul-general in London, was easy; but to deny his Senator might alienate one whose hostile vote would kill an

important treaty. In vain did Hay protest that his predecessor, Judge Day, had swept the shelf clean; in vain did he declare that there were fifty applicants for every vacancy: the swarm gave him no respite. And if Senators slackened, Congressmen redoubled their importunities.

At first, the Secretary saw the ludicrousness of this system and discharged its drudgery with a smile; but later, when his health made even pin-pricks unendurable, he turned the business over to Assistant Secretary Loomis.

The following notes to a distinguished Senator show Hay in his playful mood: —

March 31, 1900.

The only vacant Consulate in the service is Iquique. Do I understand that the great Commonwealth you so nobly represent, wishes to fill it? It brings in to the pampered occupant something like $800 a year.

April 2, 1900.

A candidate for Iquique has turned up. . . . Unless you have a man with a better claim on that $800 salary, I think this low-priced Phœnix may take the cake.

April 5, 1900.

I have your letter of yesterday. Of course, if you want Iquique for Mr. C., you shall have it, but are you sure he would want to go? The place is not in Mexico, as you seem to think, but in Chile, and I imagine would best be described by Goldsmith's line: —

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

The Secretary was pestered by requests for favors other than offices. Thus a Congressman of fashionable pretensions writes that his relatives, who are at Dresden, desire to be presented to the King and Queen of Saxony. Whereupon the American Secretary of State is obliged, besides sending a polite reply to the fashionable Congressman, to communicate with the American Ambassador in Berlin to instruct the American Consul in Dresden to request the Royal Chamberlain there to include the names of the ladies of the fashionable Congressman in his list of invitations to the next Court reception.

No less edifying is the demand of Senator Hanna, when established at Aix-les-Bains for the benefit of his health, that Secretary Hay shall authorize the American Consul at Nuremberg — who appears to have been appointed to that office because he was the Senator's private physician — to take leave of

absence, hasten to Aix-les-Bains, and watch the effect of the waters on Mr. Hanna's impaired system. We are not informed whether the Senator or the United States Treasury paid the traveling expenses of the doctor; we suspect, however, that it paid for the cablegram to Nuremberg and presumably the doctor's salary while he was absent on private business. Such practices would cause no remark in a monarchy; in a republic they are among the ironies of patriotism.

Quite as comic was the temporary embarrassment caused by the illegible handwriting of a candidate for the *Persian* Ministry. In informing him that the post was vacant, Secretary Hay asked him to "wire his reply." When received his telegram read that he would gladly accept the *Peruvian* Ministry. As this was already filled, Mr. Hay, perplexed, sought an explanation, and learned that the gentleman had written "Persian" so badly that the operator read it "Peruvian."

My place here is horribly unpleasant [Mr. Hay wrote to Whitelaw Reid, on November 13, 1898]. The work is constant and unceasing. It takes nine hours' work to clear my desk every day and there is no refuge at home. The worst is that the constant solicitations for office, which I cannot even enter-

tain; the strain of mind and nerves in explaining why things can't be done, and the consciousness that the seekers and their "influence" think I am lying. . . .

As to appointments under the State Department it is clear that I am to have nothing to say. I could not appoint even my Private Secretary, as Mr. Sherman wanted me to appoint his; nor my confidential clerk, as a friend of the President's from Canton had the place. When I came to look at the Consular Service, I found that not only was every place filled before Judge Day left, but every vacancy which can possibly occur during my incumbency has been provided for by a memorandum on file. The other day the Consul at Berlin died. The President had made up his mind to promote Frank Mason — the best Consul in the service; but before the other man's funeral, nearly every State in the Union had claimed the place by wire. For another unimportant place, which cannot pay expenses, there are sixteen unfortunate applications by Senators. The President is not to blame. The pressure is so cruel that he must use these offices to save his life.

This lament goes up over and over again to the end of Hay's service. I add one more specimen because of its striking simile.

To Professor G. P. Fisher

July 2, 1902.

. . . I have made no appointments in the foreign service since I entered the State Department and the President himself, with all possible good-will, is hardly ever able to make an appointment upon his own judgment and discretion. All other branches of the Civil Service are so rigidly provided for that the foreign service is like the topmost rock which you sometimes see in old pictures of the Deluge. The pressure for a place in it is almost indescribable.

The question of Hay's successor in London stimulated a vigorous campaign of aspirants and their supporters. Probably the most persistent was Mr. Reid himself, who had never hesitated, during twenty years or more, when a high office loomed on the horizon, to remind the Republican leaders that, as the stalwart editor of the New York *Tribune*, he deserved well of the Republic. And he abounded in friends. One of these told Hay, on their homeward voyage, that Reid was the man for ambassador, adding that "he did more than any other man to nominate and elect McKinley. I suppose he got this interesting, if true, information from headquarters," Hay wrote one of his intimates; "strange that it

never occurred to him that I was in position to know something about the facts, and about Reid also." (September 18, 1898.)

To Reid himself, Hay wrote somewhat guardedly in a letter, parts of which I have already quoted.

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, November 13, 1898.

About my successor, I have not the slightest intimation who he is to be. New York, I suppose, could have anybody she asked for with any unanimity; but the pleasing habit of your great State is a multiplicity of interests. There is a considerable push for [General Horace] Porter, which, curiously enough, is supported by all New England, in the hope of getting [General William F.] Draper sent to Paris. [General Stewart L.] Woodford has some friends; quite a number of the best people want Pierpont Morgan — a much larger number want Choate. Platt does not seem to be very active; he opposes everybody who is named, you and Choate especially. He hates Porter also, but is evidently not afraid of him — with reason, I think, though some of your colleagues think Porter would be the best solution. Outside of New York there are numerous suggestions, but none of them I think are fruitful. Roger Wolcott [Governor of Massachusetts] would

be formidable, if it were not that his own State wants Porter's place for Draper. From the West [Senator Edward O.] Wolcott [of Colorado] and Marshall Field and [Robert T.] Lincoln have been named. I have not a prophecy worth giving as to the result. As to my conversations with the President, they have been brief, and of course you will not expect me to repeat them. My wishes will cut no figure. The President will do what seems to him best. He is sincerely attached to you.

When Mr. Reid, absorbed in drawing up the treaty at Paris, read this letter, he hardly found in it cause for elation. On his return, he went at once to Washington to get his bearings. The next letter from Hay suggests an embarrassing interview.

To Whitelaw Reid

December 26, 1898.

After you had gone Saturday, I felt with some remorse that I may have seemed to you less confidential than has been my lifelong habit to be with you.

There are two explanations of it which I owe to you.

First, I hate to be the occasion of strife among friends. If I had not mentioned in detail the important personal influences which have been urging the

President during the last month or two, men who have been intimately associated with you socially and politically, you would have regarded the action as lacking in friendship and in candor. They do not so regard it — they speak of you with the same regard and affection as ever. But you naturally would take a different view of their action. It was for this reason I did not go into details; and,

Secondly, so long as I am in this place, — which cannot be for long, — although I came to it most unwillingly, I am bound in common decency to a loyal observance of every obligation to the President and cannot discuss either his actions or his motives even to my dearest friends.

When you spoke of your surprise that I should quote Mr. Quigg [1] as representing anything, I did not reply that the reason I mentioned him was that he had apparently convinced Seckendorff and Nicholson that he was working for you and expected to bring the machine around in that sense.

My experience in life has been that a man commonly resents the failures of his friends rather more than the malice of his enemies, but you are not made of common stuff, and I shall continue to hope that no cloud shall ever come between us. Your friend-

[1] Lemuel E. Quigg, New York politician; M. G. Seckendorff, then Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune;* Donald Nicholson, member of the *Tribune's* editorial staff.

ship has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and in the short space which remains to me, I trust I shall retain it.

The struggle of the candidates went on, however, for two months longer. Then, on January 10, 1899, Secretary Hay notified to the British Ambassador the appointment by the President of the Honorable Joseph H. Choate. "I am sure," he added, "you will agree with me that no more acceptable choice could have been made."

General Porter continued to hold his post at Paris; General Draper lingered a little longer at Rome; but more than six years elapsed before Mr. Reid installed himself amid the splendors of Dorchester House as the accredited exemplar of the American simple life.

On entering the State Department, Secretary Hay was confronted by many grave international questions. The Peace Commissioners had received their general instructions when he took office, but during the negotiations, he was in constant communication with them. How far the later modifications came from President McKinley, and how far from Hay or other advisers, I cannot say; but there is no doubt that Hay approved of the terms of settlement

with Spain, including the retention, by the United States, of the Philippine Islands. The policy of embarking on colonial possessions aroused a storm of opposition, which came to be called Anti-Imperialism. Many of its leaders — Carl Schurz, Charles Eliot Norton, Edward Atkinson, Charles Francis Adams, Senator G. F. Hoar — had been among the earliest Republicans, at a time when that party existed to abolish slavery. To their protests that the country ought not to go into the business of ruling Filipinos against their will, and thereby setting up a form of semi-servitude, Hay and the McKinley Administration replied that, whether the United States liked it or not, the Philippine Islands were an obligation which they could not evade.

On both sides the debate was very bitter — how bitter can be inferred from the following letter: —

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, November 29, 1898.

In all the vicissitudes of the last few weeks I have been delighted to find you always on the side of square and resolute dealing, and now that I hope the end is in sight I feel that the country is under great obligations to you and those of your colleagues who felt as you have on the subject. There is a wild and frantic attack now going on in the press against the

whole Philippine transaction. Andrew Carnegie really seems to be off his head. He writes me frantic letters signing them "Your Bitterest Opponent." He threatens the President, not only with the vengeance of the voters, but with practical punishment at the hands of the mob. He says henceforth the entire labor vote of America will be cast against us, and that he will see that it is done. He says the Administration will fall in irretrievable ruin the moment it shoots down one insurgent Filipino. He does not seem to reflect that the Government is in a somewhat robust condition even after shooting down several American citizens in his interest at Homestead. But all this confusion of tongues will go its way. The country will applaud the resolution that has been reached, and you will return in the rôle of conquering heroes, with your "brows bound with oak."

From this letter, not to mention many others which have preceded it, we observe one of Hay's most salient traits: having espoused a policy he upheld it firmly, even fiercely — as if, decision having been made, debate should cease. He was right: Imperialism emerging so suddenly from the hidden nurseries of fate stood forth in a few months as a fact that could not be recalled. How far the im-

perialistic policy might have been modified if Secretary Hay had opposed it, no one can say; but we can confidently assert that his approval of it greatly strengthened the Imperialists in the Administration, in Congress, and throughout the country.

Looking back, we see that the events of a decade or more had been converging toward the time when the United States, in dealing with the West Indies and Central and South America, would be obliged to depart from their traditional attitude of political isolation. The loud trumpeting of the transformed Monroe Doctrine changed all that, for a government which could utter such a warning could not continue to be indifferent, much less isolated; and when it came to annex, first, the Hawaiian Islands, then Porto Rico, and then the Philippines, it took on Imperial responsibilities from which no mere protest could absolve it. Yet the fateful change occurred so casually that Americans scarcely perceived its far-reaching consequences. The Monroe Doctrine constituted the United States the warder of both Americas; but this relation inevitably forced upon the United States a new position towards Europe, while their acquisitions in the Pacific, and especially their ownership of the Philippines, threw them into the sphere of Asiatic development. Whether we would or not, we were now a World Power and

could not evade the entanglements, ambitions, advantages, or the dangers implied by that fact.

John Hay was among the few who understood the significance of the change from the very first moment; and he accepted it without looking back, or, so far as appears, without feeling regrets. Seeing its significance he shaped all his work as Secretary of State with reference to it. To place this country as speedily as possible in such relations with the rest of the world as became its character, was henceforth his controlling purpose.

CHAPTER XXV

ALASKA: THE FIRST CANAL TREATY

IN the new alignment of world politics which was measured by continents and not merely by countries, Hay deemed it to be of the utmost importance that friendship should be cemented between the United States and the nations of western Europe; for all these held, or were supposed to hold, certain ideals of a common civilization. His first object was to make closer the bonds with Great Britain, in order that the principles called, for convenience' sake, Anglo-Saxon, and professed equally by Americans and British, should be strengthened against possible conflict with other rivals in the political struggle for existence. Not subservience, not imitation, but the concord of two independent nations, was his aim.

He had, fortunately, a warm coadjutor in the British Ambassador, Sir Julian, soon afterward Lord, Pauncefote, a diplomatist, conciliatory, open-minded, very sensitive to questions of honor, ready to assume, until he had proved to the contrary, that his colleagues' intentions were as honest as his own. During nearly four years he and Secretary Hay

worked together to harmonize the interests of their respective countries.

Among the larger diplomatic labors which Hay inherited from his predecessor was the effort to adjust with Canada various claims and grievances which had been a recurrent source of irritation. Twelve subjects were specified in the protocol; and a Joint High Commission [1] was appointed; which, having met at Quebec, removed to Washington and held its sessions there during the last months of 1898.

Several of the differences could be easily settled; one, however, the determination of the Alaska boundary, proved a stumbling-block. The recent discovery of gold in the Klondike and the rush thither of troops of adventurers made it imperative that the frontier lines should be marked. Since 1867, when the United States bought Alaska from Russia, certain inlets, harbors, and channels had been undisputedly American; now, the Canadians laid claim to them. The Americans believed that the Canadians, knowing that they had no case, insisted on including the Alaskan contention in the

[1] The Joint High Commission consisted originally of —*For the United States:* Senator C. W. Fairbanks, chairman; Senator George Gray; Congressman Nelson Dingley; ex-Secretary J. W. Foster; ex-Minister J. A. Kasson; ex-Minister T. J. Coolidge. *For Great Britain and Canada:* Lord Herschell, chairman; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Premier; Sir R. J. Cartwright; Sir L. H. Davies; John Charlton, M.P.; Sir J. T. Winter.

general negotiations, in the hope that it might slip through with the rest.

On December 3, 1898, Hay wrote confidentially to Mr. Henry White in London: —

To Henry White

I hear from no less than three members of our Canadian Commission that by far the worst member of the Commission to deal with is Lord Herschell, who is more cantankerous than any of the Canadians, raises more petty points, and is harder than any of the Canadians to get along with. In fact he is the principal obstacle to a favorable arrangement. If you could in any discreet way, in conversation with Balfour or Villiers, or even Lord Salisbury, should occasion offer, intimate this state of things, so that they might speak a word which would moderate his excessive lawyer-like zeal to make a case, it would be a good thing.

On January 3, 1899, the Secretary complains again to Mr. White: —

"Lord Herschell, with great dexterity and ability, represents his own side as granting everything and getting nothing, and yet I think the letter of Fairbanks shows with perfect clearness and candor that we are making great concessions and getting no credit for them.

"In the case of Alaska, it is hard to treat with patience the claim set up by Lord Herschell that virtually the whole coast belongs to England, leaving us only a few jutting promontories without communication with each other. Without going into the historical or legal argument, as a mere matter of common sense it is impossible that any nation should ever have conceded, or any other nation have accepted, the cession of such a ridiculous and preposterous boundary line. We are absolutely driven to the conclusion that Lord Herschell put forward a claim that he had no belief or confidence in, for the mere purpose of trading it off for something substantial. And yet, the slightest suggestion that his claim is unfounded throws him into a fury."

Nevertheless, the Lord Chancellor stuck uncompromisingly to his demands and the commission adjourned on February 20, 1899.

The following letters to various correspondents throw side-lights on Secretary Hay's work during these negotiations: —

To Joseph H. Choate

April 28, 1899.

You are by this time probably aware of the great difficulties that surround the arrangement of any controversy in which Canada is concerned. The

Dominion politicians care little for English interests. Their minds are completely occupied with their own party and factional disputes, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is far more afraid of Sir Charles Tupper than he is of Lord Salisbury and President McKinley combined; while the habit of referring everything from the Foreign Office to the Colonial, followed by a consultation of the Canadian authorities by the Minister of the Colonies, produces interminable friction and delay.

June 15, 1899.

As to the general subject of the final delimitations of the frontier, I have still strong hopes that when Sir Julian returns from The Hague, he may bring us, after full consultation with you and Lord Salisbury, some possible basis of agreement. I am so anxious to have the thing settled that I am willing to run considerable risk in the Senate with a treaty, either of delimitation or arbitration, and the President gives this view his cordial support.

I have been greatly struck, since I came here, with his coolness and courage in regard to such matters. Having passed the great part of his life in Congress, he is, of course, a thorough parliamentarian, with the greatest respect for the Legislative Department, and a loyal regard and consideration for its legitimate authority.

. . . To set over their claim on the one place against our claim on the others may make a neat rhetorical repartee, but I do not see how a diplomatist or a man of business can see any justice in such a contention. It is as if a kidnapper, stealing one of your children, should say that his conduct was more than fair, it was even generous, because he left you two.

To Whitelaw Reid

July 27, 1899.

The position in regard to arbitration is not altogether free from awkwardness. After we had put forth our entire force and compelled — there is no other word for it — England to accept arbitration in the Venezuela matter, we cannot feel entirely easy in refusing an arbitration in this. It is true the cases are very different, as I have endeavored to point out in a long dispatch to Lord Salisbury, in answer to his proposition for arbitration; but people at large do not consider these matters in great detail, and it looks as if we were refusing to England what England, at our demand, granted to Venezuela. And yet if we went into arbitration on the matter, although our claim is as clear as the sun in Heaven, we know enough of arbitrations to foresee the fatal tendency of all arbitrators to compromise.

Only in the following October was a *modus vivendi* agreed to; but not until January, 1903, were negotiations reopened which led to the final settlement of this fretting dispute. In the mean time, Lord Herschell had died, the Boxer uprising and the Boer War had supervened, President McKinley had been assassinated, and Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House.

The convention which Hay then signed with Sir Michael Herbert, the new British Ambassador, called for a limited commission, to consist of three Americans and three Britishers,[1] to treat the Alaskan question by itself. It being taken for granted that the Americans and Canadians would each uphold the claim of their respective governments, the decision depended upon Lord Alverstone, whose selection may not have been fortuitous. For President Roosevelt, — vigorous, as always, — who thought Hay's attitude indecisive, if not actually timid, took a short cut to warn the British Cabinet that if this negotiation fell through he would get the consent of Congress to enable him to run the boundary "on his own hook."

[1] The Americans appointed by the President were Senator Lodge, Elihu Root, Secretary of War, and Ex-Senator George Turner, of Washington. The English members were Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Canadians, Sir L. A. Jetté and A. B. Aylesworth.

He said emphatically that he would not arbitrate the possession of the large sections of Alaska which the Canadians demanded, but that there were minor questions, topographical trifles, which they might discuss. "The claim of the Canadians for access to deep water along any part of the Alaskan coast is," he wrote, "just exactly as indefensible as if they should now suddenly claim the island of Nantucket."

"I believe that no three men," the President said, "in the United States could be found who would be more anxious than our own delegates to do justice to the British claim on all points where there is even a color of right on the British side. But the objection raised by certain Canadian authorities to Lodge, Root, and Turner, and especially to Lodge and Root, was that they had committed themselves on the general proposition. No man in public life in any position of prominence could have possibly avoided committing himself on the proposition, any more than Mr. Chamberlain could avoid committing himself on the question of the ownership of the Orkneys if some Scandinavian country suddenly claimed them. If this claim embodied other points as to which there was legitimate doubt, I believe Mr. Chamberlain would act fairly and squarely in deciding the matter; but if he appointed a commission to settle up all these questions, I certainly should not expect him to ap-

point three men, if he could find them, who believed that as to the Orkneys the question was an open one. I wish to make one last effort to bring about an agreement through the Commission," he said in closing, "which will enable the people of both countries to say that the result represents the feeling of the representatives of both countries. But if there is a disagreement, I wish it distinctly understood, not only that there will be no arbitration of the matter, but that in my message to Congress I shall take a position which will prevent any possibility of arbitration hereafter; a position . . . which will render it necessary for Congress to give me the authority to run the line as we claim it, by our own people, without any further regard to the attitude of England and Canada. If I paid attention to mere abstract rights, that is the position I ought to take anyhow. I have not taken it because I wish to exhaust every effort to have the affair settled peacefully and with due regard to England's honor."

What passed through the minds of the British Ministers when they heard, confidentially, the President's decision, is not reported. Possibly, they realized that the claims which the Canadians had pushed for the past five years were only a bluff; assuredly they knew that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said, and it was no secret that he had already sent troops

to Alaska; at all events, they appointed as England's representative Lord Alverstone, who, as it turned out, supported the American contention.

Whatever demur Secretary Hay may have made in his consultations with the President, he defended the American policy stanchly as soon as Mr. Roosevelt had adopted it.

To a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who complained that the American Government was too conciliatory, he wrote (January 30, 1903): —

To Frederick W. Seward

It seems to me there can be only one objection to [the treaty], and that is the possibility that the decision of the tribunal may not be final; the Commissioners may be evenly divided. In that case we are no worse off than we are now, and the gain we have made is to separate this question from the other questions of which it prevented any solution. But I cannot help thinking . . . that the English are convinced they have no case, and have, therefore, consented to this apparently fair and dignified way of getting out of an untenable position. It is inconceivable that any American should decide against us, while if we succeed in convincing one of their men — and we ought to do it with the case we have — the troublesome question is settled forever, and the two

countries can go ahead, delimit the frontier and put up monuments for all time.

General John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State and well versed in the Alaskan controversy, prepared the American case, which the Administration hoped Mr. Choate would present before the tribunal. "Your note of the 22nd of January, 1900," Mr. Hay wrote to him, "has never been answered, and we regard it as absolutely unanswerable." Still, Mr. Choate declined the appointment, and Messrs. Watson and Dickinson served in his stead. In expressing his regrets to Mr. White, Hay said: "A mere legal argument is not what is required in this unprecedented case. A sharp, aggressive lawyer will run great risk of getting Lord Alverstone's back up. Mr. Choate would have made an argument faultless in tone, temper, skill, and knowledge of human nature."

Whatever might have been gained from Mr. Choate's ability as a pleader, we cannot doubt, however, that he was right in declining the task. For, as he said, it would be scarcely proper if he, who as American Ambassador had had frequent conferences with the British Ministers, should suddenly appear before the tribunal in the rôle of an American attorney; it might justify a suspicion that he had been

uncandid; it could hardly fail to affect his further personal and official relations with the British statesmen.

In due season, on October 20, 1903, the tribunal gave a decision in favor of the chief American claims. Lord Alverstone voted with the three Americans. The two Canadian members dissented. Thus, after long waiting, Secretary Hay saw one of his cherished measures adopted.

On looking back, the efficacy of the combination of President Roosevelt's brusqueness with Secretary Hay's urbanity cannot be disputed.

An even weightier question which pressed for settlement was that of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A French company under De Lesseps had collapsed in 1888 after it had accomplished more than a third of the excavations. Thenceforward the feeling strengthened year by year in the United States that any Isthmian canal should be built and controlled by the American Government. During the Spanish War the voyage of the battleship *Oregon* round Cape Horn had further emphasized the need of a shorter route between the Atlantic and the Pacific States. But the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, ratified in 1850 between the United States and Great Britain, stood in the way: since it pledged each party

never to "obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal," or to "assume or exercise any dominion . . . over any part of Central America."

As soon as Hay was well established in his department he resolved to remove this obstacle. He instructed Mr. Henry White, then in charge of the American Embassy in London, to sound Lord Salisbury as to the likelihood of the British Government's being disposed to discuss the abrogation of the treaty. Mr. White acted promptly. It being Lord Salisbury's habit seldom to visit the Foreign Office more than once a week, Mr. White wrote to ask whether he might go down to Hatfield to confer with the Prime Minister on important business. Lord Salisbury did not like to have foreign ambassadors break in on his country life, but he had long held Mr. White in friendly esteem and had often welcomed him as a guest at Hatfield. Accordingly he sent an invitation for Mr. White to spend a week-end with him. And one morning late in December, in the Marquis's library after breakfast, before going out for a day's shooting together, they talked over the Isthmian problem. Lord Salisbury assented at once to the American proposals. The only stipulation he made was that tolls should be levied equally on ships of all nations that used the Canal. He added

that, as Sir Julian Pauncefote was thoroughly conversant with the subject, negotiations might be conducted by him at Washington. That evening, after "a particularly pleasant day's shooting with Lord Salisbury and his sons," Mr. White cabled to Secretary Hay the happy result of the interview.

So Secretary Hay and Sir Julian conferred on the terms of the treaty. They found it easy to come to an agreement on general points; but their progress was hampered, if not checked, by the Foreign Office, which was bent on showing to the Canadians its solicitude for their interests. To make the Canal treaty a means of securing larger concessions for the Canadians was too obvious an advantage for a bargainer to throw away.

The following sheaf of letters summarizes most of the points at issue in the negotiations and has the further merit of revealing Secretary Hay's manner of addressing his various correspondents. To Mr. White in confidence he relieves his pent-up irritation; to Senator Morgan, to whom the first letter is addressed, he is dispassionate and polite.

To Senator John T. Morgan

December 27, 1898.

Your letter of the 24th, in regard to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, has been received. It is impossible

at this moment to answer your question as to when we shall be able to come to an understanding with the British Government in this matter. I do not look forward to any protracted negotiation; we ought to know before long what we are to expect; but I cannot fix a date.

Meanwhile there is, to my mind, no reason why your work on the Canal Bill should be checked or retarded in the least, on account of any such negotiation. . . . For my part I shall always be glad of any suggestions you may feel inclined to make, knowing how valuable such suggestions are rendered by your wisdom and experience.

To Henry White

January 13, 1899.

It is a matter of the utmost importance that if we are to make such an arrangement, it should be done at once. In the usual reckless manner of our Senate, they are discussing the matter with open doors every day, and are getting themselves so balled up with their own eloquence that it is greatly to be feared they will so commit themselves as to consider themselves bound to reject any arrangement that may be made. If you could impress upon our friends in the Foreign Office that time is very important and that if they see no serious objection to this draft that

they will at once cable Sir Julian to go on with it, it will relieve the subject of very considerable embarrassment.

We desire no advantage, and I am sure we take none in this arrangement. Our only object is to make it possible for the Government to take charge and build the canal without in any way violating our international obligations to England. The plan, as you will see, is very general in its terms. I have tried to avoid entering into unnecessary details. In fact my principal purpose in drawing up the treaty was to avoid any contested points or anything which would cause acrimonious discussion in the Senate. I hope the Foreign Office will see with what sincere friendly purpose the treaty has been drawn, and will refrain from any changes or amendments, which, however meritorious in themselves, might cause the rejection of the treaty by exciting the opposition of one-third of the Senate.

February 14, 1899.

I think it deplorable, that the British Government insists on making the arrangement in the Clayton-Bulwer matter depend on the successful issue of the Canadian negotiations. The two questions have nothing to do with each other. Every intelligent Englishman is ready to admit that the Canal ought

to be built, that the United States alone will build it, that it cannot be built except as a government enterprise, that nobody else wants to build it, that when built it will be to the advantage of the entire civilized world, and this being the case, it is hard to see why the settlement of the matter ought to depend on the lumber duty or the Alaska boundary. It looks as if the matter will fail in this Congress. The maritime concession will lapse in October, and we shall be confronted with new difficulties in our relations with Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Sir Julian's conduct in the matter has been everything that we could desire. While, of course, always mindful of the interests of his country, he has shown a breadth of view and a spirit of conciliation which would have made the negotiations very easy and very agreeable if his opinions had been shared by the home government. I only wish he had been at the head of the Canadian Commission.

To Joseph H. Choate

August 18, 1899.

. . . The Democratic press evidently thinks there is some political capital to be made by denouncing any arrangement with England, and they, in common with a large number of German newspapers, are ready to attack any treaty with England, no matter

Pauncefote

how advantageous to us, as a hostile act towards Ireland and Germany.

The Democratic Convention of Iowa has adopted — as you will doubtless see before this reaches you — resolutions in this sense, which seem too ridiculous to treat seriously; but all these senseless charges indicate the intention of the opposition to make a party matter of our relations with England, and to oppose any treaty we may make with that country.

Now the irreparable mistake of our Constitution puts it in the power of one third + 1 of the Senate to meet with a categorical veto any treaty negotiated by the President, even though it may have the approval of nine tenths of the people of the nation. If it be true that the Democrats as a body are determined that we shall make no arrangement with England, we shall have to consider whether it is more expedient for us to make a treaty which will fail in the Senate, or to wait for a more convenient season.

For my part, I should have no hesitation in making a treaty on the basis of a lease and right of way and taking the chances of the Senate throwing it out, if I could foresee the effect it would have on the vastly important elections of next year. The President has no great desire for reëlection and is ready to take the consequences of any action he may think to the

advantage of the country without regard to its effect upon himself. His words as I left him yesterday were, "If you think best, go ahead and conclude a treaty on those lines."

To Henry White

September 9, 1899.

I wish that I could believe that Lord Salisbury would let the Clayton-Bulwer convention go through independent of Canadian matters.

Whatever we do, Bryan will attack us as slaves of England. All their state conventions put an anti-English plank in their platform to curry favor with the Irish (whom they want to keep) and the Germans whom they want to seduce. It is too disgusting to have to deal with such sordid liars.

Our relations with Germany are perfectly civil and courteous. They are acting badly about our meats and cannot help bullying and swaggering. It is their nature. But we get on with them. We are on the best of terms about Samoa; Sternburg backed up Tripp in everything. So that, to our amazement, Germany and we arranged everything perfectly harmoniously. It was rather the English Commissioner who was offish. The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us — on his *own* terms, *bien entendu*.

September 24, 1899.

As soon as I can get a clear copy of my letter to the Ohio Committee, I will send it to you. . . . You will see there is nothing in it incompatible with the most friendly relations with England. I simply refute the Democratic platform's charge that we have made "a secret alliance with England." This charge was having a serious effect on our Germans and it had to be denied. The fact is, a treaty of alliance is impossible. It could never get through the Senate. As long as I stay here no action shall be taken contrary to my conviction that the one indispensable feature of our foreign policy should be a friendly understanding with England. But an alliance must remain, in the present state of things, an unattainable dream.

Have you seen Bourke Cockran's fool letter to the President demanding that we shall side with the Boers against England? I declined to answer it, except by acknowledging receipt, and he then printed it. All the Irish, and many Germans, take the same attitude. But of course we shall do nothing of the kind. I hope, if it comes to blows, that England will make quick work of Uncle Paul. Sooner or later, her influence must be dominant there, and the sooner the better.

To Joseph H. Choate

January 15, 1900.

. . . Mr. Hepburn has introduced a bill for the immediate construction of the Canal, which, if it passes the House, Mr. Morgan is quite sanguine he can carry through the Senate. This bill is in many respects highly objectionable, especially as it absolutely ignores the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and, in fact, in many features, is an absolute violation of it. I think we should be in a most unenviable attitude before the world if that bill should pass in its present form. My own position would be one of very especial awkwardness and would raise very serious questions as to what would personally be required of me. I think we ought to make an effort to arrange the matter through diplomatic channels, so that at least the Administration would have its skirts clear of any complicity in a violent and one-sided abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Two or three facts seem evident enough. The Canal is going to be built, probably by the Nicaragua route. Nothing in the nature of the Clayton-Bulwer prohibition will finally prevent the building of the Canal. As soon as Congress is convinced that the people of the country demand the construction of the Canal, it will be done. It will be a great bene-

faction to the entire civilized world. It is hard to say whether we or England will profit by it most. It would be a deplorable result of all our labor and thought on the subject if, by persisting in postponing the consideration of this matter until all the Canadian questions are closed up, England should be made to appear in the attitude of attempting to veto a work of such world-wide importance, and the worst of all for international relations is that the veto would not be effective.

The Secretary and the Ambassador signed their treaty on February 5, 1900, but it had a rough passage in the Senate. Eager Senators began at once to find flaws in the treaty and to offer amendments. The Secretary wrote to Senator Lodge: "I hope you may see your way to opposing any change in the treaty in Committee [on Foreign Relations]. I would far rather see it defeated by a minority than so changed as virtually to defeat it, by a majority." (February 7, 1900.)

To Whitelaw Reid

February 7, 1900.

. . . It is disheartening to think that what the country has wanted and striven for during forty years, and at last has attained without an atom of

compensation, should be thrown away through mere spite. It is as if you should offer Yale College a million dollars and the trustees should refuse the gift on the ground that they wanted a million and a half.

To Senator C. K. Davis [1]

February 8, 1900.

It may be of interest to you and the Committee to know that the Ministers from Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Guatemala have expressed their gratification at the conclusion of the Canal Treaty and are particularly pleased with the article about fortifications which, they say, will make our dealings with them, in relation to the Canal, more agreeable and easy — their natural susceptibilities having been considered, and their apprehensions allayed by that clause.

To Mr. Choate in London, Hay wrote on February 6: "We signed our treaty and got it into the Senate yesterday. And to-day there is the usual hubbub of comment, of praise and dispraise. Senator Hoar, you will regret to hear, thinks that we have been unmindful of the honor of our country and the glory of the flag, and various other gentlemen think that we are

[1] Cushman K. Davis, Senator from Minnesota, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

derelict in our duty in having got a whole loaf and not having demanded two."

An unidentified correspondent sent him a letter of criticism which called out this appealing reply: —

To ——— ?

February 12, 1900.

Et tu! Cannot you leave a few things to the President and the Senate, who are charged with them by the Constitution?

As to "Sea Power" and the Monroe Doctrine, we did not act without consulting the best living authorities on those subjects.

Do you really think the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty preferable to the one now before the Senate? There is no third issue, except dishonor. Elkins and Pettigrew say "Dishonor be damned." I hardly think you will.

Please do not answer this — but think about it awhile.

To Joseph H. Choate

March 7, 1900.

We have a clear majority, I think, in favor of all of them, but as the Fathers, in their wisdom, saw fit to ordain that the kickers should rule forever, the chances are always two to one against any government measure passing.

It is a curious state of things. The howling lunatics, like Mason and Allen and Pettigrew, are always on hand, while our friends are cumbered with other cares and most of the time away. "W" has been divorcing his wife; Morgan is fighting for his life in Alabama; Cullom, ditto in Illinois; even when Providence takes a hand in the game, our folks are restrained, by "Senatorial Courtesy," "from accepting His favors." Last week "X" had *delirium tremens;* Bacon broke his ribs; Pettigrew had the grippe, and Hale ran off to New York on "private business," and the whole Senate stopped work until they got around again. I have never struck a subject so full of psychological interest as the official mind of a Senator.

During the next month Hay watched, with alternate resentment, sarcasm, and regret, the Senate Committee at work spoiling, as he thought, the treaty by amendments. At last, when these were introduced, he sent his resignation to the President.

To President McKinley

Department of State,
Washington, March 13, 1900.

Dear Mr. President: —

The action of the Senate indicates views so widely divergent from mine in matters affecting, as I think, the national welfare and honor, that I fear my power

to serve you in business requiring the concurrence of that body is at an end. I cannot help fearing also that the newspaper attacks upon the State Department, which have so strongly influenced the Senate, may be an injury to you, if I remain in the Cabinet.

I therefore hand you my resignation as Secretary of State.

I need not say with what profound regret I shall sever our official relations. I shall carry into private life the deepest sense of obligation, not only for all your personal kindness, but for the confidence and the powerful support you have given to all efforts to improve the service, to extend the influence and the commerce of the country, and to promote in every way its prosperity.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN HAY.

McKinley to Hay

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1900.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY HAY, —

I return your resignation. Had I known the contents of the letter which you handed me this morning, I would have declined to receive or consider it.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than to have you retire from the Cabinet. The personal loss would

be great, but the public loss even greater. Your administration of the State Department has had my warm approval. As in all matters you have taken my counsel, I will cheerfully bear whatever criticism or condemnation may come. Your record constitutes one of the most important and interesting pages of our diplomatic history. We must bear the atmosphere of the hour. It will pass away. We must continue working on the lines of duty and honor. Conscious of high purpose and honorable effort, we cannot yield our posts however the storm may rage.

With hearty assurance of appreciation and confidence I am

Yours devotedly,

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

HON. JOHN HAY,
Sec. of State.

The Secretary's desire to resign was not prompted by personal pique, but by chagrin at seeing a project of incalculable benefit rejected by a body, not merely incompetent, but so immovably hostile that he feared it would be useless for him to struggle against it further. He always dreaded also lest through any act of his, or through personal animosity against him, the prestige of the President himself should suffer. His lack of robust health made him over-

sensitive and probably increased his constitutional tendency to periodic fits of depression. Nevertheless, upon the President's immediate return of his resignation, coupled with words of warm appreciation and confidence in him, he went ahead manfully.

He writes his son Adelbert on March 17, 1900: —

" . . . I am horribly busy, and am having, now in my old age, my first experience of filthy newspaper abuse. I have made some mistakes, but they have not got onto them. The things they blackguard me for are the ones where I am absolutely sure I am right. But all this will pass away."

To understand Hay's almost morbid depression at the failure of his treaty, we must remember that he regarded the securing of that compact as of supreme importance, both for the carrying out of America's Imperial destiny, and for the binding together of England and the United States. To his mind the great fact to be striven for was the friendly annulment by England of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He had succeeded in persuading England to do this; the matters of detail over which the Senate and his other critics quarreled seemed to him unessential. To jeopard the great project for the sake of mere minor considerations, was wanton. Not obstinacy, therefore, nor self-inflation caused him to condemn the opponents of the treaty.

We can see, however, that they were wiser than he. If the United States were to build, own, and direct the Canal — and that was Hay's desire — no treaty should be ratified which left any doubt as to their rights; and such a pledge as that which bound them not to fortify the Canal ought not to be made. Perhaps Hay, although he did not actually define it to himself, assumed that all those "non-essentials" would be adjusted later, when experience in the actual working of the Canal should show what was needed.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BOXER ORDEAL AND THE OPEN DOOR

THE winter and spring of 1900 crowded new business upon him. The situation in China, which had grown more and more angry since the Germans pounced upon Kiao-chau in 1897, now threatened an outburst. The Boer War in South Africa indirectly affected American politics by giving Irish and German-Americans an excuse for heckling England at a time when the McKinley Administration was trying to arrange with the English Government a friendly settlement of long-standing disputes. The insurrection of the Filipinos; the status of Cuba; the excitement of the Central American Republics at the prospect of an Isthmian canal; secret negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, and the campaign for the nomination of presidential candidates, were among the business on the Secretary's docket. I cannot do more here than quote a few passages from his letters showing his position on some of these matters.

This extract refers to the Boers, whose baffling resistance to enormously superior British forces was not properly admired by the Secretary.

To Henry Adams

June 15, 1900.

What do you think now of our poor dear British? Was there ever seen anything like it since Xenophon? The slim Boers flanked out of Bloemfontein, Croonstadt, the Vaal, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, not to mention Laing's Nek and other places, and not losing a man or a mule, a gun or a cart. It looks now as if Oom Paul will get to Lydenburg with his whole army intact — bar Cronje — having put *hors de combat* a force fully equal to his own, with every ounce of his material saved.

I have the greatest admiration for the Boers' smartness, but it is their bravery that our idiotic public is snivelling over. If they were only as brave as they are slim, the war would have ended long ago by their extermination. We do occasionally kill a Filipino, but what man has ever yet seen a dead Boer? Your friend Bryan . . . says the Boer War is an issue in our campaign — I suppose because the British are 16 to 1.

The serious thing is the discovery — now past doubt — that the British have lost all skill in fighting; and the whole world knows it, and is regulating itself accordingly. It is a portentous fact, altogether deplorable in my opinion; for their influence on the

whole made for peace and civilization. If Russia and Germany arrange things, the balance is lost for ages.

The abuse which the Administration, and particularly the Secretary of State, suffered for its friendliness toward England caused Hay anxiety. With a hostile Senate on one side and an irresponsible but perniciously active horde of demagogues on the other, he feared that his projects would be hopelessly shattered. While he betrayed neither resentment nor trepidation to the enemy, he spoke out almost with ferocity to his few confidants.

Uninformed historical writers have recently revived an old rumor to the effect that the United States made, in Hay's time, a secret alliance with England. After his denial which follows, this silly assertion ought to be allowed to stay dead.

To Senator McMillan

July 3, 1900.

The Administration has observed the laws of neutrality strictly. . . . You ask me if there is a secret alliance between Great Britain and the United States. You know, of course, that there can be no secret alliance between this country and any other. The Senate of the United States must be a

party to it, if any such exists. None exists. None has been suggested on either side. None has been thought of.

To J. W. Foster

June 23, 1900.

. . . What can be done in the present diseased state of the public mind? There is such a mad-dog hatred of England prevalent among newspapers and politicians that anything we should now do in China to take care of our imperiled interests, would be set down to "subservience to Great Britain." France is Russia's harlot — to her own grievous damage. Germany we could probably get on our side by sufficient concessions, and perhaps, with England, Germany, and Japan, we might manage to save our skins. But such a proceeding would make all our fools throw fits in the market-place — and the fools are numerous.

We had great trouble to prevent the convention from declaring in favor of the Boers and of the annexation of Canada. Every morning I receive letters cursing me for doing nothing, and others cursing me for being "the tool of England against our good friend Russia." All I have ever done with England is to have wrung great concessions out of her with no compensation. And yet, these idiots say I'm not an

American because I don't say, "To hell with the Queen," at every breath.

Cassini has gone to Europe; Cambon was to have sailed last week, but has stayed over for a few days; Holleben is absolutely without initiative, and in mortal terror of his Kaiser. Pauncefote has apparently no power to act, nor even to talk. And even if he had, every Senator I see says, "For God's sake, don't let it appear we have any understanding with England." How can I make bricks without straw? That we should be compelled to refuse the assistance of the greatest power in the world, *in carrying out our own policy*, because all Irishmen are Democrats and some Germans are fools — is enough to drive a man mad. Yet we shall do what we can.

To Senator M. A. Hanna

August 2, 1900.

I am sorry to hear what you say about the Canadian boundary question. . . . The matter was not carried on by me privately and alone as the *Sun* says. Every step of the negotiations was considered by the Cabinet and approved. And the entire Joint High Commission — that is the American side of it — recommended what was done as the best possible temporary settlement of the case. All the present row is being made by the New York *Sun*.

P.S. The whole thing is, Paul Dana [Editor of the *Sun*] wants to get me out of the Cabinet. It is his fourth attempt. If you will help him, I shall be greatly obliged. I am not stuck on my job.

In the middle of the summer, there suddenly flared up in China a tragedy which fastened the world's attention. The Boxers, a Chinese association whose aim it was to rid China of foreigners, started, with the apparent collusion of high officials, a campaign of extermination. On June 14 they assailed the foreign Legations at Peking, and during the next eight weeks they blocked the relief of the beleaguered Occidentals, who defended themselves with unflagging endurance and valor in the British compound. These numbered in all only about five hundred persons, including the women and children. Their ammunition was scanty, their provisions insufficient.

About June 20 the outside world ceased to have news of them. An appalling silence brooded over the Legations week after week. On June 15 Secretary Hay, little suspecting that the crisis had already come, telegraphed to General Conger, the American Minister: "Do you need more force? Communicate with the Admiral and report." No answer. In vain did Mr. Hay try to get tidings through Mr. Wu, the

Chinese Minister in Washington. Foreign Governments were equally unsuccessful. Then Mr. Hay appealed to Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy of greatest influence, to send the following message through the Boxer lines to Conger in the Legations: "July 11. Communicate tidings bearer." Days passed, but brought no reply. The world began to believe the rumors which had been circulating for weeks, that the Boxers had captured the Legations, and slaughtered all the foreigners.

At last on July 20, Secretary Hay received a despatch, dated July 16: "For one month we have been besieged in British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre. — CONGER."

Although this despatch came in the State Department's cipher, many persons doubted its genuineness, for they argued that if the Boxers had taken the Legation, they might have discovered the cipher book also. Accordingly, Secretary Hay hit upon a clever device, and telegraphed on July 21: "Despatch received. Authenticity doubted. *Answer this giving your sister's name.* Report attitude and position of Chinese Government." In due course a reply came, with the name of Mr. Conger's sister, which it was hardly probable that the wiliest Boxer could know.

Convinced that the besieged were still alive, Mr. Hay now urged Li Hung Chang that the Ministers be allowed to communicate freely with their Governments. Li answered that he and the other Viceroys had petitioned the Imperial Government either to do this or to deliver the Ministers, under safe escort, at Tien-Tsin.

"I told him" (Minister Wu), Hay wrote President McKinley on July 29, "that we could not consent to any such arrangement as the latter alternative; that if the Chinese Government was able to send them safely to Tien-Tsin, it was able to put us into free communication with them; that if the Chinese Government undertook without previous arrangement to deliver them and failed by any accident, nothing would convince the foreign Governments that the Chinese had acted in good faith.

"He [Wu] finally consented to telegraph Li again to-day. . . . He is greatly perturbed in spirit, but seems to be acting squarely with us. He admits there are many things he cannot explain. He does not attempt to account for the silence of the Legations, but believes the Ministers, except Ketteler,[1] are alive.

On August 14, Conger cabled Hay: "Do not put trust in Li Hung Chang. He is an unscrupulous tool

[1] The German Minister had been shot by a Chinese assassin.

of the cruel Dowager. There can be no adequate negotiation with Peking until the high authors of this great crime have surrendered. Imperial troops firing on us daily. Our losses 60 killed, 120 wounded. We have reached half rations horse-flesh. Have food only for a fortnight. 6 children have died. Many others sick."

That same day the relief expedition entered Peking and saved the Legationers.

A week earlier Secretary Hay, on the brink of an alarming collapse, caused by the intense strain and by the volume and difficulty of his work for nearly a year, was forced to take refuge in his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire. From his sick-bed he directed the chief business of the State Department for several weeks. "I should soon get back to my usual form," he wrote Senator Fairbanks, "if I could keep my thoughts away from the thousand worries of this crazy old world of ours."

When he began to convalesce, he confessed to his oldest friend, Nicolay: "I did not imagine when I left Washington, how bad it was. If I had stayed another day, I should not have got away at all. I have had two or three slight complications — the last and most agreeable is a lumbago which makes my walk slantendicular, so I don't walk much. . . . The thing that has aged me and broken me up has

been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to nought all the work a State Department can do. . . . But what is the use of all this buzzing. You and I cannot make a new Constitution."

Hay might have consoled himself with the thought that probably to him, more than to any one else, was due the saving of the Legations. Almost alone he believed that they were still alive and so spared no effort to reach them. His trust kept Secretary Root on the alert, so that when the first telegram came from Peking, Mr. Root, without a day's delay, ordered General Chaffee to proceed to China and command the American relief expedition.

The Boxer upheaval interrupted and made more difficult Hay's endeavor to preserve the Chinese Empire. After the Japanese defeated the Chinese in 1894, China lay like a stranded whale, apparently dead, or dying, and the chief Powers of Europe came, like fishermen after blubber, and took here a province and there a harbor, and were callous to the fact that their victim was not dead. They not only seized territory, but forced from the Chinese concessions for mines, railways, commercial privileges, and spheres of influence. From the time that Hay became Secretary, he strove to keep intact the political integrity of China and to persuade all the Powers to maintain there the policy of the Open Door.

As early as March 16, 1899, Hay wrote confidentially to a New York editor, who was anxious for the protection of American interests: —

To Paul Dana

March 16, 1899.

. . . We are, of course, opposed to the dismemberment of that Empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify this Government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on. At the same time we are keenly alive to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that Empire and our representatives there have orders to watch closely everything that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by energetic and timely representations. We declined to support the demand of Italy for a lodgment there, and at the same time we were not prepared to assure China that we would join her in repelling that demand by armed force. We do not consider our hands tied for future eventualities, but for the present we think our best policy is one of vigilant protection of our commercial interests, without formal alliances with other Powers interested.

During the summer the Secretary's instructions to Mr. Conger bore the same burden. But as the

European Powers continued making mutual bargains for the partition of the Empire, on September 6, 1899, Mr. Hay finally addressed to London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg his famous note on the Open Door. He did not originate the phrase, and the fact of free commercial intercourse with all nations had existed here and there in Europe during many centuries. But in applying the word to China, Hay defined a policy which would affect the political not less than the commercial status of four hundred millions of Chinese, and of the rest of the world which had relations with them.

The American circular requested each of the European Governments to respect the existing treaty ports and vested interests; to allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and be collected in the respective spheres of influence; and not to discriminate against other foreigners in port and railroad rates. The Powers addressed did not reply promptly. England was the first to accede; the others, which stated that they sympathized with the principle, refrained from formally endorsing it. Mr. Hay, after sufficient delay, sent word to each that in view of the favorable replies from the others, he regarded that Power's acceptance as "final and definitive." And he subsequently addressed France, Italy, and Japan.

Next to England, Hay regarded Russia as the most

important party to the agreement. Russia would sign no paper, but her Foreign Minister, Count Mouravieff, gave an oral promise to do what France did. Later, he "flew into a passion" and insisted upon it that Russia would never bind herself in that way; that whatever she did she would do alone and without the concurrence of France. "Still," Hay adds, "he did say it, he did promise, and he did enter into just that engagement. It is possible that he did so thinking that France would not come in, and that other Powers would not. If now they choose to take a stand in opposition to the entire civilized world, we shall then make up our mind what to do about it. At present I am not bothering much." (To Henry White, April 2, 1900.)

By what was one of the most adroit strokes of modern diplomacy, Hay thus accustomed the world to accept the Open Door as the only decent policy for it to adopt toward China. Not one of the Governments concerned wished to agree to it; each saw more profit to itself in exploiting what it had already secured and in joining in the scramble for more; but not one of them, after Hay had declared the Open Door, dared openly to oppose the doctrine. It was as if, in a meeting, he had asked all those who believed in telling the truth to stand up; the liars would not have kept their seats.

Hardly, however, had the world begun to accustom itself to the ideal of the Open Door, before the Boxer Rising intervened, and before this was put down demands for vengeance on the Chinese rose from many quarters. The German Emperor, whose Minister, Ketteler, had been shot in Peking, sent out a "punitive" expedition under Count Waldersee, bidding his soldiers to give no quarter and to comport themselves so like Huns that for a thousand years to come no Chinese would dare to look a German in the face. Other Powers uttered their wrath more guardedly; but they all suspected, and probably hoped, that the new situation would justify them in dismembering China.

To prevent this Hay worked indefatigably. He sent Mr. W. W. Rockhill — whom he regarded as being, next to Mr. Henry White, the best diplomat in the service — to China. He made his note of July 3 the basis of American action. As Russia occupied Niu-chwang, he sent to her a serious inquiry, to which he "received a reply, most positive and satisfactory, that their occupation was military and temporary and that our commerical interests should not in any case be limited or injured. Russia," he adds, "has been more outspoken than before in her adhesion to the Open Door." (September 8, 1900.)

"The approach of the much-prepared Waldersee,"

wrote one of Hay's colleagues, "seemed a peril. There was the danger that after all the Emperor's windy eloquence he might feel the necessity of kicking up a row to justify the appointment of Waldersee. I was very glad therefore that the Russians gave us an opportunity to say that we would stay under a definite understanding and not otherwise. It begins to look as if there was some chance for the Open Door after all."

This was Hay's view also. He wished to hold the other Powers to their adherence to the Open Door, and at the same time to avoid the semblance of organizing an Anti-Russian coalition. To exact from the Chinese indemnities and the punishment of the chief culprits appeared to the Secretary the best sort of retribution; but the Germans went much further. Indeed, Count Waldersee's army obeyed with relish the Kaiser's command and played the congenial rôle of Huns in several districts.

"Everything appeared to be going well until this promenade of Waldersee's to Tao Ping," Hay writes on October 16, "which I fear will have very unfavorable results upon the rest of China. The Great Viceroys, to secure whose assistance was our first effort and our success, have been standing by us splendidly for the last four months. How much longer they can hold their turbulent populations

quiet in the face of constant incitements to disturbance which Germany and Russia are giving is hard to conjecture. . . .

"The success we had in stopping that first preposterous German movement when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great many on this side were in favor of it, will always be a source of gratification," he confides in the same letter to an intimate friend. "The moment we acted, the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch, and presented another proposition which was exactly in line with our position." (October 16, 1900.)

In spite of his having warded off the worst danger, the Secretary was both puzzled and somewhat troubled by the drawing together of England and Germany, because he feared that they intended, at the critical moment, to wring other exactions from China. It came out later, however, that their mutual purpose was to check Russian aggression in Manchuria, and that Germany wished to prevent England from enjoying a monopoly of the Yangtse Valley trade. Before the end of the year the Powers were sufficiently agreed among themselves to join in drawing up a note in which they laid their demand be-

fore the Emperor of China, who perforce yielded to them.

The negotiations went on for a long time yet: but this was the culmination of the diplomatic battle, in which Secretary Hay won the most brilliant triumph of his career.

Into the intricacies of the efforts to prevent China from being vivisected after the Boxer troubles, I will not enter. Hay's part in saving that Empire alive was greater than that of any other statesman. He made a magnificent bluff — which the United States could not have backed up if it had been called — and he won. Two quotations will bring before the reader the Secretary's state of mind in the autumn of 1900. First, as to the policy he upheld: —

"About China, it is the devil's own mess. We cannot possibly publish all the facts without breaking off relations with several Powers. We shall have to do the best we can, and take the consequences, which will be pretty serious, I do not doubt. 'Give and take' — the axiom of diplomacy to the rest of the world — is positively forbidden to us, by both the Senate and public opinion. We must take what we can and give nothing — which greatly narrows our possibilities.

"I take it, you agree with us that we are to limit as far as possible our military operations in China,

to withdraw our troops at the earliest day consistent with our obligations, and in the final adjustment to do everything we can for the integrity and reform of China, and to hold on like grim death to the Open Door. . . ." (September 20, 1900.)

From the next most confidential outpouring to Mr. Adams, we have Hay's private opinion of the other nations with whom he had to deal in the Chinese imbroglio.

To Henry Adams

November 21, 1900.

. . . What a business this has been in China! So far we have got on by being honest and naïf — I do not clearly see where we are to come the delayed cropper? But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China, than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance — "We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d—d to you" — and not a man in the world kicks.

My heart is heavy about John Bull. Do you twig his attitude to Germany? When the Anglo-German pact came out, I took a day or two to find out what

it meant. I soon learned from Berlin that it meant a horrible practical joke on England. From London I found out what I had suspected, but what it astounded me, after all, to be assured of — THAT THEY DID NOT KNOW! Germany proposed it, they saw no harm in it, and signed. When Japan joined the pact, I asked them why. They said, "We don't know, only if there is any fun going on, we want to be in." Cassini is furious — which may be because he has not been let into the joke.

Hay's achievement in this Chinese contest gave him an immense prestige. Throughout the world he was now looked upon as a statesman honest, disinterested, resourceful, and brilliant. His advocacy of arbitration, which was preached at the first Hague Peace Conference in 1899, had already singled him out. The enthusiasm with which he received the Czar's project of the Hague Conference and the fervor with which he instructed Mr. Andrew D. White and the other American delegates to promote the great objects of the Conference did much to insure its success. For it was indispensable that the coöperation of the United States, the great nation not entangled in Europe's feuds, should be secured. By his work in China Secretary Hay carried out in practice what he had professed at The Hague.

CHAPTER XXVII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THE question for the American voters to decide in the presidential election of 1900 was, logically, Imperialism. Since 1896 Fate had thrust that issue, with all its adjuncts, to the front. Imperialism involved not only constitutional questions, such as the right of the American Government to hold protectorates and subject peoples, but also, what we may consider morally a deeper problem, in the relation of so-called "superior" to "inferior" races. Since land-grabbing began, some twenty years previously, European nations had appropriated territory in Africa and Asia wherever they could, irrespective of the choice of the inhabitants of those continents. This process of seizure and colonization was speciously named "taking up the White Man's Burden." In reality, the White Man was not a philanthropist: he would treat the Black, Yellow, or Brown Man humanely if it was convenient, but if the dark-skinned resisted, the White Man would destroy him. Biology, according to the scientific cant of the day, required no less, in order that the Fittest might survive.

This doctrine seemed simple when applied to Bantus or Borneans or Basutos or Burmese, but what if one of the great European Powers, mad with the unbridled madness of egomania, should announce that it was *the* superior people and that biology required it to conquer the other civilized nations, to impose upon them its dominion and its doctrines, or, if they demurred, to exterminate them?

The American people were cunningly prevented from expressing their verdict on Imperialism, because Mr. Bryan, again the Democratic nominee, again raised the bogey of Free Silver. Professing himself a champion of peace, he nevertheless was quick to clutch a colonel's commission when the Spanish War broke out, with an eye, evidently, to the soldier vote in the future. So, too, although in some of his utterances he let it be inferred that he hated Imperialism, he persuaded, if common report can be trusted, hesitating Senators to vote to ratify the Treaty of Paris, by which the United States took over the Philippines.

The Republican nominee was President McKinley. However opinion might differ as to his policies, there was general approval of his personal traits. He made a dignified President. He treated Republicans and Democrats who came before him with equal courtesy. He knew how to say no to applicants without offend-

ing them. Six different Senators might in turn press a claim of six of their protégés and Mr. McKinley, without duplicity, would send each Senator away believing that *his* man would be appointed; and all the while the President had settled on another candidate. His good intentions, his understanding of the hearts, and above all of the minds, of average American citizens, were indubitable.

The Republican Party, having backed him up in all the novel enterprises since 1897, could do no less than support him for a second term. Quite unwillingly, the managers of the party found themselves compelled, by a cyclone of popular enthusiasm, to submit to the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President.

Mr. Hay's health did not permit him to return to Washington until October, 1900, but he watched the progress of the presidential campaign somewhat anxiously, because he believed that the position of the State Department on international questions might influence voters against Mr. McKinley. The public knew the rebuffs that had been received — the failure of the Alaskan negotiations and of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; it did not know of all of its successes, and, as Hay said, it would not be becoming in him to boast of them, much less to publish them prematurely.

The enemies of the Administration made Anglophobia one of their trump cards.

"No sane man," Hay wrote to a friend abroad, "can appreciate the stupid and mad malignancy of our Anglophobia. It is not merely the Yellows, the Irish, and the Tammany people, — they are a matter of course, — but by far the worst of the lot is the [*New York* ———], which claims to be supporting McKinley, and whose furious attacks on the State Department from time to time scare our own managers out of their five wits. Just now they are having all colors of fits over our *modus vivendi* in Alaska. That was, as you know, one of the best bargains for us ever made. I cannot even defend myself by saying how good the bargain was. I do not want to publish to the world the details of an engagement some of whose features are as yet incomplete, and it is abominable form for a Government to brag of its diplomatic success. So I must let the tempest of dust and foul air blow itself out."

Mr. Hay was in the condition where everything hostile, however slight, rasped his always sensitive nature.

To Samuel Mather

September 28, 1900.

I cannot figure Bryan's election, no matter how I try. The coal strike, which was unquestionably en-

gineered by ———, will lose us a big block of votes — but they will be mostly in Pennsylvania where we can best afford it. The Mugwump defection headed by Olney and Schurz amounts to nothing in the way of votes at home or in other States. I think the field is pretty well taken care of — only Indiana, of the important, so-called *pivotal* States, seems doubtful and Fairbanks thinks we have got it. We have certainly made great gains west of the Mississippi, and our losses in the East are not sufficient to lose us any States except perhaps Maryland. I shall be greatly deceived if it should turn out otherwise — and I have no personal interest at stake. For I have definitely made up my mind not to continue in office. The attitude of the Senate makes it impossible for me to carry out the policies I hoped for when I entered the Department, and office-holding *per se* has no attraction for me. I shall be sorry to part with the President, who has stood nobly by me in everything; but there will always be 34% of the Senate on the blackguard side of every question that comes before them. . . .

October 2, 1900.

The newspapers have been unusually busy inventing lies. They said I was dying; that I was perfectly well but sulking because the President had turned me down; that I was in a deadly quarrel with Root; that

I had at last come back, after extorting from the President a promise not to meddle again with foreign affairs. What can be the use or the motive for such ingenious falsehoods? I do not believe they can influence a vote for Bryan.

"I think the canvass is going on very satisfactorily," the Secretary wrote Ambassador Porter on October 2. "Hanna got considerable of a panic early in the canvass, but I imagine it was nothing but a money panic, and if, after Bryan's letter of acceptance, the men who have money refuse to do anything in their own defense, they will deserve to be robbed to the enamel of their teeth." (October 2, 1900.)

To Samuel Mather

October 8, 1900.

Every day increases the chances of a big electoral majority for McKinley. The attitude of the *Staats-Zeitung* in New York will be worth a good many votes to him, and the tremendous odds of two and a half to one seem now to be increasing up to three to one. Of course, the fellows who bet know no more about it than the others, but there is a sort of brutish instinct among gamblers which is rarely at fault when the odds are so great as they are to-day. A letter just received from Lodge, who has been all over the

United States stumping, tells me that, although our majorities in the East, where they were unnecessarily great, will be reduced, we shall get so many States we lost in 1896 that the majority in the Electoral College will be greater than ever.

October 31, 1900.

This last week of the campaign is getting on everybody's nerves. There is a vague uneasiness among Republicans, which there is nothing in the elaborate canvasses of the Committee to account for. I do not believe defeat to be possible, though it is evident that this last month of Bryan, roaring out his desperate appeals to hate and envy, is having its effect on the dangerous classes. Nothing so monstrous has as yet been seen in our history. He starts with the Solid South where he does not need to spend a postage stamp: he has Tammany with its vast vote and big corruption fund; and every walking delegate in the country; and of course adds to that all the regular Democratic vote of the North. We have an awful handicap to overcome.

As the campaign drew to a close, however, signs of McKinley's reëlection became unmistakable. Among the Anti-Imperialists there was an ominous lack of harmony, as appeared in the public utterances

of two of the most conspicuous among them. Hay summed up their contradictory attitudes in this brief paragraph to the President: —

"Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as that [Charles Francis] Adams and [Carl] Schurz correspondence? Schurz thinks that it will be best to elect a lunatic President, and trust to a sane Congress to keep him in order. Adams thinks that the best way would be to elect a sane man President, and have a lunatic Congress for him to control; and neither of them seems to realize that it makes not the slightest difference what both of them think." (November 1, 1900.)

To another correspondent Hay commented with equal freedom: —

"Why should anybody want to vote for Bryan this year? I can perfectly understand a man refusing Mr. McKinley, on well-known principles of human conduct, — but I cannot — never could — comprehend that polarization of hatred that induces a man, because he hated Blaine or McKinley or Gladstone, to adore Cleveland or Bryan or Disraeli. What a spectacle the Schurzes and Godkins present! Asking people to vote for Bryan because the Republicans can tie him up, and prevent him from raising Cain when he gets in."

The election soon put an end to all doubt. Hay

wrote to his son Adelbert, who was American consul at Pretoria, that it "went off magnificently. It was, in almost every State of the Union, better than we expected. . . . It is the most overwhelming victory in this generation."

The failure to come to an agreement with England over the Isthmian Canal weighed upon Hay's conscience. England, having rejected the amendments to the first treaty, and being impeded by the Canadian negotiations, seemed to be in an unpropitious mood. But Hay would not be balked. After waiting awhile he instructed the American Ambassador to inquire what could be done.

When Mr. Choate sounded Lord Salisbury as to reopening negotiations on this topic, the Prime Minister again consented willingly, saying that the negotiations might be carried on as before at Washington, and stipulating only that no nation should be discriminated against in the tolls charged for using the Canal.

Having this assurance Secretary Hay proceeded to confer with Lord Pauncefote, and by the end of April, 1901, he sent the project of the new treaty to Mr. Choate, who, with Lord Lansdowne, had a large if not preponderating share in bringing the treaty to its final form. Hay explained that the most im-

portant change involved the question of fortifying the Canal.

This point, over which there had been the hottest debate the year before, was now passed over in silence. "I hope it will not be considered important enough for the British Government to take exceptions to their omission," Hay wrote. "The fact is that no Government, not absolutely imbecile, would ever think of fortifying the Canal, and yet there are members of the Senate so morbidly sensitive on the subject, that it might seriously injure the passage of the treaty through the Senate if this provision were retained after the omission of the Davis Amendment." [1]

Secretary Hay underrated the weight of some of the Senators who had disapproved of the terms of the first treaty and he seems not to have given sufficient credit to their argument. One of these Senators was Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. On March 28, 1901, Senator Lodge wrote privately to the Secretary: —

[1] The Davis Amendment, passed by the Senate December 13, 1900, provided that the clause in the first treaty establishing the complete neutralization of the Canal, in time of war as in peace, should not "apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

" . . . The American people can never be made to understand that if they build a canal at their own expense and at vast cost, which they are afterwards to guard and maintain at their own cost, and keep open and secure for the commerce of the world at equal rates, they can never be made to understand, I repeat, that the control of such a canal should not be absolutely within their own power. . . . I think we could ratify a treaty which abrogated and superseded the Treaty of 1850, and which agreed that the United States could maintain and defend the canal, keep it open for the commerce of all nations, at the same rates of toll which were imposed on vessels of the United States, and which further agreed that the United States would maintain the neutrality of the canal as between belligerents when the United States itself was not engaged in war. A treaty of this kind, I am sure, could be ratified."

Mr. Lodge also said, referring to the first treaty: —

"There was great difficulty in getting the Senate to accede to the clause prohibiting fortifications. Whether we could again secure a two-thirds vote for a treaty containing that clause, I do not know. Personally I was willing to accept it, on account of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and because I thought, with the Davis Amendment in, it would be better if it could be omitted."

In August, Secretary Hay wrote Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the member of the Committee on Foreign Relations who had made the Canal Question his special province, that the new treaty would probably come up at the next session; that, as it contained virtually the amendments suggested by the Senate, and especially those which Morgan himself had kindly suggested, he hoped it would go through. "The British Government," he remarked, "have shown a very fair and reasonable spirit."

Secretary Hay himself was converted to the need of fortifying the Canal; and no doubt the advent of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency hastened his conversion.

On November 18, 1901, Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote signed the treaty, which the Senate ratified on December 16, by a vote of 72 ayes to 6 noes. The British Government concurred without any delay.

Hay was naturally elated, because, although this treaty differed widely from that which he first drew, it contained two provisions which he deemed essential — the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, and the acknowledgment that the United States should control undisturbed the building and operation of the Isthmian Canal.

"You will have seen by the newspapers of the

rapid and prosperous journey of our treaty through the Senate," he wrote to his loyal assistant, Mr. Henry White. "Cabot [Senator Lodge], who felt himself particularly responsible for the wreck of the last one, put his whole back into promoting this one. The President likewise was extremely zealous in rounding up the bunch of doubtful Senators, and the treaty at last went through with no opposition, except from the irreclaimable cranks. Seventy-two to six was near enough unanimity." (December 26, 1901.)

To turn from political to personal matters, death brought to Mr. Hay in 1901 losses which almost crushed him. In June, his elder son Adelbert, whom President McKinley had just appointed his Private Secretary, died instantly by a fall from a window. He had gone to New Haven to attend the Yale Commencement.

"If sympathy could help," Mr. Hay writes Mr. White, "our sorrow would be brief. But every word of praise and affection which we hear of our dead boy but gives a keener edge to our grief. Why should he go, I stupidly ask, with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight; and I be left, with my short remnant of life, of little use to my

friends, and none to myself? Yet I know this is a wild and stupid way to wail at fate. I must face the facts. *My* boy is gone, and the whole face of the world is changed in a moment.

"Have you heard how it happened? The night was frightfully hot and close. He sat on the window-sill to get cool before turning in, and fell asleep. He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. He probably did not wake." (June 30, 1901.)

To Mr. Adams, Mr. Hay wrote: " . . . I do not know yet whether I shall get through or not. I am not making any progress. I am waiting to see if the nerves will stand the strain.

"I have hideous forebodings. I have been extraordinarily happy all my life. Good luck has pursued me like my shadow. Now it is gone — it seems forever. I expect to-morrow to hear bad news, something insufferable. . . . I am too old to stand this, I suppose. The commonplaces of consolation look entirely different to me now. I see what a dunce I was, ever to use them with my friends. . . ." (July 11, 1901.)

To Whitelaw Reid, a little later, he wrote: "Our loss grows greater as we move away from it, and are able to see it more distinctly. He was a part of all our lives; our hopes, our plans, our pride, our affections, were all so bound up in him that we find,

wherever we turn, something broken, crippled, shattered, torn. . . .

"My one source of comfort is the courage and sanity with which my wife bears her trouble. Through all that first horrible Sunday, my keenest anguish was for her. I wondered what was to become of her. I dreaded to meet her — but when she arrived and stood with me beside him, looking into his serene and smiling face, — he never looked so handsome and so happy, — I felt and have felt ever since that she had character enough for both of us." (July 22, 1901.)

This is again to Mr. White: —

" . . . I hardly know what to say about myself. I am dull and inert. I am inclined to hold on if possible a little while longer. The President is most kind and insistent. If I keep afloat till next winter, we shall then see. . . . Mrs. Hay bears up wonderfully, and keeps us all alive and sane. She said at the very beginning, — 'We must act as if he were away on one of his long journeys, and as if we were to see him again in due time. We must make no change whatever in our way of life.' So the children go on, asking his and their friends up here, trying to make no difference. I am sure she is wise — and I hope for the best. . . ." (July 26, 1901.)

There brooded over him anxiety for Clarence

King who was dying of consumption, alone, but invincibly cheerful.

A letter from King prompted this outcry of Hay:

To Henry Adams

August 9, 1901.

"What would I give to be with you" (King asks, on hearing of Adelbert's death) "to take my share of the passing shadow and the coming light. But I am a poor, sick, old fellow, uncertain yet of life or of death, suffering more than my lot, and simply waiting till nature and the foe have done their struggle."

Here you have it in the face! The best and brightest man of his generation, who with talents immeasurably beyond any of his contemporaries, with industry that has oftened sickened me to witness it, with everything in his favor but blind luck, hounded by disaster from his cradle, with none of the joy of life to which he was entitled, dying at last, with nameless suffering, alone and uncared for in a California tavern. *Ça vous amuse, la vie?*

Mr. Hay's "hideous forebodings" were soon verified in a definite and hardly expected form. Early in September President McKinley was shot by the demented assassin Czolgosz, and hung for a week between life and death. On September 14 he died.

While Vice-President Roosevelt and the other members of the Cabinet hastened to Buffalo, where the crime was committed, Secretary Hay remained in Washington.

To Lady Jeune

September 14, 1901.

The President [McKinley] was one of the sweetest and quietest natures I have ever known among public men. I can hear his voice and see his face as he said all the kind and consoling things a good heart could suggest. And now he too is gone and left the world far poorer by his absence.

I wonder how much of grief we can endure. It seems to me I am full to the brim. I see no chance of recovery — no return to the days when there seemed something worth while. Yet I feel no disgust of life itself, — only regret that so little is left, and so narrow a field of work remaining.

. . . What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine — to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of the State, and all done to death by assassins.

I think you know Mr. Roosevelt, our new President. He is an old and intimate friend of mine: a young fellow of infinite dash and originality. He

has gone to Canton to lay our dear McKinley to rest, and asked me to stay here on the avowed ground that, as I am the next heir to the Presidency, he did not want too many eggs in the same Pullman car. . . .

To Henry Adams

September 19, 1901.

The President's death was all the more hideous that we were so sure of his recovery. Root and I left Buffalo on Wednesday [September 11] convinced that all was right. I had arranged with Cortelyou that he was to send a wire the next day telling me if the Doctors would answer for the President's life. He sent it, and I wrote a circular to all our Embassies saying that recovery was assured. I thought it might stop the rain of inquiries from all over the world. After I had written it, the black cloud of foreboding, which is always just over my head, settled down and enveloped me, and I dared not send it. I spoke to Adee and he confirmed my fears. He distrusted the eighth day. So I waited — and the next day he was dying.

I have just received your letter from Stockholm, and shuddered at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about Teddy's luck.

Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in Canton [to attend President McKinley's funeral],

and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House to-morrow. He came down from Buffalo Monday night — and in the station, without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him — that I could not decline nor even consider. I saw, of course, it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse.

Before the year ran out, death took John Nicolay and Clarence King, two of Hay's dearest friends. Well might he write, "I have acquired the funeral habit." The shocks of that summer left an indelible impression on Hay's health; but he had still nearly four years of service before him under the masterful young President.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE GERMAN MENACE LOOMS UP

THIS is not the place in which to discuss the question of the unwisdom of the Fathers in giving the Senate a share in making treaties. That Hay did not accept the fact and make the best of it lays bare the chief defect in his equipment as a statesman. If he had only remembered Lincoln's remark to him, "We must use the tools we have," if he had only profited by this advice, he would have been spared constant personal irritation and would have easily carried through some of the treaties on which he had set his heart. His gradually failing health undoubtedly led him to resent adverse criticism. But the flaw went deeper than that. All his training, after he came back from Spain, tended to unfit him for the close, crude, rough, and sometimes fierce, man-to-man conflicts which are the commonplaces of political strife. Even his service on the *Tribune*, while it brought him wide acquaintance with men, was not a preparation for what he had to do in Washington. As editor, like other editors, he laid down the law and need not reply to those who differed from him; but as Secretary of State he could

not attain his ends without securing the concurrence of Senators and Congressmen, to whom he would not pay court.

Among Mr. Hay's colleagues in the Cabinet he had the highest regard for the ability of Secretary Root, who succeeded him in the State Department. I am allowed to quote from a private letter from Mr. Francis B. Loomis, who served under both of them, this interesting statement of the contrast in their methods.

Mr. Loomis writes: "He had very little acquaintance among politicians and many of the leaders of Congress were almost unknown to him. His failure to get on comfortably and successfully with the Senate and with many of the important members of the lower House of Congress, I think, was due primarily to the fact that he had come to have very little in common with the men who had the hard work in politics in hand and he did not always have a just appreciation of their usefulness and of their power. . . . Mr. Root, who is, broadly speaking, a man of affairs and who has had to deal with all sorts and conditions of men and with very practical problems of life, learned while Secretary of War that it was highly important to be on pleasant terms with members of the Senate and House. He brought to the Department of State the knowledge and experi-

ence which he acquired during his previous term of service in the Cabinet and immediately set out to establish good relations with the Senate. He succeeded in his efforts and much of his success may be traced to his ability to get on with men. He was less hampered by traditions and knowledge of diplomatic usage than Mr. Hay. In estimating the two men justly, this must be taken into account. Mr. Hay had certain notions respecting the dignity and rights of his office, concerning which Mr. Root had little knowledge; but he was eminently more practical than Mr. Hay when it came to treating with the average Congressman, Representative, Senator, or business man. The Secretary believed, if a certain appropriation for the Department or for carrying out the provisions of a treaty was needed, that he had fulfilled his duty in the matter when he had written a letter to the chairmen of the various committees who had to do with the matter in Congress, making a request for the needed appropriation. I did not agree with him at all as to the practical wisdom of this course and often asked him to let me go before the committees, discuss the proposed appropriation with the members, with the view of getting them personally interested in the matter. He thought this course would be improper and undignified. Mr. Root, when he came in, adopted it immediately and

his appearances before the committees were very frequent and very successful."[1]

My purpose in this book is not to analyze Mr. Hay's opinions and acts, but to state them so far as possible in his own words; so that readers may know the basis and the aim of his work as a statesman. For this reason I have quoted freely his views of the public men whom he had to deal with, because men are the statesman's tools. We have seen that, almost from the first, he held the Senate as his antagonist. That a few men, not diplomats by training, should have the right to shatter a delicate piece of diplomacy seemed to him as monstrous as if a clodhopper should be privileged to trample on a violin. The artist in him revolted; his reason revolted; his conscience revolted.

And yet he did not hide from himself that his feeling toward the Senate had grown to be an obsession. From his sick-bed at Newbury he wrote almost pathetically to Mr. Adams: —

"I need you no end, but, alas, the inevitable has happened and I have become a bore. I cannot tell when the malady attained its present proportions — its progress is always insidious. . . . I can think of nothing but the Senate and talk of little else. Even when I get out of office, which will be, D. V., next

[1] Hon. Francis B. Loomis, to the author, August 1, 1915.

March, I have a grisly suspicion that it will be no better. The poison is immanent. I shall begin every phrase with: 'When I was. . . .'" (September 25, 1900.)

An exhaustive study of Hay's treaties will show that the most important of them were not so badly mishandled by the Senate as he supposed under the smart of disappointment. The draft of the first Canal Treaty, which he virtually wrote and Pauncefote merely adopted, contained such an anomaly as that of putting the Canal under the protection of many Powers, as was done in the case of the Suez Canal. If that had passed, where would it have left the Monroe Doctrine? Or how could the United States have protected the Canal which it constructed and owned? Here is one example of the benefit which came from the Senate's revision. Mr. Hay was too sore when he passed judgment on that revision to give due credit to the senatorial improvement.

"I long ago made up my mind," he wrote to a correspondent, "that no treaty on which discussion was possible, no treaty that gave room for a difference of opinion, could ever pass the Senate. When I sent in the Canal Convention, I felt sure no one out of a madhouse could fail to see that the advantages were all on our side. But I underrated the power of ignorance and spite, acting upon cowardice." (April 22, 1900.)

In all his other relations, as Secretary of State, Hay outshone most of his predecessors. He knew how to treat with equal dignity and courtesy the variegated personnel of the Diplomatic Corps, and on state occasions he made an impressive appearance, and he was always an effective speaker. By taste, not less than by training, he was fitted to deal with ambassadors and cabinet ministers rather than with some of the leaders who emerged into eminence from the rough-and-tumble of politics.

And as usually happens with a man of poetic cast, — and Hay's nature was primarily that of a poet, — the mood of the day colored his expressions. Thus, on April 24, 1900, he writes to Richard Watson Gilder: —

"Many thanks for your kind letter from Berlin. I need all the help and comfort I can get from the apostles of sweetness and light, for verily I am in deep waters these days. Matters have come to such a pass with the Senate that it seems absolutely impossible to do business. . . . The fact that a treaty gives to this country a great, lasting advantage, seems to weigh nothing whatever in the minds of about half the Senators. Personal interests, personal spites, and a contingent chance of a petty political advantage are the only motives that cut any ice at present."

And yet, only two months later, he wrote again to Gilder: —

"I am afraid you read too many newspapers while you are away. I am an old man, and have had opportunities of observation most of my days, and I give it to you straight that there never has been less corruption in American affairs than there is to-day, nor, as I devoutly believe, in the affairs of any other people."

As we have already had several references to Germany and as others will follow, it is necessary now to speak of the German conspiracy against the United States. When the history of that plot comes to be written in detail, Hay's contacts with it will be seen in their true significance. He could not foresee, of course, the full extent of the Pan-Germanist purposes nor the time and manner in which they would burst into open activity. But he was one of the first to perceive that the intrigue was hatching, and it fell to him, both as Ambassador and as Secretary of State, to guard the United States against the earliest masked assaults of Germany.

Soon after William II succeeded his father as German Emperor, he uttered several declarations to the effect that his rule was absolute law, and that he held the life and death of every German in the

hollow of his hand, and other boasts of similar purport. The Germans at first were startled and used to tell you privately that the young monarch did not really mean that; or that he was simply having his fling; or that he was neurotic by temperament; and they would remind you of the taints of scrofula, cancer, and insanity in the Hohenzollerns and of his own diseased ear and crippled arm. German-Americans looked a little ashamed when they were questioned about these declarations and protested that they themselves, of course, "took no stock in medievalism." The Kaiser went on, however, informing his subjects and the world of the omnipotence of himself and God, and his declaration steadily worked a change in the hearts of the submissive German people; so that, even when he left God out of the partnership, the Germans, having the Kaiser, were not aware of the void.

Thanks to her vigor, efficiency, and enterprise in material things, Germany prospered. She needed more territory for her growing population. She listened to the seductive incitations to world-dominion. Looking at existing conditions, the Germans concluded that the British navy alone stood between them and their ambition. The existence of England depended upon that navy, therefore if the navy were destroyed, England would sink. About 1895, the

German Navy League was organized and the building of a great German fleet was begun. But the Germans hoped, even before they had finally despatched England, to be able to expand by colonization, and they coveted especially, as I have before remarked, Brazil. The reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by President Cleveland warned them that they must keep hands off in America. Thenceforward, for twenty years, they have been watching an opportunity to humble the United States.

It soon occurred to them that there is more than one way of colonizing a country. Hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of Germans were scattered through the world under alien flags. Why should these Germans be "lost" to the Fatherland? Why should they not rather in each country form a veritable German colony, bound by stronger ties to the Fatherland, using their foreign citizenship for the benefit of the Fatherland, and preparing for the happy day, when, through some turn in Fortune's wheel, they might dominate their adopted countries in the name of the Kaiser.

The United States held the largest number of emigrants from Germany. They had come here to escape military system at home, or to break through the rigid lines of caste, or simply to better their fortunes; and they had thriven here. Under the

pretense of promoting political and commercial friendship, the German Government began secretly to organize the German-Americans. Agents of all kinds were sent out from Germany and the German-Americans, who had been looked at rather as absconders by the Imperial Government, were now flattered, courted, and encouraged in all ways to renew their intimacy with the Fatherland and to regard it as their real home. The time came when those among them who had achieved wealth or eminence visited Germany. They were effusively welcomed. The Emperor condescended to receive them and permitted even German Jews to penetrate to the antechambers of the Court. He distributed decorations lavishly. Toward native Americans, also, he showed great affability. His paid pamphleteers discovered that, in essence, the Prussians and the Yankees were singularly alike. No form of seduction which occurred to the Prussic imagination was left untried. Gradually, the United States were permeated by the spies, advocates, and surreptitious promoters of the glory of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Bismarck had long before taught how to direct a reptile press, and journalists trained in his teachings came to the United States.

German teachers in American colleges and universities did not let slip the advantage which their

position gave them for presenting German ideals to the American public in most alluring forms. In many institutions they found Germanized faculties who welcomed them. As the German Government saw the efficacy of this form of propaganda, it gladly arranged for an exchange of professors, sending out some men of distinction who, incidentally, served the Germanist cause here; while American professors went over to tell the Fatherland about this great country in which the Kaiser was so ostentatiously interested. The American people, good-natured as is its wont, suspected nothing.

Now it happened, as I have stated in an earlier chapter, that when John Hay was in Europe in 1896, he got wind of the changed purposes of German Imperialism. Two years later, being Ambassador in London, he knew of the desperate and undisguised attempt of both the Germans and the French to protect Spain from a war with the United States. He knew of the effort of the German Emperor to persuade England to join the coalition against us. He probably heard from Mr. Chamberlain himself the remark which the Kaiser made to an Englishman, who reported it to Mr. Chamberlain: "If I had had a larger fleet I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scruff of the neck."[1] Ambassador Hay knew also

[1] *Boston Herald*, editorial, August 16, 1915.

that, after the American victory at Manila, an American official at Berlin, talking quite informally and without instructions, said in substance, with regrettable indiscretion, to certain German personages: "We don't want the Philippines; why don't you take them?" Whether this unguarded remark led to the appearance, a few weeks later, of a German squadron in Manila Bay, cannot yet be authenticated by documents: the fact is undenied that Diederichs acted as if he intended to seize the islands. Mr. Hay knew not only of Admiral Dewey's refusal to be browbeaten, but of the aid rendered by the British commander Chichester, and of other things which have not yet been made public. He knew also, as he wrote in a letter printed above, that England, if requested, would put her fleet at our service. In brief, his experience in London revealed to him the aims of Pan-Germanism.

On his return to Washington, one of Mr. Hay's first duties as Secretary of State brought him into immediate relation with German diplomacy. For some time past the United States had exercised a condominium with Great Britain and Germany over the Samoan Islands. Disputes arose; the friction between the Germans and the British threatened to become acute. By common consent, however, the three Powers agreed, after negotiations in which

Hay took a leading part, to give up the condominium. Germany kept all the islands except Tutuila, and the English had compensation elsewhere.

The following extracts refer to these negotiations. The Secretary writes to Mr. Henry White on September 9, 1899: —

"Our relations with Germany are perfectly civil and courteous. They are acting badly about our meats and cannot help bullying and swaggering. It is their nature. But we get on with them. We are on the best of terms about Samoa; Sternburg backed up Tripp in everything, so that, to our amazement, Germany and we arranged everything harmoniously. It was rather the English commissioner who was offish. The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us — on his own terms, *bien entendu*."

When England and Germany came to an agreement, Mr. Hay wrote privately to Mr. Choate: —

To Joseph H. Choate

November 13, 1899.

I was kept quite in the dark up to the last moment as to the arrangement made between Germany and England. The newspapers have announced, without the least reserve, that England was to keep Samoa and Germany get the Gilbert and Solomon

Islands, or, as the boys with a natural reminiscence of the *opera bouffe* called them, "The Gilbert and Sullivan." I should have been glad if you had squandered a little of the public money, letting me know by telegraph the true state of the case. It is a satisfaction to me to know that Lord Salisbury assured you that equal rights as to trade and commerce would be reserved for the other Powers in Samoa, and of this he was informed by your letter before the German Embassy received the authentic news that the arrangement had been made. Germany, it is true, has been excessively anxious to have the matter concluded before the Emperor's visit to England, and, in the intense anxiety, I am inclined to think they have somewhat lost sight of their material interests in the case. . . .

Our interests in the archipelago were very meager always excepting our interest in Pago Pago, which was of the most vital importance. It is the finest harbor in the Pacific and absolutely indispensable to us. The general impression in the country was that we already owned the harbor, but this, as you know, was not true. . . . Seeing the intense anxiety of the Emperor that the negotiations should be hastened, I sent at his personal request the dispatches which you have received; assured that all our interests would be safeguarded and knowing also that in

case the arrangement proposed was not satisfactory we always had the power of a peremptory veto. . . .

The arrangement seems to have been received with general satisfaction in the country, though the New York *Sun* which is usually very friendly to us, is greatly displeased by it; while the *Tribune*, which has of late been playing the rôle of "the candid friend," highly approves. Our Navy Department has for a long time been very anxious for this consummation, and of course, they are delighted with it. Tutuila, though the smallest of the islands, is infinitely the most important and the most useful to us. The argument from size, which the *Sun* makes so much of, is hardly worth a moment's consideration. An acre of land at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets is worth something like a million acres in Nevada. The proof that size has nothing to do with the case is that Savii, by far the largest of the islands, was considered by Germany and by England as entirely worthless. My own opinion is that Germany has the least valuable bargain of the three and that she was led by her sentimental eagerness into a bad trade. . . .

The next year, in his labor to save China, Hay had a still closer view of German methods. What he thought of them may be summed up in his sentence

already quoted: "I had almost rather be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." After Hay's discovery that the foreigners at the Legations were still alive, it was Secretary Root's quick decision to send General Chaffee with a relief force to Peking, that saved the day. Incidentally the swiftness of that movement prevented Count Waldersee from taking command of the joint expedition as the Kaiser had planned; for Chaffee and his associates had put down the Boxers before Waldersee arrived.

From this time on, as the Isthmian Canal project came to be a certainty, the Germans redoubled their efforts to get a foothold in the Western Hemisphere and if possible within striking distance of the Canal. In May, 1901, Hay received information that German warships had been inspecting the Santa Margarita Islands, off Venezuela, with a view to occupying them as a naval base. Later he learned that the Kaiser was secretly negotiating for the purchase of two harbors "for his own personal use" — whatever that meant — on the desolate coast of Lower California. Both these essays came to nought.

In that same year, 1902, one of the periodic outbreaks to which Venezuela was addicted gave him an excuse for putting to the test whether or not the United States would defend the Monroe Doctrine by force of arms. The Venezuelans owed the Germans,

the English, and the Italians large amounts which they had put off paying until their creditors began to suspect that they never intended to pay at all. The Kaiser apparently counted on the resistance of the Venezuelans to furnish him a pretext for occupying one or more of their seaboard towns. In order to disguise the fact that this was a German undertaking he looked about for accomplices who would give to it an international semblance. It happened just at that time, that Germany found herself isolated, as France and Russia had renewed their bond of friendship. England, too, always suspicious of Russia, and recently irritated by France, seemed to be looking for a friend. By offers which cannot yet be made public, Germany persuaded the Tory Government to draw closer to her. The immediate result of this adventure in international coquetry was the joint demand of Germany and England on Venezuela to pay them their dues. Venezuela procrastinated.

The allies then sent warships and established what they called a "pacific blockade" of the Venezuelan ports (December 8, 1901). During the following year Secretary Hay tried to persuade the blockaders of the unwisdom of their action. He persistently called their attention to the fact that a "pacific blockade" was a contradiction in terms and that its

enforcement against the rights of neutral nations could not be tolerated. He also urged arbitration. Germany deemed that her opportunity had now come, and on December 8, 1902, she and Great Britain severed diplomatic relations with Venezuela, making it plain that the next steps would be the bombardment of Venezuelan towns and the occupation of Venezuelan territory.

Here came the test of the Monroe Doctrine. If the United States permitted foreign nations, under the pretense of supporting their creditors' claims, to invade a weak debtor state by naval or military expedition, and to take possession of its territory, what would become of the Doctrine? At this point the direction of the American policy passed from Secretary Hay to President Roosevelt.

England and Italy were willing to come to an understanding. Germany refused. She stated that if she took possession of territory, such possession would only be "temporary"; but such possessions easily become permanent; and besides, it is difficult to trust to guarantees which may be treated as "scraps of paper."

President Roosevelt did not shirk the test. Although his action has never been officially described, there is no reason now for not describing it.

One day, when the crisis was at its height, he

summoned to the White House Dr. Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory. Dr. Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the Ambassador might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Dr. Holleben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action,

and would treat it as taken on German initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Dr. Holleben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a despatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then manœuvring in the West Indies) nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told what for.

On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so stanch an advocate of arbitration.

The humor of this was probably relished more in the White House than in the Palace at Berlin. The Kaiser suggested that the President should act as arbiter, and Mr. Roosevelt was ready to serve; but Mr. Hay dissuaded him. Mr. Hay had permitted Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, American Minister to Venezuela, to act as arbitrator for that country, and Mr. Bowen regarded it as improper that the United States, which also had claims against Venezuela, should sit in judgment on the case. Mr. Hay, desirous of validating the Hague Tribunal, saw a further

advantage in referring to it this very important contention. The President acquiesced, therefore, and Venezuela's claims went to The Hague for arbitrament.

England and Italy, Germany's partners in the naval expedition, gladly complied. England, we presume, had never intended that her half-alliance with Germany should bring her into open rupture with the United States. Although her pact was kept as secretly as possible at home, inklings of it leaked out, and it has since been esteemed, by those who know the details, one of the least creditable items in Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. Whether he or Mr. Balfour originated it, the friends of neither have cared to extol it, or indeed to let its details be generally known.

In a letter to a private correspondent, Secretary Hay takes a parting shot at the Venezuelan settlement: —

"They [the German Government] are very much preoccupied in regard to our attitude, and a *communiqué* recently appeared in the Berlin papers indicating that the negotiations would have gone on better but for our interference. We have not interfered, except in using what good offices we could dispose of to induce all parties to come to a speedy and honorable settlement, and in this we have been,

I think, eminently successful. I think the thing that rankles most in the German official mind is what Bowen said to Sternburg:[1] 'Very well, I will pay this money which you demand, because I am not in position to refuse, but I give you warning that for every thousand dollars you exact in this way, you will lose a million in South American trade.'" (February 16, 1903.)

In this wise the German Kaiser learned that the Monroe Doctrine was a fact. But while he was secretly working for a foothold in America, his blandishments and protestations of friendliness to the people of the United States became more and more marked. As a sign of his hearty favor he sent over his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to bear his Imperial greetings to the President and to various distinguished institutions and representative bodies. Prince Henry's visit, however, was really intended to solidify the German-American movement in behalf of the Fatherland. Through his somewhat inept informers, Dr. Holleben and his satellites, the Kaiser had been led to believe that a million Germans were already organized and most eager to bow down and do homage to a Hohenzollern as their accepted lord. But it turned out that the German-Americans were not yet entirely Prussianized. Many

[1] Freiherr Speck von Sternburg, soon after this appointed German Ambassador to succeed Holleben.

of them had joined the German societies without suspecting that these were intended ultimately to substitute imperial German for democratic American ideals. Prince Henry's whirlwind passage from city to city evoked everywhere curiosity, — for Americans are always eager to be amused, — but it failed in some quarters to stimulate the pro-Prussian and pro-Hohenzollern enthusiasm which had been expected. From that time forward, however, the paid agents and organizers pushed on their work secretly, and they were aided by many enthusiasts, not all of whom suspected the object for which they were being used. It is enough to cite the close league between the Irish and German elements of Tammany Hall — a league to which Hay has several times referred — in order to show how "practical" and how "ideal" was one element of the pro-Hohenzollern propagandists in this country.

"It is a singular ethnological and political paradox," Hay wrote the President, "that the prime motive of every British subject in America is hostility to England, and the prime motive of every German-American is hostility to every country in the world, including America, which is not friendly to Germany. . . . The Irish of New York are thirsting for my gore. Give it to them, if you think they need it." (April 23, 1903.)

Count von Bülow was the Kaiser's chief adviser during the years of Hay's secretaryship. The Count promoted, if he did not invent, the policy of recovering the "lost" Germans for the Fatherland. He encouraged the Kaiser's growing ambition, serving as the medium between the great industrialists and the militarists and the Emperor. Outwardly a sleek man, he made German diplomacy, as Hay remarked, as brutal as possible. During his ten years' service the Pan-Germanist propaganda passed from the stage of dreams to that of an unrestrained impulse. When he was dismissed by a sudden caprice of the Emperor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had succeeded in leaving Germany without a friend in the world, — except Austria, which was really her servant, and Turkey, which was subsidized by her gold. In so short a time to succeed in alienating the world's sympathy from his country was a feat of which no other contemporary statesman could boast.

Von Bülow's mouthpiece at Washington, Dr. Holleben, attempted rather crudely to imitate the alternating brusqueness and blandishment which the Kaiser adopted toward this Government according as its acts pleased or displeased him. When William was going through one of his periodic tensions with the Foreign Office, Holleben, working on in-

structions which he must have had from Berlin, — for no German official acts without instructions, — strove to irritate our people against England. He declared that before the outbreak of the Spanish War, England surpassed the other Powers in hostility to us, and as a proof of this he recalled the fact that Pauncefote headed the members of the Diplomatic Corps who interviewed President McKinley to protest against American menace to Spain. Now every one in Washington knew that Pauncefote went simply as the dean of the Diplomatic Corps and that he had consistently worked to strengthen friendship between England and the United States. That Holleben had waited until Pauncefote was dying before uttering this low insinuation against him caused general contempt. The Kaiser, provoked at last by Holleben's failures, recalled him at a day's notice.

Secretary Hay soon found German diplomacy the most difficult to deal with. Even trifles assumed a pompous gravity which might have been excessive if great matters were at stake. The Germans seemed to be afraid that they would not be taken at their own valuation, and so they constantly kept reminding those with whom they had to deal, of their importance. Two or three American warships happened to be at Villefranche when the French President paid a casual visit to Marseilles. The Marseilles munici-

pality, out of common politeness, invited the ships to visit the port on the day when the President was there. This they did and the incident, which had no significance, would have been promptly forgotten had not the German Foreign Office intimated to our State Department that the Emperor would feel slighted if our ships did not pay their respects to him. To such trifles do the controllers of empires sometimes descend. Another small embarrassment was caused by William's presentation to the American people of a statue of Frederick the Great; but here also Hay, by his urbanity, prevented friction.

I have given in some detail this aspect of Secretary Hay's work, because in justice to him it should be known. For during his lifetime some of his critics attributed to mere prejudice his attitude towards Germany, and to downright Anglomania his friendliness towards England. To those who believe that the English-speaking peoples all over the world should not be supplanted by Prussianized Teutons, Hay's foresight and his choice appear now in their proper light.

His conduct toward Germany was in fact always correct; and although he had reason to believe that the treaty he negotiated with Denmark for the purchase of the Danish West Indies was defeated in the Danish Parliament by German influence, he never

let his suspicion be known. Later, as we shall see, he worked in harmony with the Kaiser in regard to the Chinese situation because the Kaiser in this case was simply bent on enforcing Hay's own policy of protecting China. In his private letters Hay's references to William II are usually amusing. He was not deceived into mistaking the Emperor's bustle in politics, art, literature, and religion for greatness. But although he smiled, he recognized that such a monarch, working upon such a people as the German, might become a danger to civilization, and when, before Hay died, the Kaiser took to "rattling his scabbard" too frequently, the Statesman of Peace had no longer any delusions as to the purpose of the Emperor of War. Only after the German Kaiser had forced his Atrocious War upon the world in 1914, did his agents in the United States proclaim that they had built up an organization so powerful that it would compel the American Government to do their bidding, which was his.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

IN an address on "American Diplomacy" which Secretary Hay delivered at the New York Chamber of Commerce Dinner on November 19, 1901, he uttered a sentence which went over the country.

"If we are not permitted to boast of what we have done," he said, "we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, *the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule.* With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong."

Mr. Hay had already done much to deserve to be called "the Statesman of the Golden Rule," and he was still to do more before he died. The new generation associates with his memory the qualities which justify that noble description. While he still lived men said, "If John Hay did that, it must be right"; and since his death they say, of a given policy, "If John Hay were alive he would never approve of this."

I come now to the creation of the Republic of

Panama — that transaction in his career as Secretary of State about which there has raged the most vehement debate. Opponents have called it "immoral," "piratical," "treacherous"; some supporters have defended it on the ground of international expediency, or on technical legal points; others, while admitting the ugly appearances, have consoled themselves with the thought that, inasmuch as John Hay gave it his sanction, the affair could not have been dishonorable.

Mr. Hay used to tell his friends that often President McKinley did not send for him once a month on business, but that he saw President Roosevelt every day. That statement illustrates the difference in initiative between the two Presidents; or, at least, the ratio of their interest in foreign relations. From the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's accession, the State Department felt a new impelling force behind it. The Secretary still conducted the negotiations, but the origination and decision of policy came to rest more and more with the President.

In no other case was this so true as in that of the Panama Canal. In the earlier stages Mr. Roosevelt gave directions which Mr. Hay carried out; before the end, however, the President took the business into his own hands; and has always frankly assumed entire responsibility for the decisive stroke.

The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in December, 1901, left the field open for the United States Government to construct, maintain, and control a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Two parties urged their claims — one, advocating the route through Nicaragua, the other, the shorter way through Panama. Each set of promoters put forward the special advantages for its route and pointed out the drawbacks of its rival. Senator John T. Morgan, the most zealous champion of a canal, preferred the Nicaragua plan, and wished to bind the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to it. The Government had appointed a commission of experts, under Admiral John G. Walker, to study all possible routes for a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and this commission reported in favor of Nicaragua.

Before Congress voted in favor of Nicaragua, however, the advocates of Panama got a hearing. The old De Lesseps Company, after its collapse, had sold its plant, good-will, and excavations to the New Panama Canal Company. No sooner had the Walker Commission reported than the President of the new company, which had previously offered to sell all its interests for $109,000,000, cabled from Paris that he would accept $40,000,000 — the estimate of value made by the Walker Commission.

On January 8, 1902, the House passed, by an overwhelming majority, the Hepburn Bill, authorizing the construction of the Nicaragua Canal; but this measure was fought in the Senate, and only after it had been amended beyond recognition by Senator Spooner was it accepted by the Senate, on June 19, and by the House a week later. President Roosevelt signed it on June 28, 1902. Briefly, the Spooner Bill provided for the purchase by the Government, at forty million dollars, of the New Panama Canal Company's rights; for acquiring at a fair price from the Republic of Colombia of a strip of territory six miles broad from Colon to Panama, together with as much additional land as the President should deem necessary; and then for proceeding with the work of construction.

Such was the tangled skein of the Panama Canal affair when diplomacy took it up.

The American Government concluded its bargain with the new company without difficulty, whereas, from the outset, its negotiations with Colombia awakened distrust. While Congress was discussing the Spooner Bill, Secretary Hay had been busy sounding the Central American republics and Colombia, and he kept Senator Morgan, the zealot of the Canal project, informed of each move.

To Senator John T. Morgan

April 22, 1902.

. . . It is true that the Panama people [New Panama Canal Company] have at last made their proposition. I have been trying to induce them to make some changes in it which might render it more acceptable to the Senate and to our people. When it is completed I shall give them a note announcing the readiness of the Government of the United States to enter into a convention respecting the canal, when Congress shall have authorized the President to do so and when the legal officers of the United States shall have been satisfied of the power of the Panama Canal Company to transfer all their rights in the case.

I regret to say that I have not yet been able to get a firm offer from the Government of Nicaragua. . . . Let me assure you in strictest confidence that I was unwilling to send in the Panama proposition until I was able also to send in the Nicaragua proposals.

. . . The principal difficulty in the case is this, that both in Colombia and in Nicaragua great ignorance exists as to the attitude of the United States. In both countries it is believed that their route is the only one possible or practicable and that the Government of the United States in the last resort will

accept any terms they choose to demand. The ministers here of both Powers know perfectly well that this is untrue, and they are doing all they can to convince their people at home that no unreasonable proposition will be considered by the Government of the United States; but it is slow work convincing them.

April 23, 1902.

. . . I conceive my duty to be to try to ascertain the exact purposes and intentions of both the Governments [Nicaragua and Costa Rica] and, when I have done so, to inform your committee of the result for your information. . . . I do not consider myself justified in advocating either route, as this matter rests within the discretion of Congress. When Congress has spoken, it will then be the duty of the State Department to make the best arrangement possible for whichever route Congress may decide upon.

I cannot but believe that you are approaching the realization of the great enterprise which has so long occupied your thoughts and your endeavors, and certainly when the hour comes no name in the world can compare with yours in the praise and honor which would belong to it for the accomplishment of this beneficent work which will be for the benefit of many generations yet unborn.

But the capacity of the Latin-Americans to postpone seemed limitless: witness this note to Senator Morgan, dated May 12: —

"It is impossible for you, as it would be for any one, to appreciate the exasperating difficulties that have been placed in my way in trying to get a definite proposition from our Central American friends. I have finally sent a note to Mr. Corea [Nicaraguan Minister at Washington], telling him I can wait no longer upon the convenience of his Government; that he must, before Tuesday of this week, let me know what they propose, and that, in case I get no definite proposition from them by that time, I shall submit to Congress the proposition made by the Colombian Government, and also a statement that it has been impossible to get anything definite from the Government of Nicaragua.

"In regard to your other question, the President has no desire for any delay by Congress in the consideration of the Canal matter. He greatly prefers, as did President McKinley, that the question of the route should be decided by Congress, but, in case it should seem best to Congress to leave to him the decision of the route which the Canal shall take, he will not evade that labor and responsibility."

The significance of the folloiwng extract from a letter of May 19 needs no comment: —

" . . . In our final negotiations we shall insist upon a provision being inserted which will prevent this Government from being mulcted in enormous indemnities for land which has been recently purchased by speculators with that intention."

As soon as the President signed the Spooner Bill, Mr. Hay began conferring with General Concha, the Colombian Minister in Washington, and on July 15 he writes Senator Spooner: —

"I embodied in a draft of the treaty with Colombia all the ideas you set forth in our recent conversations, and think we have got it in very satisfactory shape. General Concha did not think he had authority to accept these amendments to the draft which we had formerly agreed upon, and has transmitted them to his Government for their approval and acceptance. I do not imagine that we shall get an answer immediately. . . ."

Mr. Hay closes his letter with this noteworthy postscript, written in his own hand: —

"Gen. Morgan says we ought to acquire Panama — the entire State — from Colombia. I told him I would consult, as occasion offered, some of the leading members of the Senate on that subject."

Senator Morgan seems to have already been asking himself, as were other American public men, whether the simplest way to assure the political safety of the

Isthmian Canal would not be to annex the Province of Panama. On September 27, 1902, in one of his many urgent notes to Mr. Hay, he sends a copy of a letter just received from a Virginian friend, who had spent several years on the Isthmus. "In regard to the temper of the Isthmus population," this gentleman writes, "looking to annexation to the United States, I think it would be favorable, but Colombia, in every other section, would be likely to be opposed, as the Isthmus is looked upon as a financial cow to be milked for the benefit of the country at large. This difficulty might be overcome by diplomacy and money."

This last sentence contains the kernel from which sprang the violent climax of the Canal negotiations. The Province of Panama, once independent, had, in the course of endemic revolutions, been annexed to the United States of Colombia. Its interests were quite distinct from Colombia's, and since the construction of the railway across the Isthmus, forty years before, its revenues had gone mostly into the pockets of statesmen at Bogotá, the Colombian capital, distant a fifteen days' journey from Panama. As soon as the construction of the Canal seemed probable, those statesmen quickly saw great profit in it for themselves. The Government, virtually despotic, was in the hands of President Marroquin,

who had crushed a rebellion of so-called Liberals in 1900.

Making a treaty with such elements was much like putting a lid on an intermittent geyser. Nevertheless, Secretary Hay took up the task with Dr. Tomas Herran, the Colombian *Chargé* in Washington, and, after many months' deliberation they agreed that the United States should pay Colombia ten million dollars for her consent to the purchase of the New Panama Company's rights and plant, and for ceding the required territory, and that, after nine years, Colombia should receive an annual bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On January 27, 1903, the Hay-Herran Treaty was signed, and on March 17 the Senate ratified it. Then the instrument went to Bogotá for ratification.

The politicians there at once showed their hand. Ten million dollars, followed by the annual subsidy, looked a very small sum to them: why not double or treble it?

Mr. Hay writes Senator Hanna how matters stand.

To Senator M. A. Hanna

May 14, 1903.

Walker told me that there was at Colon no accurate source of information, but the air was full of

rumors, which it was impossible to verify on the spot. From Bogotá we get occasional very meager despatches from Beaupré [American Minister to Colombia]. He tells us that there is very great opposition based on two or three points — one, the inadequacy of the terms; two, the pretended loss of sovereignty; and three, the talk of demagogues who want to get office by denouncing the encroachments of the Yankees. You know that for some days past there has been a rumor of the resignation of Marroquin and the succession of Reyes. This seems to be untrue. I never have believed it, and should have been greatly surprised if it had been confirmed. On the contrary, the retirement of Fernandes and the entrance into the Cabinet of Mendoza seems clearly to me to indicate that Marroquin has the situation pretty well in hand, and that he would not have called his Congress together in extra session on the 20th of June unless he had pretty positive assurances that he will have his way. Still, you know enough about those countries to know that nothing is certain until it is done.

The Colombian Congress met on June 20, but the treaty was not even presented to it for discussion. Marroquin and his friends thought that, having committed the United States to accept the Panama

route, they could extort any price they chose, — an intelligible attitude for a seller to take. So they declared, unofficially, that the ten millions which Dr. Herran, their accredited envoy, had agreed to, was not enough. They planned, therefore, to hold up the treaty until they should get all they could; and instead of attacking the United States directly, they demanded of the New Panama Canal Company another ten millions for allowing it to sell its rights to the United States.

That company, whose seat was in Paris, was represented by its general counsel, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, of New York. In 1900 he urged Senator Hanna to include in the Republican platform a plank advocating the construction by the United States of an inter-oceanic canal, preferably by way of Panama. Senator Hanna demurred, and only after Mr. Cromwell had contributed sixty thousand dollars to the Republican campaign fund was such a plank, very general in terms, adopted.[1]

Thenceforward Mr. Hanna took increasing interest in Mr. Cromwell, and supported the upholders of the Panama route. Mr. Cromwell refused Colombia's demands, and during the summer of 1903 it was

[1] *The Story of Panama.* Hearings on the Rainey Resolution before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. Washington, 1912. Statement of Hon. Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois, p. 71.

hinted by the *World* and other New York papers that he was busy plotting dire things on the Isthmus. How far this was true we cannot know until he publishes his memoirs; but if he had a sense of humor perhaps he enjoyed the mystery and notoriety and the suggestion of turpitude which his enemies in the press whispered about him.

Colombia also intimated that it expected the United States to raise its payment from ten millions to fifteen. The Colombian dreams of avarice grew as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk.

All this while at Washington, Secretary Hay kept impressing upon Dr. Herran that unless the treaty went through unmaimed, and within a "reasonable time," it would be void; and Dr. Herran kept assuring the Secretary that the statesmen at Bogotá would surely ratify it. On July 17 Mr. Hay wrote President Roosevelt: —

"I have wired Beaupré to let Colombia understand that their strike for more money would probably be rejected by the Senate and that any amendment or delay would greatly imperil the treaty."

In July a special committee of the Colombian Senate took up the treaty and, on August 4, reported it so amended as to denature it. Only a few days before Secretary Hay had cabled Mr. Beaupré, the American Minister at Bogotá, to warn the Colom-

bians that "No additional payment by the United States can hope for approval by the United States Senate, while any amendment whatever requiring consideration by that body would most certainly imperil its consummation."

Despite these warnings the Colombian Senate, on August 12, unanimously rejected the treaty; but in order to prevent the United States from losing its patience, General Reyes, in behalf of the Government, said that it had counted on a speedy reaction in which it would be possible to come to terms. He asked that a fortnight longer be granted to the Colombians. To this request Mr. Hay cabled the reply on August 24: "The President will make no engagement on the Canal matter, but I regard it as improbable that any definite action will be taken within two weeks."

The Colombians, unable to coerce the New Panama Company into paying the ten million dollars, hit upon a plan for realizing their dream of avarice. According to an early agreement their concession to the builders of the Panama Canal would expire in 1904; but this limit they had subsequently extended to October 31, 1910. By asserting now that the first date was the true one, they reckoned that within a year the rights of the New Canal Company would revert to Colombia. This would bring her,

not a paltry ten or even twenty millions, but forty, besides whatever additional price she could wring from the next concessionnaire. On September 5 the Special Committee of the Colombian Senate advised that the treaty be rejected: on October 14 another committee reported in favor of regarding 1904 instead of 1910 as the limit of the concession; and on October 31 the Congress adjourned, without voting on either of these bills. Why vote, when their acts spoke so plainly?

To a correspondent in San Francisco who inquired of Mr. Hay as to the action of this Congress, he replied: —

"The extravagant propositions you refer to were many times presented in various ways to the Bogotá Congress. None of them were passed upon, and no firm proposition has ever been made by the Government of Colombia to the United States. Their aim was evidently to pursue a dilatory policy until next year, when they would probably have declared the French concession forfeited, and have demanded of us the whole sum agreed upon with the Panama Company. The only officially ascertained fact in the case is that they refused to ratify the treaty they had made with us and offered nothing in its place." (November 23, 1903.)

News that the Colombian Senate had rejected the

treaty reached Washington on August 16. Some persons concluded that the Colombian Congress intended to adjourn, after conferring on Marroquin full powers to ratify the treaty; others suspected that the act foreboded a break; others again, familiar with the state of feeling on the Isthmus, predicted that Panama would secede, declare its independence, and offer the Canal route to the United States.

Secretary Hay, on his vacation at Newbury, New Hampshire, received frequent summaries of the state of departmental business from the tireless Mr. Adee in Washington. Some of his brief comments are enlightening. The first refers to the proposal from Rico, Colombian Foreign Secretary, at the moment when Hay believed the President was not inclined to say anything more to Bogatá. "I can imagine his reception of Rico's calm proposition to make some new proposal next August." (September 18, 1903.)

Mr. Adee's own witty summary of the situation was: "It seems to me that the Colombian cow, having kicked over the pail, says: 'See here; if I should kick over this pail, would you give me "an extension of time" to see what I will do with another pailful to-morrow?'" (Adee to Hay, September 21, 1903.)

By this time the New Canal Company had become thoroughly alarmed. Its officers seem to have

counted on Marroquin's display of dictatorial power in their favor. Now it was clear that he either would not or dared not interfere. From the next extract we infer that Mr. Cromwell had carried their grievances to the State Department. Hay writes: —

"X must not whimper over the ruin of the treaty through the greed of the Colombians and the disinclination of the Canal Company to satisfy it. If they were willing to be bled, why not say so at the time? It is a thing we could not share in, nor even decently know." (September 21, 1903.)

On September 20 the Secretary remarks: —

"As to Colombia the President has nothing to say at present. They have had their fun — let them wait the requisite number of days for the consequent symptoms."

Meanwhile, what of the Panamanians? The territory to be ceded was theirs; the persons directly concerned were themselves. Neither love, loyalty, nor self-interest bound them to Colombia. As early as June they showed signs of restlessness, and at the delays of the Colombian Congress they talked more and more openly of independence, which would enable them to make the Canal agreement with the United States, receive the ten million dollars to be paid for the concession, and enjoy ever after whatever benefits the Canal might bring to the Isthmus. Other-

wise, the political machine at Bogotá would divide the spoils.

The very critics who were so sensitive over the wrongs of the Filipinos fighting for their freedom had been strangely stony toward the Panamanians, who also desired *their* liberty. Granted that the Panamanians may not have been on a higher moral plane than the Colombians, ought we to ignore the fact that their cause was worthy, and that of the Colombians was odious? Let us at least be consistent. If those who conspire for liberty in Manila are heroes and martyrs, we must not dismiss those who conspire for liberty at Colon as outlaws.

The Panamanians were quite competent to initiate any conspiracy themselves. Within the space of two years — between October, 1899, and September, 1901 — they had indulged in four revolutions against the Colombians. As to a revolution of secession and offer of annexation to the United States, Mr. Adee, forwarding to Mr. Hay the daily news of the State Department, writes on August 18: "Such a scheme could, of course, have no countenance from us — our policy before the world should stand, like Mrs. Cæsar, without suspicion. Neither could we undertake to recognize and protect Panama as an independent state, like a second Texas. Such a state would have a hard time of it between Colombia on

one side and Costa Rica on the other." To follow scrupulously the terms of the Spooner Law, which gave President Roosevelt no authority to accept amendments without the approval of the American Senate, was the feeling of the State Department. "We are very sorry, but really we can't help it if Colombia does n't want the Canal on our terms," summed up this feeling, even after Mr. Hay was assured that the Panamanians intended to secede in case Colombia threw over the treaty.

The Colombians miscalculated in assuming that the United States had fixed irrevocably on the Panama route. Mr. Roosevelt was authorized, if they did not ratify within a reasonable time, to strike a bargain with Nicaragua. When they realized that he might do this they became panicky, like a speculator who sees his margin-based fortune about to evaporate. It is rumored that they offered to ratify the treaty if the New Canal Company would pay them clandestinely eight, or even only five, of the extra millions they demanded. The company refused, although later there was a suspicion that it was ready to pay up if it could be guaranteed that a second demand and a third would not follow. What Colombian could insure against that?

For the New Canal Company as well as for Colombia the need of a settlement pressed. The

company stood to lose forty millions by Colombia's double-dealing — a loss which Mr. Cromwell did everything to avert. Through his agent, Señor Mancini, he kept in touch with the politicians at Bogotá; through Mr. Farnham, or by telephone, he communicated with the State Department at Washington; while various trusted emissaries worked for him on the Isthmus. Late in the summer Mr. Cromwell made a flying trip to Paris to confer with the officers of the company there. Still, through occasional rifts in the curtain we see the Panamanians being encouraged in their desire for freedom. That desire was so far from being secret that, in August, when the Colombian Government appointed Senator Obaldia Governor of Panama, he announced that "in case the department found it necessary to revolt to secure the Canal he would stand by Panama."

Things were at this pass when a new character broke his way into the drama — M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a Frenchman who had worked on the Isthmus with the old De Lesseps Company. A somewhat picturesque personage was M. Varilla, to whom the earth seemed like a school globe which he, the teacher, made to revolve at his pleasure. He was fired with the mission of seeing the Canal completed by the Panama route. So he hurried from

Paris to New York, where he got in touch with Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, a conspirator-patriot from Panama, whom he despatched to the Isthmus on October 20. Varilla visited Washington, and on October 9 called on the President, to whom he reported that the only way out in Panama was a revolution. A week later (October 16) he saw Secretary Hay, and when he repeated his prediction of a revolution, the Secretary replied that American warships had orders to proceed to the Isthmus in case there was a disturbance there. From that time forward M. Varilla imparted to every one that the revolution would come off on November 3.

President Roosevelt states that it was not the urgency of M. Varilla which moved him, but the visit of two American officers (Captain Humphrey and Lieutenant Murphy) who, having been to the Isthmus, reported to him what they saw there. They "had discovered," he says, "that various revolutionary movements were being inaugurated, and that a revolution certainly would occur, probably immediately after the closing of the Colombian Congress at the end of October, but probably not before October 20. . . ." This was known on the Isthmus.

"After my interview with the army officers named, on October 16, I directed the Navy Depart-

ment to issue instructions to send ships to the Isthmus so as to protect American interests and the lives of American citizens if a revolutionary outbreak should occur." [1]

Throughout October Mr. Hay seems to have had less and less communication with the Isthmus and Bogotá, whereas the activity of President Roosevelt increased.

On November 2, he ordered the *Nashville*, *Boston*, and *Dixie* to keep the transit across the Isthmus free, to "prevent landing of any armed force, either government or insurgent, at any point within fifty miles of Panama." Such orders were by no means novel: similar ones had been issued during many previous upheavals, as late as 1901.

The revolution "happened" on November 3 — bloodless so far as the combatants were concerned, although one Chinaman and one dog were accidentally killed. On November 4 the Republic of Panama was proclaimed; on the 6th the United States recognized it.

A few days later M. Bunau-Varilla returned to Washington as the accredited envoy of the new Republic, with full powers to conclude a treaty. In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Secretary Hay describes what happened: —

[1] *Metropolitan Magazine*, February, 1915.

To Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney

WASHINGTON, November 19, 1903.

As for your poor old dad, they are working him nights and Sundays. I have never, I think, been so constantly and actively employed as during the last fortnight. Yesterday morning the negotiations with Panama were far from complete. But by putting on all steam, getting Root and Knox and Shaw together at lunch, I went over my project line by line, and fought out every section of it: adopted a few good suggestions: hurried back to the Department, set everybody at work drawing up final drafts — sent for Varilla, went over the whole treaty with him, explained all the changes, got his consent, and at seven o'clock signed the momentous document in the little blue drawing-room, out of Abraham Lincoln's inkstand, and with C———'s pen. Varilla had no seal, so he used one of mine. (Did I ever tell you I sealed the Hay-Herbert Treaty with Lord Byron's ring, having nothing else in the house?)

So that great job is ended — at least this stage of it. I have nothing else; will come up before Thanksgiving.

When the Colombians at last comprehended that they had overreached themselves, they made a

desperate effort to propitiate the United States. They sent General Rafael Reyes, their most respectable public man and former president, to Washington to beg the Government to reconsider. He engaged as his counsel Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, than whom none was more resourceful or adroit. According to a trustworthy statement he was authorized to say that Colombia, for eight million dollars, would let bygones be bygones and concede everything.

On December 4, 1903, Mr. Hay wrote to the President: —

"Can you receive Reyes to-morrow, Saturday? If so, at what hour? Permit me to observe the sooner you see him, the sooner we can bid him good-bye.

"I have a complaint to make of Root. I told him I was going to see Reyes. He replied, 'Better look out. Ex-Reyes are dangerous.' Do you think that, on my salary, I can afford to bear such things?"

Mr. Hay had more than one interview with General Reyes, and on December 24, 1903, he reported to the President.

To President Roosevelt

General Reyes called yesterday. Said he was candidate for Presidency of Colombia.

I could give him no positive assurances of what he could accomplish. I left no doubt in his mind,

however, that we regarded the establishment of the Republic of Panama as an accomplished fact which we would neither undo ourselves nor permit any outside parties to overthrow; that we had made the treaty with Panama on grounds which we thought right, and to which we still adhere; that the treaty was going to be ratified and carried into effect; but that, these facts being accepted by Colombia, we should then use our utmost influence to bring about a satisfactory state of things between the two Republics and ourselves; that, as to negotiating with Colombia without regard to the existence of Panama, it was out of the question.

He then handed me a written memorandum of complaints and grievances, which is the result of MacVeagh's work for the last fortnight. It is very long, some twenty-two typewritten pages, in Spanish. It attacks and impeaches our action all along the line with considerable energy, but with the usual Spanish courtesy of manner, which, I imagine, shows the hand of the translator more than the author, and ends by asking the submission of all pending questions to The Hague. I at once sent the document to the State Department to be translated, with orders that it be submitted to you as soon as it is written out.

Responsibility for the dynamic solution of the

Panama Question rested entirely with the President, who seems not even to have informed Secretary Hay and the Cabinet officers of his acts. As early as October 10 he wrote confidentially to Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, that, as "there was absolutely not the slightest chance of securing by treaty" (from Colombia), the alternatives were to accept the inferior Nicaragua route or to take the Panama territory by force. . . . " I cast aside the proposition at this time to foment the secession of Panama. Whatever other Governments can do, the United States cannot go into the securing, by such underhand means, the cession." What followed we need no longer conjecture. M. Bunau-Varilla laid the train for the explosion; the arrival of American warships created the condition by which the revolution must succeed.

Although Secretary Hay did not take part in the actual revolution, he immediately announced his approval of it, and he never qualified — much less withdrew — this approval. Among his papers, I have found no hint that he felt remorse — as has been alleged — for the crime; nor can I believe that any regrets secretly preyed upon him and shortened his days. If testimony has any weight, his own confidential statements should be preferred to the surmises of persons who never knew him.

To Senator George F. Hoar

January 11, 1904.

The President tells me that in a letter to him you refer to a newspaper publication to the effect that, in discussing the subject of the coming revolution in Panama with a Mr. Duque, on his informing me that the revolution was to take place on the 23d of September, I had said to him that that was too early, and it ought to be deferred. I now find the same statement copied from the *Evening Post* in a speech by Senator Morgan in the Senate.

It seems rather humiliating to be obliged to refer to such a story, but, since you mentioned it to the President and since it seems to have made some impression upon your mind, I venture to say to you, confidentially, that I never saw Mr. Duque but once, that I never saw him alone, and that nothing in the remotest degree resembling this printed conversation was ever said by either of us.

When members of the Yale Faculty wrote protesting against the iniquity of the "rape of Panama," he wrote the following letter, to which Secretary Root sent a counterpart, declaring even more emphatically the need of action on the Isthmus, and his belief that the action taken was right.

To Professor George P. Fisher

WASHINGTON, January 20, 1904.

Your letter of the 19th of January has given me great pleasure. I can even congratulate myself on the unexpected and unaccountable action of some of your colleagues which has procured me so agreeable a letter. I shall take pleasure in bringing it to the notice of the President.

Some of our greatest scholars, in their criticisms of public life, suffer from the defect of arguing from pure reason, and taking no account of circumstances. While I agree that no circumstances can ever justify a Government in doing wrong, the question as to whether the Government has acted rightly or wrongly can never be justly judged without the circumstances being considered. I am sure that if the President had acted differently when, the 3d of November, he was confronted by a critical situation which might easily have turned to disaster, the attacks which are now made on him would have been ten times more virulent and more effective. He must have done exactly as he did, or the only alternative would have been an indefinite duration of bloodshed and devastation through the whole extent of the Isthmus. It was a time to act and not to theorize, and my judgment at least is clear that he acted rightly.

Among the stern censors of the "crime" was James C. Carter, who was then the leader of the American Bar. Of his criticisms Mr. Hay wrote to a colleague: —

To Secretary Elihu Root

March 12, 1904.

How on earth a fair-minded man could prefer that the President should have taken possession of the Isthmus, mailed hand, and built a canal in defiance of the Constitution, the laws, and the treaties, rather than the perfectly regular course which the President did follow, passes my comprehension. And that he should persist in this view after reading your speech[1] only adds to the mystery. I have not hitherto spoken to you about that admirable address, I believe, but as a work of art, as a piece of oratory, and history, I think it is incomparable. And, as a legal argument, better lawyers than I think it is without a flaw. Carter could not have read it with an open mind and persist in his error. I frankly confess myself unable to add anything to the unanswerable demonstration which you have made of the case.

Finally, Mr. Loomis, who was Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Hay, gives his testimony in a letter to me dated June 15, 1915: —

[1] "The Ethics of the Panama Question." Address before The Union League Club of Chicago, February 22, 1904.

"I think . . . I can possibly be of slight assistance in so far as the matter of Mr. Hay's connection with the Panama revolution is concerned. If Mr. Hay were alive you would probably enjoy his comment upon those 'good people' who assure you 'that he died of remorse for his share in the rape of Panama.' People who think and say things of that sort he particularly detested.

"I am sure that you find no trace of remorse in any of his letters or anywhere else, for the sufficient and solid reason that he felt no such remorse and therefore could not have expressed it. I had very many talks with Mr. Hay about the Panama revolution and what followed and what preceded it. I spent two hours with him or more on the last afternoon he was in Washington and I recall distinctly that in one conversation on that occasion he spoke with pride and satisfaction of what had been done in Panama."

Not all the critics condemned him. To Mr. Rhodes, the historian, he sent this grateful reply: —

To James Ford Rhodes

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 8, 1903.

I thank you for breaking an occasional lance for us in the headquarters of Mugwumpery. When I think of how many mistakes I have made which have

escaped notice, I ought not to be dissatisfied with being lambasted in an occasional case where I have done right. It is hard for me to understand how any one can criticize our action in Panama on the grounds upon which it is ordinarily attacked. The matter came on us with amazing celerity. We had to decide on the instant whether we would take possession of the ends of the railroad and keep the traffic clear, or whether we would stand back and let those gentlemen cut each other's throats for an indefinite time, and destroy whatever remnant of our property and our interests we had there. I had no hesitation as to the proper course to take, and have had no doubt of the propriety of it since.

When Mr. Hay negotiated a treaty with the infant Republic of Panama as to the building of the Canal, he met with denunciation from an unexpected quarter. Senator Morgan broke loose in violent letters, one of which he addressed to the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

To President H. S. Pritchett

December 28, 1903.

I return herewith General Morgan's letter. . . . He is in such a state of mind in regard to the Canal that if you should answer everything he said cate-

gorically, contradicting him with his own public utterances, it would have no effect on him. As he admits in paragraph 3, page 1, he is as much the author of the present Canal Treaty as I am. Not only did I embody in it all his amendments to the Herran Treaty, but I went further than he has ever done in getting the proper guarantees for jurisdiction over the Canal. A year ago he wrote me a series of earnest and impassioned letters, which he afterward embodied in articles in some of the religious periodicals, denouncing the Government of Colombia as the sum of all iniquities, and saying that we were violating every law human and divine in favor of the Government of Colombia against the Liberals of Panama, insisting that it was our bounden duty to aid them in attaining their liberty. How can you argue with a man whose prejudices are so violent and so variable as this?

Reviewing the transaction after a dozen years, Mr. Roosevelt says in a private letter to me dated July 2, 1915: —

"To talk of Colombia as a responsible Power to be dealt with as we would deal with Holland or Belgium or Switzerland or Denmark is a mere absurdity. The analogy is with a group of Sicilian or Calabrian bandits; with Villa and Carranza at this moment.

You could no more make an agreement with the Colombian rulers than you could nail currant jelly to a wall — and the failure to nail currant jelly to a wall is not due to the nail; it is due to the currant jelly. I did my best to get them to act straight. Then I determined that I would do what ought to be done without regard to them. The people of Panama were a unit in desiring the Canal and in wishing to overthrow the rule of Colombia. If they had not revolted, I should have recommended Congress to take possession of the Isthmus by force of arms; and, as you will see, I had actually written the first draft of my Message to this effect. When they revolted, I promptly used the Navy to prevent the bandits, who had tried to hold us up, from spending months of futile bloodshed in conquering or endeavoring to conquer the Isthmus, to the lasting damage of the Isthmus, of us, and of the world. I did not consult Hay, or Root, or any one else as to what I did, because a council of war does not fight; and I intended to do the job once for all."

To sum up. So far as I know, the apologists of the Colombians have never brought forward a single fact that palliates, much less excuses, the acts of the dominant ring at Bogotá from the beginning to the end of this affair. That ring was moved by the in-

stinct of blackmailers, one of the lowest of human instincts, because it combines fraud and cowardice. By the Treaty of 1846 the Colombians were bound to grant a charter for an Isthmian canal; and the price to be paid by the United States for this charter was to be settled by mutual agreement. They broke that obligation in refusing to accept the terms which their agent, Dr. Herran, negotiated; yet those terms must have been communicated to him from Bogotá, and the Government which sent them must have thought at the time of sending that they were ample. It went further and showed no intention of making any other proposal. Again, the Bogotá ring broke faith in arbitrarily changing the date of the expiration of the French company's concession from 1910 to 1904. How exorbitant their demands were, and how shameless they were themselves, appeared when, having lost Panama, they offered to sell out to the United States for eight million dollars, and even for five million, all the rights for which in their greed they had demanded twenty-five million. At the end of October, with the truculence of blackmailers who suppose they have their victim at their mercy, they demanded the twenty-five millions; but by the middle of December they were begging for five.

Although their action was odious, we must ask

whether blackmailers have no rights, even when they deny the rights of others. Must we not keep faith even with the faithless? The laws of each civilized state recognize that the rights of individuals may be set aside by the State for the prosecution of works of great public importance; but this law of eminent domain in international affairs does not exist. When we were building the transcontinental railways we should never have allowed a tribe of Modocs, or of Apaches, who happened to occupy territory through which the line was to go, to block the construction; if they had attempted to resist we should have driven them off. So if some villages of Cretins had stood at the Swiss entrance of the Simplon Tunnel, they would have been removed. In such cases the proper action is self-evident. But where shall we draw the line between right action and injustice and brutality? How shall we escape from justifying the shockingly cynical treatment of Inferior by Superior peoples? Evidently, each case must be decided on its merits. Morally, the Colombians were Cretins, but with the rapacity of wild Indians. The Canal which the American Government planned was for the benefit of the entire world. Should the blackmailing greed of the Bogotá ring stand in the way of civilization? I believe there is only one answer to this question — blackmailers

must not be tolerated; but I believe also that it is so important that respect for legality should never be undermined that it would have been better if the United States had openly given notice that they intended to take the Canal Zone rather than to have it appear that they were conniving at a conspiracy. Our action in Panama had of course nothing in common with such international crimes as the German destruction of Belgium in 1914. That was a deliberate, atrocious act of a nation which had reverted to the war code of barbarians. It could not be defended on the plea that a Superior People was assimilating an Inferior People, for the Belgians were as "superior" as the Germans. The only justification which the Germans offered was that it was a military necessity for their own selfish aggrandizement. Until there is some international tribunal to apply the law of eminent domain where it is needed, we shall probably find selfishness the test or measure which determines our judgment in such matters. We cannot allow the specious plea that a State may do ill that good may follow. Atrocity condemns itself.

CHAPTER XXX

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SKETCHED BY JOHN HAY

JOHN HAY had the unique fortune of serving President Lincoln as Private Secretary and President Roosevelt as Secretary of State. He was a youth when he lived in the White House with Lincoln; he had passed threescore when, after McKinley's death, he accepted Roosevelt's urgent invitation to continue at the head of the State Department. Having assembled elsewhere the extracts from his diaries and letters in which he portrays the intimate life of Lincoln carrying the burden of the Civil War, I propose to present here the pieces, bit by bit, which make up his mosaic portrait of Roosevelt.

John Hay had known Theodore Roosevelt's father, his senior by only seven years, in Washington at the time of the war, and afterwards when Hay was on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* and lived in New York. No doubt he watched intently the early career of Theodore, who, within two years of his graduation from Harvard in 1880, came to be known throughout the country by his work as a reformer in the New York Assembly.

Thereafter, Mr. Roosevelt soon enjoyed a national reputation. In 1889, on being appointed by President Harrison a member of the National Civil Service Commission, he removed to Washington, where he quickly made a place apart for himself, mixing cheerily with all sorts of men, equally at home with Cabinet officers and cowboys, surprising some, puzzling others, amusing nearly all. I have heard Mr. Rudyard Kipling tell how he used to drop in at the Cosmos Club at half past ten or so in the evening, and presently young Roosevelt would come and pour out projects, discussions of men and politics, criticisms of books, in a swift and full-volumed stream, tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. "I curled up on the seat opposite," said Kipling, "and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning round and Theodore was the spinner."

Among old friends were the Henry Cabot Lodges — Mr. Lodge, now a member of Congress, having been instructor in history at Harvard and a valued political mentor during Mr. Roosevelt's undergraduate days. At Mr. Henry Adams's he found a ready welcome. There, of course, he met Mr. Hay, and before long the Hays and the Roosevelts stood on the friendliest footing.

Of this period no letters remain, and naturally,

because persons who live in the same town, and see each other often, have little need to write. In 1895, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York City, where he was Police Commissioner for two years. Then President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a post which he resigned in the spring of 1898 to organize the regiment of Rough Riders and take part in the Spanish War.

Just as Mr. Roosevelt was coming to Washington to enter the Navy Department, John Hay was leaving for London to be American Ambassador. From the steamer *St. Paul* Hay writes, on April 20, 1897:

Hay to Roosevelt

We are nearing land after a voyage of such extraordinary mansuetude that my wife and daughter have joined us at lunch every day. Herodotus [Henry] Adams has been as fit as a fiddle; Bigelow has kept us keyed up to a proper degree of Brahminical optimism; Chandler Hale has had only one headache a day, which he bears with a cheerful meekness which makes the rest of us ashamed to swear; and Colwell is always on hand with quaint seafaring wisdom.

We all send over our loves and best wishes to you and Mrs. Roosevelt in your old-new home. Decidedly, Washington cannot do without you. We have given the thing a fair trial and it does not go.

Theodore Roosevelt

It seems a long day since we left Lafayette Square. Take good care of all our beloveds. Hurry up Mrs. C's convalescence and send her over here to finish her conquest of the peerage. And as to them there Lodges, June won't be June unshared with them.

From London, after he had been several months in the Embassy, Hay wrote:

Hay to Roosevelt

[London, September 29, 1897.]

I have your letter of the 21st and agree with every word of it. I assure you I shall bear no hand in such business — unless I am ordered, which I do not think possible — and in that case I will consider. I have not heard of it and it sounds faky.

I try to hold the scales as level as I can over here, not kissing them nor kicking them. I have received a great deal of kindness from all sorts of people and have read a lot of abuse of my country from all sorts of papers. I used rather to think we had a monopoly of abusive newspapers, but I really believe these people are our equals in vituperation.

It is a curious fact that while no Englishman, not a madman, wants to fight us, and no American, not an idiot, wants to fight England, there is never a civil word about England printed in America, and rarely

a civil word about us printed in England. Whether this ill-will is all historical, or partly prophetical, I cannot say.

I implore my friends at Washington not to be too nasty in their talk about John Bull; for every idle word of theirs *I* get banged about the lot, till I am all colors of the rainbow.

There are many things of which I would fain discourse to you, but most of them are unfinished and not decent subjects of conversation. Sometimes, in the future, for which I already begin to long, we may have our will of them over a pipe and a bottle. I neither drink, smoke, nor talk, but it sounds jovial.

X, the outcast wretch, was in town this week, but only gave me five minutes; he was flying to Paris to see Mrs. C. Germany certainly queers a man's taste; fancy any one preferring to see Mrs. C. rather than me. But [Senator] Wolcott is coming to-night. C. F. Adams is here. He goes roaring about that neither McKinley, nor Wolcott, nor I want the Commission [on Bi-metallism] to succeed.

Particularly characteristic are the whimsical passages in this letter.

Nearly a year later, when the Spanish War was at an end, Mr. Hay sent these greetings to the Colonel of the Rough Riders: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[London, July 27, 1898.]

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the Navy where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I knew it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own dæmon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote: —

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that Fortune which loves the brave. It is now to be concluded, I hope, with that fine good nature, which is, after all, the distinguishing trait of the American character.

A few months wrought great changes in the position of both correspondents. Colonel Roosevelt came

back from the war and was elected Governor of New York; Ambassador Hay took up in October the work of Secretary of State. The following letter is from Governor Roosevelt.

Roosevelt to Hay

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY,
Feb. 7th, '99.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: —

Just a few lines to congratulate you on bringing to so successful an end so great a work. Ambassador, and Secretary of State, during the most important year this Republic has seen since Lincoln died — those are positions worth filling, fraught with memories that your children's children will recall with eager pride. You have indeed led a life eminently worth living, oh, writer of books and doer of deeds! — and, in passing, builder of beautiful houses and father of strong sons and fair daughters.

Compared with the great game of which Washington is the centre, my own work here is parochial. But it is interesting too; and so far I seem to have been fairly successful in overcoming the centrifugal forces always so strong in the Republican party. I am getting on well with Senator Platt, and I am apparently satisfying the wishes of the best element in our own party; of course I have only begun, but so far I think

the state is the better, and the party the stronger, for my administration.

With love to Mrs. Hay, I am

Ever faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The draft of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty drew forth from Governor Roosevelt the following friendly but keen and destructive criticism in a private letter to Secretary Hay: —

Roosevelt to Hay

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY,
Feb. 18th, 1900.

I hesitated long before I said anything about the treaty through sheer dread of two moments — that in which I should receive your note, and that in which I should receive Cabot's.[1] But I made up my mind that at least I wished to be on record; for to my mind this step is one backward, and it may be fraught with very great mischief. You have been the greatest Secretary of State I have seen in my time — Olney comes second — but at this moment I cannot, try as I may, see that you are right. Understand me. When the treaty is adopted, as I suppose

[1] Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

it will be, I shall put the best face possible on it, and shall back the Administration as heartily as ever; but oh, how I wish you and the President would drop the treaty and push through a bill to build *and fortify* our own canal.

My objections are twofold. First, as to naval policy. If the proposed canal had been in existence in '98, the *Oregon* could have come more quickly through to the Atlantic; but this fact would have been far outweighed by the fact that Cervera's fleet would have had open to it the chance of itself going through the canal, and thence sailing to attack Dewey or to menace our stripped Pacific Coast. If that canal is open to the warships of an enemy, it is a menace to us in time of war; it is an added burden, an additional strategic point to be guarded by our fleet. If fortified by us, it becomes one of the most potent sources of our possible sea strength. Unless so fortified it strengthens against us every nation whose fleet is larger than ours. One prime reason for fortifying our great seaports is to unfetter our fleet, to release it for offensive purposes; and the proposed canal would fetter it again, for our fleet would have to watch it, and therefore do the work which a fort should do; and what it could do much better.

Secondly, as to the Monroe Doctrine. If we invite foreign powers to a joint ownership, a joint guaran-

tee, of what so vitally concerns us but a little way from our borders, how can we possibly object to similar joint action say in Southern Brazil or Argentina, where our interests are so much less evident? If Germany has the same right that we have in the canal across Central America, why not in the partition of any part of Southern America? To my mind, we should consistently refuse to all European powers the right to control, in any shape, any territory in the Western Hemisphere which they do not already hold.

As for existing treaties — I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past. A treaty can always be honorably abrogated — though it must never be abrogated in dishonest fashion.

Yours ever,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To understand the sarcasm of the next paragraph we must remember that Governor Roosevelt proved too independent to be acceptable to Senator Platt, the Republican boss of New York State. While his popularity with the people was undiminished, the machine found him so inconvenient that it plotted to get him out of the way by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had no

desire to be put into the vice-presidential chair, whose occupant, like that of the dodo's nest, becomes painlessly obsolete.

Secretary Hay on June 15, 1900, wrote as follows in confidence to his friend Mr. Henry White, at the American Embassy in London: —

"Teddy has been here: have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a sombre resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found to his stupefaction that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket — that he would be far more valuable in New York — and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not, — you're not fit for it.' And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*."

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has always had a way of surprising his friends and his opponents, too, by doing what seemed to him the most natural thing. He forced Platt to agree that he should have the Republican renomination for Governor. But in the Convention, when the delegates from one state after another outside of New York stampeded to him

and would not nominate anyone else, he accepted the second place on the Republican ticket.

Thereupon Secretary Hay sent him the friendliest greeting on June 21: —

Hay to Roosevelt

My dear Governor, —

As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are — nor from getting lots of fun out of it.

We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

During the few months which Mr. Roosevelt served as Vice-President, his relations with the Secretary seem to have been purely social, with no interchange of letters. Then, suddenly, the assassination of President McKinley brought the "young fellow

of infinite dash and originality" — as Hay described him to Lady Jeune — into the White House. On September 15, 1901, the Secretary wrote to the new President: —

Hay to Roosevelt

My dear Roosevelt, —

If the Presidency had come to you in any other way, no one would have congratulated you with better heart than I. My sincere affection and esteem for you, my old-time love for your father — would he could have lived to see you where you are! — would have been deeply gratified.

And even from the depths of the sorrow where I sit, with my grief for the President mingled and confused with that for my boy, so that I scarcely know, from hour to hour, the true source of my tears — I do still congratulate you, not only on the opening of an official career which I know will be glorious, but upon the vast opportunity for useful work which lies before you. With your youth, your ability, your health and strength, the courage God has given you to do right, there are no bounds to the good you can accomplish for your country and the name you will leave in its annals.

My official life is at an end — my natural life will not be long extended; and so, in the dawn of what

I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past.

God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY.

When the President reached Washington, Mr, Hay met him at the railway station; and Mr. Roosevelt, instead of listening to the Secretary's desire to resign, made him promise to stay on and carry out the work he was doing. "I saw it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay awhile, than it would be to go out at once."

Until Mr. Hay's death, nearly four years later, he and President Roosevelt lived on intimate terms, official and personal. The President enjoyed Hay's sparkling conversation and irony: Hay appreciated the President's vigor and downrightness, his humor and dash and talent, and his enlivening surprises; he felt, too, the President's masterful grip on the international relations of the Government. Mr. Roosevelt, a voracious reader, found in Mr. Hay not only a lover of literature but a maker of it, and a critic of fine taste. At the outset a day rarely went by when the Secretary and his Chief did not meet to confer on public matters, and on the margins of the frequent

notes which passed between them there were often jotted informal comments, or witty asides. Sundays, after church, the President stopped regularly at the Secretary's for a chat.

The following letter, for example, shows how Hay's sense of humor enabled him to refer playfully to a matter which, in Berlin, seemed monstrously important. The Kaiser had had struck off medals to commemorate the glories of the German army in China, and apparently the official of the German Embassy, who was ordered to present one of these to President Roosevelt, was almost overpowered at the honor which the President was about to receive.

Hay to Roosevelt

[State Department, November 12, 1901.]

Count Quadt has been hovering around the State Department in ever-narrowing circles for three days, and at last swooped upon me this afternoon, saying that the Foreign Office, and even the Palace, Unter den Linden, was in a state of intense anxiety to know how you received His Majesty's Chinese medal, conferred only upon the greatest sovereigns. As I had not been authorized by you to express your emotions, I had to sail by dead reckoning, and, considering the vast intrinsic value of the souvenir — I should say at least thirty-five cents — and its won-

derful artistic merit, representing the German Eagle eviscerating the Black Dragon, and its historical accuracy, which gives the world to understand that Germany was IT and the rest of the universe nowhere, I took the responsibility of saying to Count Quadt that the President could not have received the medal with anything but emotions of pleasure commensurate with the high appreciation he entertains for the Emperor's majesty, and that a formal acknowledgment would be made in due course. He asked me if he was at liberty to say something like this to his Government, and I said he was at liberty to say whatever the spirit moved him to utter.

I give thanks to "whatever powers there be" that I was able to allow him to leave the room without quoting "*quantula sapientia!*"

On Christmas Day, 1901, the President sent this little note to the Secretary, to whom death had recently brought another loss, his friend Clarence King having died the day before.

Roosevelt to Hay

DEAR JOHN: —

I am very, very sorry: I know it is useless for me to say so — but I do feel deeply for you. You have been well within range of the rifle pits this year —

so near that I do not venture to wish you a merry Christmas. But may all good henceforth go with you and yours.

Your attached friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In 1902, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay attended the Harvard Commencement exercises where both received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At the Alumni Dinner, President Roosevelt made a stirring speech in which, after declaring that it was "indeed a liberal education in high-minded statesmanship to sit at the same council-table with John Hay," he eulogized the great work of Wood, Taft, and Root.

The next day Mr. Hay wrote him from the Hotel Touraine, Boston: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[BOSTON, June 26, 1902.]

DEAR THEODORE: —

I must congratulate you with all my heart on yesterday's triumph — it was nothing less. That great company was a *corps d'élite*, and you had them with you from start to finish. President Eliot when you sat down said, "What a man! Genius, force, and courage, and such evident honesty!"

And another thought was in everybody's mind also. "He is so young and he will be with us for many a day to come." We are all glad of that — even the old fellows, who are passing.

I can never tell you how much I thank you for your kind reference to me. But your splendid defense of Root, Wood, and Taft touched me still more deeply. It was the speech of a great man, and a great gentleman — and will not be forgotten.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN HAY.

The little note, undated, which follows, seems to refer to a literary point which had come up in conversation.

DEAR THEODORE —

> "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of Folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy!"
>
> *Il Penseroso.*

"With thee conversing I forget all" authorities.

J. H.

In the spring of 1903, the President made a long tour of the West during which he addressed many gatherings. Hay writes: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[Washington, April 5, 1903.]

Your speeches have been admirable — strong, lucid, and eloquent; they will make a splendid platform for next year.

They are having an extraordinary reception all over the country. I send you a leader from to-day's *Sun*. It carries out what I said the other day, — they are going to give you a hearty support. Root made a very fine speech in Boston. . . . Do not let them work you too hard. Wisconsin has been terribly exacting. You owe something to the rest of the country — not to speak of Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

The next note refers to messages addressed to Edward VII and William II at the time of the cruise of the American fleet abroad.

Hay to Roosevelt

[July 13, 1903.]

I thank you a thousand times for your kind and generous letter of the 11th. It is a comfort to work for a President who, besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman. . . .

Perhaps you may think your telegram to King

Edward rather deficient in warmth. But you did not want to make it warmer than the one to your great and good friend William. I am always in favor of the *ne quid nimium*. The whole cruise has been a great success. Germany and England have both bid high, and our attitude of platonic friendship to both has been well maintained.

From John Hay's Diary, which he kept from January 1, 1904, until a few days before his death, I extract the most interesting passages about Mr. Roosevelt: —

"*1904. Jan. 17.* The President came in for an hour and talked very amusingly on many matters. Among others he spoke of a letter he had received from an old lady in Canada denouncing him for having drunk a toast to Helen [Hay] at her wedding two years ago. The good soul had waited two years, hoping that the pulpit or the press would take up this enormity. 'Think,' she said, 'of the effect on your friends, on your children, on your own immortal soul, of such a thoughtless act.'

"*March 14.* We lunched with the President; Cardinal Gibbons, the Hengelmüllers, Thayers, and others were there. . . . The Cardinal told the President he hoped earnestly for his election. He is deeply disgusted with the campaign of Gorman against the

negroes. He told the President that he had seen a memorial drawn up by an eminent lawyer in favor of paying a large sum to Colombia for her rights in Panama. He would not tell the name of the eminent lawyer, but a light of recognition came into his cold blue eye when the President told him that X. favored paying the money to Reyes, as that would strengthen the Liberals as against the Clericals!

"*March 18.* At the Cabinet meeting to-day the President said some one had written asking if he wanted to annex any more Islands. He answered, 'about as much as a gorged anaconda wants to swallow a porcupine wrong end to.' . . . He was *éreinting* some one, when it was observed that the man was doubtless conscientious. 'Well,' he burst out, 'if a man has a conscience which leads him to do things like that, he should take it out and look at it — for it is unhealthy.'

"*March 20.* The President talked of the situation, which seems to him very rosy: he thinks that Congress will adjourn by the first of May and that everything will go smoothly during the summer; that Parker will probably be nominated by the Democrats, but that he will not be formidable. The things that annoy him most are trifles; such as the cost of the White House improvements, the upholstering of the *Mayflower*, etc. He has heard that some people

in New York have said he was a grotesque figure in the White House, and wonders what they mean.

"*March 27.* The President is much preoccupied about the Chairmanship of the National Committee. His mind is now turned to Root. I should be glad if he would take it: it would still further extend his reputation and his national standing, to carry on a campaign which is sure to be interesting and wholesome, and crowned by a great success. It would be an advantage also to the party to keep its best men like Root and Taft, etc., as much to the front as possible, for the sake of the contrast, etc.

"*April 5.* At the Cabinet meeting this morning it was suggested that ——— would be a good candidate 'to carry Maryland' — (which Gary says we will carry anyhow). Taft said: 'Mr. President, are you particular about your company?' T. answered: 'I am a liberal man,' and said no more.

Shaw told a good story about poor Senator ———. He and some more grafters had agreed to press a certain bill through the ——— Legislature, and had been paid for it. As the session drew near its close the lobbyist grew alarmed and went to see ———, who demanded a supplement. The man said: 'What can I say to my principals, who thought this matter settled?' 'Tell them,' said ——— thoughtfully, 'that I'm acting dam strange.'

"*April 10.* The President came in and talked mostly about the situation in New York, which annoys him greatly and somewhat alarms him. He sees a good many lions in the path — but I told him of the far greater beasts that appeared to some people as in Lincoln's way, which turned out to be only bobcats after all.

"*April 26.* At the Cabinet this morning the President talked of his Japanese wrestler, who is giving him lessons in Jiu Jitsu. He says the muscles of his throat are so powerfully developed by training that it is impossible for any ordinary man to strangle him. If the President succeeds, once in a while, in getting the better of him, he says, 'Good! lovely!'

"*May 8.* The President was reading Emerson's 'Days' and came to the wonderful closing line: 'I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.' I said, 'I fancy you do not know what that means.' 'O, do I not? Perhaps the greatest men do not, but I in my soul know I am but the average man, and that only marvelous good fortune has brought me where I am.'

"*May 12.* Bade the President good-bye. He said, with jeering good nature, he hoped I would enjoy my well-earned rest. [Mr. Hay was going to make an address at the World's Fair in St. Louis.]

"*June 5.* [The President] spoke of his own

speeches, saying he knew there was not much in them except a certain sincerity and kind of commonplace morality which put him *en rapport* with the people he talked with. He told me with singular humor and recklessness of the way X and the late lamented Holls tried to put him on his guard against me.

"*June 21.* The President returned from Valley Forge yesterday and we all congratulated him at the Cabinet meeting to-day on his sermon on Sunday. It seems it was entirely impromptu, Knox having asked him to speak only just before church time. K. says the question what is to become of Roosevelt after 1908 is easily answered. He should be made a Bishop.

"*August 11.* I dined with the President last night. . . . After dinner we adjourned to the library and the President read his letter of acceptance. I was struck with the readiness with which he accepted every suggestion which was made.

"*August 13.* I went to the White House this morning and found the President screaming with delight over a proposition in the [New York] *Evening Post* that Wayne MacVeagh should be Secretary of State in Parker's Cabinet. So the dear Wayne has wearied of waiting for my envied shoes at the hands of Roosevelt.

"*October 17.* I lunched at the White House —

nobody else but Yves Guyot and Theodore Stanton. The President talked with great energy and perfect ease the most curious French I ever listened to. It was absolutely lawless as to grammar and occasionally bankrupt in substantives; but he had not the least difficulty in making himself understood, and one subject did not worry him more than another.

"*October 23.* The President came in this morning badly bunged about the head and face. His horse fell with him yesterday and gave him a bad fall. It did not occur to me till after he had gone that I had come so near a fatal elevation to a short term of the Presidency.[1] *Dei avertite omen!*

"He was in high spirits, though he always speaks of the election as uncertain. I showed him Lincoln's Pledge of August, 1864, written when he thought McClellan might be elected. He was much impressed, and went on as he often does to compare Lincoln's great trials with what he calls his little ones. He asked me to read Stannard Baker's article about him in *McClure's* — which he likes.

"*October 30.* The President came in for an hour. We talked awhile about the campaign and at last he said: 'It seems a cheap sort of thing to say, and I would not say [it] to other people, but laying aside

[1] There being no Vice-President, Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, stood next in line of succession to the Presidency.

my own great personal interests and hopes, — for of course I desire intensely to succeed, — I have the greatest pride that in this fight we are not only making it on clearly avowed principles, but we have the principles and the record to avow. How can I help being a little proud when I contrast the men and the considerations by which I am attacked, and those by which I am defended?'

"*November 3.* The President's fall from his horse, ten days ago, might have been very serious. He landed fairly on his head, and his neck and shoulders were severely wrenched. For a few days there seemed a possibility of meningitis. But he is strong and well-knit, and the spine escaped injury. I am thankful to have escaped a four months' troubled term of the Presidency. Strange that twice I have come so hideously near it — once at Lenox and now with a hole-in-a-bridge. The President will of course outlive me, but he will not live to be old.

"*November 5.* This morning, the President published his answer to Parker's stupid slanders.[1] I was sorry for the necessity of it, but of course he could not let these blatant falsehoods go uncorrected, and nobody but he could give a satisfactory answer.

I wrote a letter about it myself, but did not print

[1] At the close of the campaign Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate, accused President Roosevelt of employing a large corruption fund.

it, as I felt sure that Parker would continue to say Roosevelt admitted his guilt by silence. So the only way was to give him the lie direct — and I think the President did it very effectively. . . .

"I went to see the President. He said: 'I did not show you my statement because I thought you might not approve and I did not want to be persuaded out of it.' He said further that he had to do it now or never — as whatever might be the result of the election, he could not refer to it afterwards.

"*November 6.* The President came in this morning radiant over the effect of his statement and Parker's speech, which seemed to him, as it did to me, a complete collapse of his accusations. He has evidently thought, for a week past, that the President would not answer him, and he was exulting in his immunity when all at once he was struck silly by this unexpected bolt from the blue. He has 'softly and silently vanished away in the midst of his boisterous glee.' The Snark was a Boojum.

"The President said he felt a repose of mind today he had never felt before. He supposed, from what his friends said, he should probably be elected; but whether successful or not, he should feel that he had gone through the campaign with no stain on his character, and that this, the only attack upon his honor, had been met and refuted. He was particu-

larly gratified at the way in which he had been supported: the other side had nothing to compare with the speeches of Root, and Taft, and Knox, and he was good enough to include me — 'though I had trouble enough to get you on the platform.'

"*November 8.* I went over to the White House at a quarter after nine, thinking that the returns must have begun to come in by that time. I found the Red Parlor full of people, the President in the midst of them with his hands full of telegrams. I asked him if he had anything decisive as yet. He said: 'Yes, Judge Parker has sent his congratulations.' . . . Everywhere the majorities are overwhelming. . . . 'I am glad,' said Roosevelt, 'to be President in my own right.'

"*November 12.* The papers this morning announce on the authority of the President that I am to remain Secretary of State for the next four years. He did it in a moment of emotion, — I cannot exactly see why, — for he has never discussed the matter seriously with me and I have never said I would stay. I have always deprecated the idea, saying there was not four years' work in me: now I shall have to go along awhile longer, as it would be a scandal to contradict him. . . .

"J. B. Bishop told me to-day of the tumultuous dinner last night at the White House and the speech-

less amazement of John Morley at the *faconde* of the President. He said afterwards to Bishop: 'The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt.'

"*November 20.* I read the President's message in the afternoon. . . Made several suggestions as to changes and omissions. The President came in just as I had finished, and we went over the matters together. He accepted my ideas with that singular amiability and open-mindedness which form so striking a contrast with the general idea of his brusque and arbitrary character.

"*December 4.* The President talked about revision. He has omitted the passage about the tariff from his message and rather doubts whether he can find enough support in Congress for attempting any revision at present. . . .

"He told me to say to [Henry] White that he would expect the resignations of all the Ambassadors in the spring, as well as those of the Cabinet. . . . He is trying to harden his heart, in several directions, but I doubt very much if he succeeds.

"*December 25.* The President came in out of the snow-storm looking as breezy as the weather. He had just got Choate's resignation [as Ambassador to Great Britain] and was charmed by the tone of his letter. He will leave to him the time and manner

of his recall. He was a little annoyed at being told by ——— that McKinley had promised [Whitelaw] Reid the place. I assured him there was nothing in it. People like instinctively to diminish their apparent obligations by assigning part of the load to the dead. . . .

"I sent him a MS. Norse Saga of William Morris. He replied in a charming letter.

"*1905. January 1.* The President came in at 12.15 saying it seemed more like Easter than New Year's. We talked of the Bureau of American Republics without coming to any conclusion. . . . He is quite firm in the view that we cannot permit Japan to be robbed a second time of the fruits of her victory — if victory should finally be hers.

"*January 3.* Little of importance at Cabinet meeting. The President was talking of an erring chaplain, which reminded Morton of a Methodist who, on giving an account of himself on the witness stand, said he had been an exhorter for twenty years, but for only six a regular licentious preacher."

Secretary Hay's records during the months of January and February are largely taken up with memoranda on the arbitration treaties, which the Senate ruined, as he and the President thought, by amendments; on negotiations for protecting China;

and on the closing phase of the Russo-Japanese War. Here is a vivid description of Mr. Roosevelt dictating: —

"*February 27.* The President asked me to dine at the White House, as Root was to be there and he wanted to talk over Santo Domingo. After dinner we went to the study up-stairs and for two hours went over the whole business. The President sent for his stenographer and dictated a brief message he proposes to send to the Senate next week. It was a curious sight. I have often seen it, and it never ceases to surprise me. He storms up and down the room, dictating in a loud and oratorical tone, often stopping, recasting a sentence, striking out and filling in, hospitable to every suggestion, not in the least disturbed by interruption, holding on stoutly to his purpose, and producing finally, out of these most unpromising conditions, a clear and logical statement, which he could not improve with solitude and leisure at his command."

Meanwhile, Secretary Hay's health, which had been visibly declining for several months, showed such alarming symptoms that his physicians prescribed for him a complete rest from official duties, and treatment at Nauheim. On March 3, he sent the President a ring, with this note.

Hay to Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1905.

DEAR THEODORE —

The hair in this ring is from the head of Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Taft cut it off the night of the assassination, and I got it from his son — a brief pedigree.

Please wear it to-morrow; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longas, O utinam, bone dux, ferias
Præstes Hesperiæ.[1]

Yours affectionately.

"*Saturday, March 4.* The President wrote me last night a charming letter of thanks for the Lincoln ring I gave him. He wore it to-day at his inauguration and seemed greatly pleased to have it.

"The weather seemed very doubtful, but after a slight rain in the morning it cleared off and was very fine at ten o'clock when we started for the Capitol. The procession was well arranged and we got

[1] HORACE *Odes*, IV, V: "Mayest thou, Good Captain, give long holiday to Hesperia!" The correct quotation is:

Longas, O utinam, dux bone, ferias, etc.

there in about half an hour. There was very little to do, Congress having completed its work, and taken a recess for an hour, to kill time. At eleven o'clock there was a threatening cloud came up in the North, but it blew away, and when, after the inauguration of the Vice-President, we went out to the East Front, the skies were clear, though a bitter wind was sweeping the plaza. The President took the oath in a clear, resonant voice and then delivered his Inaugural. The high wind made speaking difficult, but his voice lasted well — the address was short and in excellent temper and manner. . . .

"The Ball was a success in numbers if nothing else. The President appeared once or twice in the Reserved Gallery — the crowd of say 10,000 stood patiently on the floor of the vast hall staring all the evening at his tribune, a pathetic and strange spectacle.

"*March 5.* The President sent me a note this morning saying he wished to see me, but that he would prefer I should come to him this morning, instead of expecting him here as usual. I went over to the White House and saw the reason of his action. Every approach was filled with a curious crowd. They swarmed over the porch and stood staring in the windows. As I came into his study, the President started up with a jar of lilies in his hand and came to

the door to greet me — recalling Bunthorne 'Walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his medieval hand.' He said: 'You will see why I asked you to come over. If I had come, I should have arrived at your door with a tail like a Highland chief.'

"*March 12.* The President came this morning, wearing an overcoat, a garment which his hardy habit generally rejects. . . .

"I tried to walk this afternoon, but it was tough work. By going very slowly and stopping often I was able to cover about a mile — but the pain does not pass away as it used. It continued all the way home."

That last item indicates the seriousness of Mr. Hay's condition. The following Saturday he embarked, in an almost desperate condition, on the *Cretic* for Genoa. After resting in Italy, he went to take the cure at Nauheim. His improvement there was very slow. On May 20 he wrote the President: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[Nauheim, May 20, 1905.]

I hate to be in this condition of Mahomet's coffin. If I were fit for work, I would gladly go back to my desk. If I were ready for the Knacker, I would at once get out of the way. But when all the doctors

tell me I am going to get well, but that it will be a matter of some months yet, I feel that I ought not to be a dead weight in the boat for an indefinite time. . . . I need not say that when you think a change would be, for any reason, advisable, I shall go. I don't say willingly, but as Browning says, "Go dispiritedly, glad to finish."

My association with you has been altogether delightful, and if there is to be any space left me for memory, I shall always remember it with pleasure and gratitude.

Hay lived to reach home; went to Washington, conferred several times with the President, and on June 22 bade him good-bye. This proved to be their final parting.

The quotations I have given serve to outline John Hay's portrait of Theodore Roosevelt and to record their memorable friendship.

CHAPTER XXXI

HAY'S LAST LABORS

FOR convenience we group a statesman's work according to topics; in real life, however, there is no such grouping. We cannot isolate tasks which overlap, or go forward simultaneously. So it was with Secretary Hay. Long before he signed the treaty with the new Republic of Panama, he had many other issues on his hands. I pass over Hay's eager support of the first Hague Tribunal and of subsequent appeals to it, and his efforts in behalf of international copyright. The chief business which absorbed him at the end of 1903 concerned the Far East.

Although constantly professing her intention of evacuating Manchuria, Russia not only stayed on there, but menaced Korea. Japan formed, in 1902, a league with England which wonderfully strengthened the self-reliance of the little men of Nippon. Early in 1903 Secretary Hay pressed upon the Russian Government the need of respecting the integrity of China.

On May 12 he writes: —

To President Roosevelt

We have the positive and categorical assurance of the Russian Government that the so-called "convention of seven points"[1] has not been proposed by Russia to China. We have this assurance from Count Cassini here, from Mr. McCormick [American Ambassador to Russia] directly from Count Lamsdorff in Petersburg, and through Sir Michael Herbert [British Ambassador at Washington] from the Russian Ambassador in London. . . . *Per contra*, we have from Conger in Pekin, from our Commissioners in Shanghai, from the Japanese Legation here, and from the British Embassy, substantially identical copies of the "convention of seven points," which there is no shadow of doubt the Russians have been, and perhaps still are, forcing upon the Government of China. . . .

I have intimated to Cassini that the inevitable result of their present course of aggression would be the seizure by different Powers of different provinces in China, and the accomplishment of the dismemberment of the empire. He shouts in reply: "This is already done. China is dismembered and we are entitled to our share."

[1] See *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1903, page 54. Despatch, Conger to Hay, April 29, 1903.

The next confidential letter, addressed to Mr. White, in London, reveals the difficulties against which Hay was working: —

To Henry White

May 22, 1903.

The Manchurian matter is far more delicate and more troublesome. Russia, as you know, has given us the most positive assurances that the famous "convention of seven points" never existed. We have a verbatim copy of it as it was presented, with preamble and appendix, by Monsieur Plançon, to the Chinese Government. If they choose to disavow Plançon, and to discontinue their attempts to violate their agreements, we shall be all right; but, if the lie they have told was intended to serve only for a week or two, the situation will become a serious one. The Chinese, as well as the Russians, seem to know that the strength of our position is entirely moral, and if the Russians are convinced that we will not fight for Manchuria — as I suppose we will not — and the Chinese are convinced that they have nothing but good to expect from us and nothing but a beating from Russia, the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor devils of Chinks as the raised club. Still, we must do the best we can with the means at our disposition.

"Our strength in Russia is, of course, not with the military or diplomatic sections of the Government [Mr. Hay writes to Minister Conger in Peking], but with Mr. Witte and the whole financial world of Russia." (June 13, 1903.)

In spite of warnings and dissuasions Russia pursued her policy, and at the beginning of 1904 she forced the Japanese to conclude that they must either accept Russian domination down to the shores of the Japan Sea — a domination which would soon overshadow themselves — or attack the Russians before they had assembled their full strength. To the surprise of the Powers, the Japanese chose the latter course.

Mr. Hay's Diary gives us the clue to the swiftly maturing events.

"*January 5, 1904.* From despatches received from Tokio and from the Japanese Legation here it is evident that no attempt at mediation will do any good. Russia is clearly determined to make no concessions to Japan. They think — that is Alexieff and Bezobrazoff, who seem to have complete control of affairs — that now is the time to strike, to crush Japan and to eliminate her from her position of influence in the Far East. They evidently think there is nothing to be feared from us — and they have of course secured pledges from Germany and France, which make them feel secure in Europe.

Henry White

"*January 6.* The President notices a decided change of opinion against Russia. Herman Ridder has told him he can get up a big dinner in New York of Germans and Irish to express sympathy with Japan.

"*January 9.* Takahira [the Japanese Minister at Washington] saw, for the first time in some weeks, a possible gleam of light. He asked me whether it would seem ungracious on the part of Japan to desist from claiming 'foreign settlements' in Manchuria — showing that this is one of the points Russia is insisting on. I told him that we reserved our treaty right to discuss the matter, but that we were not at present insisting on it.

"*January 11.* I saw Takahira who read me several long despatches from his Government. One saying they had asked strict neutrality from China, in the interest of China and the civilized world — and another giving excellent reasons why they did not desire the mediation of other Powers; as they would inure to the advantage of Russia through endless delays."

America's good offices had as little effect as had the counsels of European bankers and diplomats in averting the war. On February 8, Admiral Togo, commanding the Japanese fleet, made a dash on Port Arthur and attacked the Russians. The day

before, Secretary Hay, just returned from a trip to Georgia, was shown a memorandum which the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, had presented to the President. Read now, it proves to be the clue to a puzzle which mystified diplomacy then. It suggested that the German Emperor desired "that we 'take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations.' I said I thought we ought to eliminate the last clause and include 'the administrative entity of China.' The President agreed."

On February 8, Mr. Hay had the draft ready to show to the President and other persons, who approved of it. Among them were the German and Chinese envoys. The latter "was greatly pleased to know what we had done. So was Takahira, who came in and talked of the situation with profound emotion, which expressed itself in a moment of tears and sobs as he left me. Cassini [the Russian Ambassador] came to my house at 2.30 and stayed an hour. He spent most of the time in accusing Japan of lightness and vanity; he seemed little affected by the imminence of war, expecting a speedy victory, but admitting that the war, however it resulted, would profit nobody."

From this time forward Mr. Hay received almost daily visits from Takahira and Cassini. The Japanese was always courteous and dignified; the Russian was often fretful, peevish, and complaining, if bad news came, — and the news was usually bad for Russia, — or he was surly and overbearing to such a point that Mr. Hay seems more than once to have been on the point of showing him the door. Count Cassini deceived himself by thinking that the way to propitiate the Secretary and the American people was to arraign the Government for unneutrality. He would come to the State Department in a rage over some newspaper article, or some joke or cartoon, and once, when a Japanese Consul was reported to have shouted "*Banzai!*" at a public dinner in New York, Count Cassini could hardly refrain from making an international question of it.

Appreciating how much the unexpected reverses must embitter him, Secretary Hay did his best to make allowances for the tactless Russian, but from the start he feared, and with reason, that Cassini was "in no humor to be a safe counselor to Lamsdorff," the Russian Foreign Minister.

Having already had unofficial notice that England, France, Russia, China, and Japan would be glad to consider it, on February 12, Hay launched his circular. He took for granted Germany's adherence

because the Kaiser had made the original suggestion. "I get many inquiries as to the exact meaning of a note which," Hay writes, "was properly left indefinite." Within ten days, the Powers chiefly interested agreed in substance to the American circular.

Three more extracts from the Diary on this matter must suffice: —

"*March 1.* Cassini came at three and stayed till five. His object was to hand me a memorandum from Russia limiting the theatre of war in Manchuria, which, like everything from that country has a 'false bottom.' He talked for an hour about American unfriendliness. I told him that the Japs were cleverer — they talked of our friendliness.

"*March 2.* There is an interview with Cassini printed in the papers to-day containing much that he said to me yesterday; giving the Government credit for being correct, but going for the people and the press. Takahira also resorts to the newspapers to sustain the attitude of Japan.

"*March 9.* [The President] is determined to do his duty by Russia and not be swerved from strict neutrality by her pettishness, nor to show any unfriendliness to Japan by reason of it."

Throughout the year Secretary Hay had the war

in the Far East constantly in his mind, and the days were rare when he escaped a call from Mr. Takahira and Count Cassini. But many other perplexing matters required his attention. I omit the later efforts of the Colombians to undo the Republic of Panama; nor can I detail the negotiations to protect China.

Early in the spring the coming Presidential campaign began to absorb the Republican Administration. Months before, Hay foresaw that Mr. Roosevelt's renomination would not be disputed. At a time when Senator Hanna, the Republican "Warwick," was supposed to be casting about for a more pliable candidate, Hay wrote as follows to a journalist in Brooklyn, who seems to have suggested that Hay himself should run: —

To W. F. G. Shanks

November 24, 1903.

A veteran observer, like you and me, ought never to shut his eyes to accomplished facts. Roosevelt is already nominated. Hanna knows this as well as the rest of us. He is not going to oppose him, and Roosevelt will be nominated by acclamation in the convention. I do not believe another name will be put forward in opposition. Of course, I am for him against all comers, if the matter were in controversy;

but even if it were not, and if I were a possibility (which I am not), no earthly consideration would induce me to accept a nomination for that place. When I get through with my present job I shall never hold another public office.

On Secretary Root's declination, Mr. Cortelyou was chosen manager of the Republican campaign. The Democrats temporarily shook off Mr. Bryan and his free-silver platform, and sought another candidate with different issues. In spite of their hold on power, the Republicans felt anxious until late in the summer. Hay's Diary again serves to light up the campaign and his own attitude toward it: —

"*April 12.* In the Cabinet meeting to-day the President set forth at great length the difficulties and dangers of the campaign, as a preliminary to the suggestion that the welfare of the Republican Party in this trying hour demanded that I should make some speeches. The motion was seconded by Shaw and Moody with considerable eloquence. I sat mute — fearing to speak lest I should lose my temper. It is intolerable that they should not see how much more advantageous to the Administration it is that I should stay at home to do my work than that I should cavort around the country making lean and jejune orations."

"*April 24.* The President had only been here a few minutes this morning when Nicholas Murray Butler and Joe Bishop came in. They were very much amused at the frantic energy with which Mr. Cleveland is denying that he ever showed any common civility to a negro. They seem to think it indicated that in spite of all protestations he still desires the Presidential nomination."

The Republicans, at their convention in June, nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks for President and Vice-President. The next day Hay records: —

"*June 24.* Cabinet meeting to-day. The President was not specially elated — it was too clear a walk-over."

On July 9 the Democrats chose Judge Alton B. Parker as their nominee for the Presidency. Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Choate the following caustic and partisan criticism of Judge Parker's action: —

To Joseph H. Choate

July 11, 1904.

The conventions have met and adjourned, and I think we are left in an excellent position for the campaign. The last day of the St. Louis Convention was the scene of several dramatic incidents which the Democratic papers seem to think will be to the advantage of Parker. I cannot agree with them. He

held his tongue rigidly, giving no hint of his position on any question until the platform was made and he was nominated. The next morning the three most important opposition papers in New York — the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *World* — had leaders furiously denouncing the platform. Upon this, Parker took a sudden fright, feeling that his nomination would be worthless if he was to lose his Eastern support in the press, and he at once sent a telegram to St. Louis, saying that he was in favor of the gold standard, and if they did not like it they could nominate somebody else. He knew perfectly well they could not nominate any one else, nor could they change their platform, but he accomplished his purpose in extorting from them permission for him to accept without changing his views. So they are now before the country, the platform by its silence endorsing the Bryanite view of the money question, and the candidate trying to save himself by a repudiation of the convention — something which has never happened before, so far as I remember, except in the case of McClellan, with consequences not to be envied. They are all extolling to-day the boldness of Parker, his boldness consisting in his having held his tongue until he had secured the nomination, and then, in a blue funk over the outburst of the newspapers Saturday morning, repudiating the platform,

to which his representatives had explicitly consented. Yet, singularly enough, this rather pitiful performance has helped him in public opinion.

The next letter discloses President Roosevelt's willingness to accept suggestions, and, incidentally, it repeats Mr. Hay's opinion of the Democratic adversaries: —

To President Roosevelt

July 13, 1904.

I return herewith the draft of your speech. I am sorry to return it almost absolutely intact. Knowing how you yearn for the use of the meat-axe on your offspring, I always feel in default when I send back your drafts with no words but those of unlimited admiration. I really think this is one of the best speeches you have ever made. The first two pages are severe, but absolutely just and dignified, and the rest is history with a fine flavor of actuality. [Here follow three suggestions as to verbal changes.]

We are in the world and we have got to be patient with our environment, but I find it hard to keep my temper over the falsetto shrieks of rapture of the *Evening Post* about the trick which Parker played on his convention. I cannot say I have much sympathy

with the Tillmans, the Williamses, and the Clarks, but I think Bryan has the right to go to his Nebraska home chanting the immortal refrain of Bret Harte: —

"He played it that day upon Williams and me in a way I despise."

And the most exasperating thing about it is that Parker really seems to have scored by this act of treachery, dictated by abject cowardice. But it is a good while until election and the hard-headed common sense of the American voters "won't do a thing to him" in the mean time.

In spite of his reluctance, Mr. Hay made three speeches during the season: at the opening of the St. Louis Fair; at the Semi-Centennial Celebration, at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, of the birth of the Republican Party; and at Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 26. Only the last was directly political; but the Jackson speech, judging by its wide circulation, was regarded by the Republican managers as their best campaign document.

Hay's later addresses, carefully thought out and much polished, contrast in style with the spontaneity of his earlier prose, and especially of his familiar letters. He writes now as one sophisticated in the art of writing. This does not imply that some of his later pieces have not much excellence. Best of

them all is "Franklin in France" (1904); most popular is the brief praise of Omar which he delivered in England (December 8, 1897). For pure eulogy which makes no pretence at criticism his oration on President McKinley might serve as a model — affectionate, dignified, imputing only the best motives and giving full credit to every good deed. The laudation of the Republican Party, to which Hay attributed almost every beneficent act in fifty years, except possibly the introduction of antiseptic surgery, must have tickled Hay's sense of humor in the writing, as it surely fed the satisfaction of the thousands who heard it. Underneath the exuberance of encomium there is still an honest outline of the services of the party.

Not long before election, Judge Parker publicly accused President Roosevelt of employing a corruption fund to turn the votes to his side. Mr. Roosevelt waited for several days in silence, and then issued a crushing denial. Secretary Hay describes this episode in a letter to Mr. Frank H. Mason, Consul-General at Berlin: —

To Frank H. Mason

November 26, 1904.

I am getting to be an old man, and naturally take a calmer view of political contests than when I

was young, but never since the early Frémont days have I been so absolutely certain of the justice of our cause and of its certain triumph. The other side had no programme, and, as it turned out in the last week of the campaign, no candidate. Their platform was as complete a humbug as Parker himself. The force of comparison could go no farther. When he emerged from Esopus for the whirlwind close of his campaign, he first insinuated his charges against the President half under his breath, but, receiving no reply for a day or two, he grew bolder and bolder, until at last he went roaring about that the President knew he was guilty and dared not answer. This was simply a vulgar gamble on what he assumed was the President's sense of dignity, but when, on Saturday morning, he got a blow square between the eyes from the "big stick" and was called a liar, and a malignant liar, and a knowing and conscious liar, we were all of us a little curious during the day to know what reply he would make Saturday night. Of course, we knew that his charges were absolutely false, but we could not regard it as possible that he had made them without any foundation whatever in his own mind. The two or three possibilities we thought of were a forgery, or some fool letter from some fool friend of the President; but, when it turned out that all the proofs he had of his charges were his own assertions

made during the week, it became too ridiculous. It reminded one of the lines in the "Hunting of the Snark": "I have said it once: I have said it again; when I say it three times, it 's true." I have no doubt that the pitiful collapse of his campaign of mendacity cost him many, many thousands of votes. . . .

I do not amount to much myself this fall. I do not know that I have any local lesion anywhere, but I feel a gentle flavor of mild decay which gives the contradiction — which I am too polite to give myself — to the President's announcement that I shall be here for four years to come.

One example of Secretary Hay's success in securing immediate attention to an ultimatum occurred in June, 1904, when an American citizen, Ion H. Perdicaris, was seized by Raizuli, a Moroccan bandit, and held for a ransom. After much shilly-shallying, and threats by Raizuli that he would kill his prisoner unless the money were speedily paid, Hay cabled to Gummeré, the American Consul at Tangier, June 22: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raizuli dead": adding that "he [Gummeré] was not to commit us about landing marines or seizing custom house."

"*June 23.* My telegram to Gummeré had an uncalled-for success. It is curious how a concise impropriety hits the public.

"*June 24.* Gummeré telegraphs that he expects Perdicaris to-night.

"*June 27.* Perdicaris wires his thanks."

So speedily did even a brigand, apparently safe in the depths of Morocco, recognize the note of command in the voice from overseas.

Toward the end of this year rumors of peace kept cropping up. Takahira expressed anxiety lest the European Powers by compelling mediation should deprive Japan of the fruits of victory. Secretary Hay assured him that the American Government, while remaining strictly neutral, would not consent to a repetition of the injustice of 1894. On November 17, Hay received a telegram from St. Petersburg saying: "I am requested to inform you that the Emperor earnestly desires to accept the President's proposal, but will be prevented by existing conditions." It required further defeats — at the Hun River and Mukden on land, and in the Sea of Japan — to bring Russia to terms. From the Diary: —

"*1905. January 3.* The air is still full of rumors of peace by our intervention. I gave the newspapers to understand that we were doing nothing and had no intention of interfering in a matter where our interference is not wanted."

On January 5 is this still more important entry, in which the Kaiser's suggestion is set forth: —

"Sternburg wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor, who requested him to telegraph the President: 'He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the policy of the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition, headed by France, is under formation directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral Powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: you should ask all Powers having interests in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape, of territory, or other compensation in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would immediately become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain any territorial advantages without simultaneously

provoking selfish aims of the neutral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the North of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would be then first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness.'

"Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals — asks a reply.

"*January 9.* I found [the President] full of the proposition of the German Emperor. He had come to the same conclusion at which I had arrived the day before: that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him, and 2nd, to ascertain the views of the other Powers. I went home and wrote out a letter for the President to send to Sternburg for the Emperor, expressing gratification at his assurances of disinterestedness and promising to sound the Powers.

"*January 10.* I submitted my letter to the President, which he approved and sent by cable. I then wrote a circular for our Ambassadors, speaking of the apprehension entertained by some courts, which the President was loath to share, etc. I then repeated our own attitude as to the integrity of

China, etc., and asked for the views of the respective Powers.

"*January 13.* I sent off the 'self-denying' circular this morning and wired Choate that we hoped the British Government would join, and told him to let Lord Lansdowne know the disposition of Germany toward it. Speck's letter, amplifying his telegram, arrived yesterday, in which he quotes the Kaiser as saying he is afraid of a combination between England, France, and Russia for the spoliation of China. It is a most singular incident. If the Kaiser is speaking frankly, he is far less intimately *lié* with the Czar than most people have believed. But either way our course is clear. Our policy is not to demand any territorial advantage and to do what we can to keep China entire.

"*January 18.* Choate telegraphed from London that Lord Lansdowne, who was at Bowood, had wired him 'full concurrence' in our neutral Powers circular. Meyer says the same thing from Italy. . . . The answers from England and Italy show clearly the extent of the Kaiser's illusion.

"*January 19.* This morning a cable from Porter saying that the French Government fully concurs in our view and does not desire concession of territory from China. That virtually finishes the series: America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy,

make a body of power which nobody will think of gainsaying.

"*January 20.* [Despatch says] that Bülow has answered our circular of the 13th. He is gratified that we have resolved to take steps to maintain integrity of China and Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition — which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Emperor. Refers to Anglo-German agreement of October 14, 1900! ! In that agreement binds itself to principle [of the] Open Door and therefore scarcely necessary to add, does not seek further acquisition of territory in China.

"What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China."

Historians can see pretty clearly now what the Kaiser meant. During the Russo-Japanese War, he feared, having become somewhat isolated from the other great Powers, that they were bent on cutting up China without giving Germany an equal chance at the spoils. He wished also to take the favorable opportunity to humiliate France, when Russia, being in the toils of the war in the Far East, could not help her ally. French intrigues in Morocco gave him a pretext. William II felt secure in interfering

in the Franco-Moroccan negotiations. On June 6, M. Delcassé the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was forced to resign.

One of the last entries in John Hay's Diary reads:

"*June 7.* Delcassé finally resigned yesterday. The Kaiser scored against France, and emphasized his score by making v. Bülow a Prince the same day. I wonder whether it was worth while.

"*February 4.* [X. writes] that the King of ——— asked him who was the sovereign whose anxieties set on foot my circular of the 13th January. He said he did not know. 'It could hardly have been Germany?' said the King with a twinkle.

"*February 11.* Takahira showed me a despatch from Komura,[1] that the German Minister at Tokio had called on him to say that, as there were various rumors afloat, his Government wished him to say there was no truth in the story that Germany was trying to make a combination with Russia and France to arrange terms of peace favorable to Russia; that they were friendly to Russia as is required by neighborhood; but that they had done nothing in the way of peace negotiations and wished to remain on terms of cordial friendliness with Japan. Komura expressed his gratification and reciprocated expressions of friendliness. Takahira — and Komura,

[1] Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

as I understood — thought this move of Germany was the result of our circular and the responses.

"*February 13.* Sternburg says the British Ambassador in Petersburg has pointed out to Count Lamsdorff [1] the advantages for Russia of a speedy conclusion of peace. The Ambassador stated that Lamsdorff seemed to agree with him. Benckendorff [2] has had similar interview with Lansdowne.[3] German Foreign Office believes these preliminary discussions have been carried on without the knowledge of the Czar, and are entirely confidential. They are anxious to be kept informed of Japan's attitude in relation to peace negotiations.

"*February 15.* The President keeps warning Japan not to be exorbitant in her terms of peace.

"*February 17.* [The Kaiser] still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England and Russia, to partition China. He says he was asked to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January 13 gave the scheme the *coup de grâce.* The only proof of the story he gives is an interview between Doumer and Prince Radolin. It is a strange incident — *qui donne à penser.*"

Hay was not destined to take part in the actual negotiations for peace. For several months his health

[1] Russian Foreign Minister. [2] Russian Ambassador in London.
[3] British Foreign Secretary.

had grown visibly worse. He himself seems to have had a conviction that his end was not far off. He wrote the New York correspondent of the London *Times:* —

To George W. Smalley

November 22, 1904.

As to the announcement of my remaining here the rest of my life — for it amounts to that — it was a very characteristic action of the President. He has always appeared to take it for granted that I was to stay here as long as he did, and has several times somewhat vehemently said so, but he has never formally asked me to remain through his next term, and I have never formally consented to do so. The announcement in the newspapers was a proceeding of his own, dictated by occult motives into which it would be hardly reverent to inquire. There is, perhaps, no reason why I should not stay, except weariness of body and spirit, and that seems not to be a sufficient reason. But how long, is a question for Providence and the doctors to decide.

The business in which Mr. Hay was most directly concerned during his last months in Washington was the negotiation of a large number of arbitration treaties, to serve, he hoped, to lessen the likeli-

hood of war throughout the world. But these treaties seemed to the Senate to deprive it of its constitutional right, and accordingly the Senators opposed them. On February 3, Mr. Hay sets down in his Diary: —

"The President spent an hour with me in the afternoon. He was deeply disturbed about the state of the treaties in the Senate, not so much at the opposition of the Democrats as at the nerveless acquiescence of our people in every attack that is made upon them. Knox and Spooner now take the ground that every separate agreement to arbitrate, under these treaties, must be submitted to the Senate: if this provision is incorporated it leaves us exactly where we are now."

The opposition had its way in spite of President Roosevelt's robust criticisms and Secretary Hay's arguments.

"*February 12.* The Senate yesterday, after reading the President's letter, adopted the amendment, and then ratified the treaties. The President, and, in my lesser degree, myself, were the object of a good many venomous speeches. There were several reasons for this action. The Clan-na-Gael had worked more effectively than any one thought. The Southerners felt their repudiated debts could not trouble them if the amendments were carried. There was a loud

clamor that the rights of the Senate were invaded — but every individual Senator felt that his precious privilege of casting two votes in opposition to every treaty must be safeguarded. And then, the President's majority was too big — they wanted to teach him that he was n't *it*."

According to Mr. Hay, the President saw the situation plainly enough; decided not to submit the treaties for the ratification of the other Powers; and made up his mind to go slow in making any more treaties.

"A treaty entering the Senate," Mr. Hay writes, "is like a bull going into the arena: no one can say just how or when the final blow will fall — but one thing is certain — it will never leave the arena alive."

The last rebuff in Mr. Hay's long struggle with the Senate was personal. In the summer of 1904 the French Government wished to confer upon him its highest distinction — the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, "in recognition of the work done by the American Government during the last seven years in the interest of the world's peace." Mr. Hay was for declining, but the President urged him to accept out of regard for France and for the cause which prompted the decoration. When, however, a resolution was moved in the Senate to authorize him to

accept, the "gray wolves" in that body, glad of an opportunity to vent their ill-will against the too unyielding Secretary, voted no.

They struck a dying man.

CHAPTER XXXII

CONCLUSION

THE portrait painter has one point of advantage over the biographer: he depicts his subject presumably at his best or at least at a most representative moment. The biographer, on the contrary, must follow his hero to the end; and the end means in most cases the decline of powers, if not actually their eclipse, before death comes as a release. But it is not fair to allow the final decrepitude to cause us to forget the activity of a lifetime. So I shall speak very briefly of John Hay's end.

We have followed so closely his public work during his last seven years that we have had little space in which to record his unofficial and familiar life. Although, as he himself laments, he came to carry the air of his office into his home, yet he continued to enjoy, as leisure permitted, his old pleasures.

As the cronies of his earlier days dropped off one by one, he clung the more eagerly to those who remained. The few intimate letters which he now wrote breathe his wonted affection and are often lighted up by flashes of his old-time wit; but references to his failing health occur more often, and

although he seldom speaks other than valiantly of his conflict with the inevitable, we detect now and then a note of weariness.

The public, and even most of his associates, did not realize how frail he was. He still kept, from a sense of duty, positions which entailed fatigue. He was a trustee of the Western Reserve University, manager of the Metropolitan Club in Washington, a director at one time of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and a member of various commissions. Almost at the end of his life he joined in founding the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This entry from his Diary, describing the first meeting of the founders of that body, deserves to be quoted: —

"*January 7, 1905.* Went to the Century at 1 o'clock to lunch with Stedman and attend the First Meeting of the American Academy of Letters and Arts. Of the seven members elected by the vote of the Institute last month five were present, Stedman, Saint-Gaudens, La Farge, McDowell, and myself. Howells is in Italy and Mark Twain was in bed whence any amount of telephoning failed to rouse him. After a long and excellent luncheon Stedman took the Chair as temporary presiding officer and R. U. Johnson was elected temporary Secretary. We then proceeded to elect seven new

members. Henry James was chosen unanimously: so was Henry Adams. Certain divergences of opinion then developed and we balloted for the rest. The result was that Charles Eliot Norton, Lounsbury of Yale, Quincy A. Ward were elected."

Mr. Hay took delight in his grandchildren.[1] Little Joan "shows gleams of intelligence. When she finds a caricature of me, she says — 'Grampa' — to her mother in awe and shame, and then hides the paper."

During the year before his death his portrait was painted by John S. Sargent; Zorn etched his head, giving to him the badger-like appearance which the admirers of that artist so greatly value; and Saint-Gaudens modeled his bust. Of this Hay writes: —

"It seems to me a remarkable piece of work — a good likeness and yet not ugly or insignificant." (May 11, 1904.)

Hay usually spoke of his physiognomy with comic disrespect. Soon after reaching the White House he sent home a photograph of which he wrote: —

October 12, 1861.

My dear: — I send you a *carte-de-visite*, which I think is very good, all but the face, which don't look like anything in particular. The pantaloons,

[1] Helen Hay married Payne Whitney, 1902. Alice Hay married James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr., September 30, 1902.

however, are in the highest style of the tailor life and photographic art.

I think the mug is absurd. The expression of the features reminds me of the desperate attempts of a tipsy man to look sober. But coat, trousers, and gloves are irreproachable.[1]

In his later life Stedman having asked for a likeness of Hay, he sent two, requesting that the other should be returned, as he "may never have another taken, having long passed the Narcissus stage."

To a casual correspondent he wrote: "I am interested in what you say about the resemblance to Lowell. Several of his most intimate friends have spoken of it to me, and once, when an artist was painting my portrait, he suddenly stopped and said, 'This picture does not look in the least like you, but I have got a perfect likeness of Lowell,' and when I looked at the canvas I saw he was right; which only shows that an empty house may look from the outside like one fully furnished." (To T. C. Evans, Cooper, New Jersey, January 2, 1900.)

Secretary Hay had looked forward to retiring from office at the conclusion of President Roosevelt's first term. He was worn out and he felt that there was little hope of being stronger. But when the

[1] *Century Magazine*, LVI, 453.

President insisted that he should remain, he assented, wishing in spite of his condition to complete some of the diplomatic tasks which he was directing; but the defeat of his treaties in the Senate, and worries over the complication in Santo Domingo wore him down beyond his fears and were the immediate cause of his collapse. The real cause lay deeper; he had reached the end of his physical vitality. The doctors said that a trip to Europe would restore him, and that he must go at once. He waited until after the President's inauguration, left the Department in charge of Messrs. Loomis and Adee, under the general supervision of Secretary Taft, and sailed with Mrs. Hay and Mr. Adams from New York on the *Cretic* on March 17. During the voyage he improved a little, enjoyed the sight of the beautiful Azores, the brief stay at St. Michael's, the glimpse of Gibraltar and the African coast, and landed at Genoa on April 3.

For a fortnight he went to Nervi, where a German specialist examined him and reported that he had no incurable disease of the heart. When he was sufficiently rested, Mr. Hay made the journey to Nauheim. There he put himself under the care of Dr. Groedel, who also held out hopes of ultimate recovery. During nearly two months the patient took the regular course of baths and diet, chafing at the slowness of his recuperation, and feeling pricks

of conscience at being so long absent from his work in the State Department. His letter to President Roosevelt, quoted earlier, shows his readiness to resign if the President but gave the hint. The insistent invitations of the Emperor William and other monarchs for him to visit them caused him some nervous strain, as he had to decline them all. King Leopold of Belgium, however, surprised him by appearing unannounced at his hotel for an interview. Hay also received word that the University of Cambridge had voted to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws and requested his presence.[1] This honor too he had to forego.

Three or four letters written by him from Nervi and Nauheim show, as do others which I have not room for here, that the old spirit of raillery and affection was still lively in him: —

To Augustus Saint-Gaudens

NERVI, April 12, 1905.

It has just occurred to me that I left God's country without saying anything of those mineral treasures of mine in your charge. Whenever you like to be rid of them, please send them, at my cost and

[1] He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the following American universities: Western Reserve, 1894; Brown, 1897; Princeton, 1900; Dartmouth, 1901; Yale, 1901; Harvard, 1902.

risk, to the Department of State, where they will be taken care of.

As the American newspapers have set forth at quite unnecessary length my miseries before sailing, I need say nothing more about them. We had a delightful voyage, summer seas, and a ship as steady as a church. My doctor here says there is nothing the matter with me except old age, the Senate, and two or three other mortal maladies, and so I am going to Nauheim to be cured of all of them. This involves parting with the Porcupinus Angelicus [Henry Adams] — and I would almost rather keep the diseases. He has been kindness itself — the Porcupine has "passed in music out of sight," and the Angel has been perfected in him. As Sir Walter sings: —

> Oh, Adams! in our hours of ease
> Rather inclined to growl and tease,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.

To Henry Adams

NAUHEIM, April 30, 1905.

Brightest and best, drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids. You did have a hard time, but one cannot but say *fallait pas qu'y aille*. Why did you give me all of your good French money? Why did you leave with empty pockets when mine were

gorged with your cash? Why, when disaster came upon you, did you not wire me? and *ad infinitum.* But I hope this severe dispensation may be blessed to your permanent advantage. I was once complaining to Bret Harte of my lack of funds: "Your own fault," said the wise Argonaut. "Why did you fool away your money paying your debts?"

. . . Spring set in the moment you turned your back. Birds and wild-flowers have come romping in. The drives to the funny little towns and villages are very entertaining. . . . My doctor is an austere Bavarian and does not mince matters. I asked why Rixey and Osler[1] never discovered the hole, or rather bump, in my heart. He said: — "Perhaps they did not want you to know it; or perhaps they could not find it. There are few men in the world so sure of their affair as I am."

You will tell me all about the Salon when I get there. Perhaps by that time I can go upstairs — though they forbid it here. Think of me, leaping like a wild goat in Nauheim from jag to jag. Yet Groedel says I am getting on, and tells me he has patched up worse machines than mine.

With which, may Heaven grant us many happy years.

Yo El Hay.

[1] Dr. Presley M. Rixey, Surgeon-General U.S.N.; Sir William Osler, Anglo-American medical specialist.

To President Roosevelt

BAD NAUHEIM, May 21, 1905.

. . . I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined, the voice of a man "who would not flatter Neptune for his trident." It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law, is something few public men dare to do.

When Dr. Groedel permitted, Hay joined his wife and Mr. Adams, who had preceded him to Paris, and there he spent two or three days motoring with his oldest friend through some of their favorite haunts. On June 2, having bidden good-bye to Mr. Adams, Hay crossed to London; there he lived as far as possible *incognito*, denying himself even to his chosen friends. But as King Edward insisted on seeing him, Hay went privately to Buckingham Palace, where the King received him in a room on the ground floor, and they chatted together for half an hour. A luncheon with Edwin Abbey the painter, a round of shopping, and last calls from some of his intimates completed his stay in London.

On June 7 the Hays took passage from Liverpool on the *Baltic*.

To Henry Adams

R.M.S. *Baltic*, June 7, 1905.

Thus far — *sin novedad*. I have had my usual and proper share of duck-fits and there is no reason to kick at the doctors. I am still following the Groedel régime, and holding the Robin programme in reserve. I am, if anything, a little to the good since leaving Paris.

I see your friend, the Kaiser, has at last taken the scalp of Delcassé. He will be after mine next — to which he is welcome. He has evidently done it out of sheer wantonness, to let people know there is a god in Israel. Characteristic, his rushing to Bülow's house and making him a Prince on the spot to advertise his score.

Spring-Rice turned up in London yesterday. He says he does not think the Kaiser means or wishes war with France. He wants merely to insult her publicly by way of notifying her that if she does not want him to do it again, she had better make friends with him.

The situation is not, as it appears, satisfactory to any one. France has been profoundly humiliated and does not care to show any resentment. England

is not inclined to sympathize with her, as she seems unconscious of her injury. The Bear is licking his own wounds and does not care what happens to the Cock and the Lion. It was a good time for the Kaiser to tread the stage in the Ercles vein.

I do not quite see what Theodore is doing. He is busy — that's of course.

This is an enormous boat and seems comfortable. My cabin is big enough to give a ball in.

Love and thanks a thousand times over for all your generous kindness. I hardly feel worth so much.

During the voyage over Hay had a dream in which there came to him the apparition of the Great Companion of his youth. In his Diary he records: —

"*June 13, 1905.* I dreamed last night that I was in Washington and that I went to the White House to report to the President who turned out to be Mr. Lincoln. He was very kind and considerate, and sympathetic about my illness. He said there was little work of importance on hand. He gave me two unimportant letters to answer. I was pleased that this slight order was within my power to obey. I was not in the least surprised at Lincoln's presence in the White House. But the whole impression of the dream was one of overpowering melancholy."

On June 15, the Hays landed in New York and from a snap-shot of him on the pier, we see that Secretary Hay, although somewhat thinner and with beard and hair much whitened, still had a cheerful expression. Mrs. Hay wished to take him at once to Newbury, but he felt that duty called him to Washington, and after passing a day with his daughter, Mrs. Whitney, at Manhasset, he went straight to the State Department. For nearly a week he stayed on, "clearing his desk," catching up with official news, and conferring with the President and members of the Cabinet. He rejoiced to learn that Mr. Roosevelt was on the point of bringing about peace negotiations between Russia and Japan — a consummation which he himself had longed to achieve during the last year of his active service.

The final entry in his Diary, dated June 19, 1905, reads: —

"Spent the evening at the White House. The President gave me an interesting account of the Peace Negotiations — which he undertook at the suggestion of Japan. He was struck with the vacillation and weakness of purpose shown by Russia; and was not well pleased that Japan refused to go to The Hague.

"Taft came in and we talked of the Bowen-Loomis matter and the Chinese Exclusion. The President is

determined to put a stop to the barbarous methods of the Immigration Bureau."

Accompanied by Clarence, Secretary Hay left Washington on June 24, and reached Newbury the following afternoon. For a day or two he seemed to be suffering merely from the natural fatigue of his recent exertions. Then he grew alarmingly worse. There was the summoning of doctors by special train from Boston, and the application of every resource by which medicine staves off for a few hours the inevitable end. A brief respite of tranquillity preceded the sudden forming of a blood clot. Death swiftly followed about three o'clock in the morning of July 1, 1905.

He was buried in the Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland.[1]

John Hay has so truly described himself in these volumes that the reader will expect no further summing up. Two fragments of Hay's own self-criticism will fitly conclude this chronicle of his rare character and richly varied career.

In 1902, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Mather: —

"I am getting old. I have talked about it before,

[1] Mrs. Hay, who died in New York City, on April 25, 1914, is buried beside him, and their son, Adelbert.

but 'never felt it till now,' as Shylock says. . . . I ought not to grumble. I have reached my grand climacteric with no serious illness, no material bad luck. My dear Del is safe, with a beloved memory and a bright young fame. The girls are well settled, with excellent men, fellows of heart and conscience. Clarence promises an honorable and tranquil life. I shall not be much missed except by my wife.

"I really believe that in all history I never read of a man who has had so much and such varied success as I have had, with so little ability and so little power of sustained industry. It is not a thing to be proud of, but it is something to be very grateful for.

"There never could be a better time to retire." (August 27, 1902.)

Almost the last entry in John Hay's Diary contains the following farewell. It is dated June 14, 1905: —

"I say to myself that I should not rebel at the thought of my life ending at this time. I have lived to be old, something I never expected in my youth. I have had many blessings, domestic happiness being the greatest of all. I have lived my life. I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. My name is printed in the journals of the world without descriptive qualification, which may, I suppose, be called fame. By mere length of service I

shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time. If I were to live several years more I should probably add nothing to my existing reputation; while I could not reasonably expect any further enjoyment of life, such as falls to the lot of old men in sound health. I know death is the common lot, and what is universal ought not to be deemed a misfortune; and yet — instead of confronting it with dignity and philosophy, I cling instinctively to life and the things of life, as eagerly as if I had not had my chance at happiness and gained nearly all the great prizes."

THE END

APPENDIX

THE ARBITRATION OF THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE IN 1902

President Roosevelt's Action with the German Emperor

[In Chapter XXVIII, Volume II, of this biography, I made public for the first time a summary account of the way in which President Roosevelt upheld the Monroe Doctrine and compelled the German Emperor to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration in 1902. On his own motion, Mr. Roosevelt has written the following statement, with corroborative letters, which must put at rest any question as to the authenticity of the story. — W. R. T.]

President Roosevelt's Statement

Sagamore Hill, August 21st, 1916.

My dear Mr. Thayer, —

There is now no reason why I should not speak of the facts connected with the disagreement between the United States and Germany over the Venezuela matter, in the early part of my administration as President, and of the final amicable settlement of the disagreement.

At that time the Venezuelan Dictator-President Castro had committed various offences against different European nations, including Germany and England. The English Government was then endeavoring to keep on good terms with Germany, and on this occasion acted jointly with her. Germany sent a squadron of war vessels to the Venezuelan coast, and they were accompanied by some English war vessels. There was no objection what-

ever to Castro's being punished, as long as the punishment did not take the form of seizure of territory and its more or less permanent occupation by some Old-World Power. At this particular point such seizure of territory would have been a direct menace to the United States, because it would have threatened or partially controlled the approach to the projected Isthmian Canal.

I speedily became convinced that Germany was the leader, and the really formidable party in the transaction; and that England was merely following Germany's lead in rather half-hearted fashion. I became convinced that England would not back Germany in the event of a clash over the matter between Germany and the United States, but would remain neutral; I did not desire that she should do more than remain neutral. I also became convinced that Germany intended to seize some Venezuelan harbor and turn it into a strongly fortified place of arms, on the model of Kiauchau, with a view to exercising some degree of control over the future Isthmian Canal, and over South American affairs generally.

For some time the usual methods of diplomatic intercourse were tried. Germany declined to agree to arbitrate the question at issue between her and Venezuela, and declined to say that she would not take possession of Venezuelan territory, merely saying that such possession would be "temporary" — which might mean anything. I finally decided that no useful purpose would be served by further delay, and I took action accordingly. I assembled our battle fleet, under Admiral Dewey, near Porto Rico, for "manœuvres," with instructions that the fleet should be kept in hand and in fighting trim, and should be ready to sail at an hour's notice. The fact that the fleet was in West Indian waters was of course generally known; but I believe that the Secretary of the Navy, and Admiral Dewey, and perhaps his Chief of Staff, and the Secretary of State, John Hay, were the only persons

who knew about the order for the fleet to be ready to sail at an hour's notice. I told John Hay that I would now see the German Ambassador, Herr von Holleben, myself, and that I intended to bring matters to an early conclusion. Our navy was in very efficient condition, being superior to the German navy.

I saw the Ambassador, and explained that in view of the presence of the German squadron on the Venezuelan coast I could not permit longer delay in answering my request for an arbitration, and that I could not acquiesce in any seizure of Venezuelan territory. The Ambassador responded that his Government could not agree to arbitrate, and that there was no intention to take "permanent" possession of Venezuelan territory. I answered that Kiauchau was not a "permanent" possession of Germany's — that I understood that it was merely held by a ninety-nine years' lease; and that I did not intend to have another Kiauchau, held by similar tenure, on the approach to the Isthmian Canal. The Ambassador repeated that his Government would not agree to arbitrate. I then asked him to inform his Government that if no notification for arbitration came within a certain specified number of days I should be obliged to order Dewey to take his fleet to the Venezuelan coast and see that the German forces did not take possession of any territory. He expressed very grave concern, and asked me if I realized the serious consequences that would follow such action; consequences so serious to both countries that he dreaded to give them a name. I answered that I had thoroughly counted the cost before I decided on the step, and asked him to look at the map, as a glance would show him that there was no spot in the world where Germany in the event of a conflict with the United States would be at a greater disadvantage than in the Caribbean Sea.

A few days later the Ambassador came to see me, talked pleasantly on several subjects, and rose to go. I

asked him if he had any answer to make from his Government to my request, and when he said no, I informed him that in such event it was useless to wait as long as I had intended, and that Dewey would be ordered to sail twenty-four hours in advance of the time I had set. He expressed deep apprehension, and said that his Government would not arbitrate. However, less than twenty-four hours before the time I had appointed for cabling the order to Dewey, the Embassy notified me that His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor had directed him to request me to undertake the arbitration myself. I felt, and publicly expressed, great gratification at this outcome, and great appreciation of the course the German Government had finally agreed to take. Later I received the consent of the German Government to have the arbitration undertaken by the Hague Tribunal, and not by me.

At that time there was in New York as German Consul-General a very able and agreeable man, Dr. Buenz, a native of Holstein. He was intimate with a friend and then neighbor of mine, Mr. A. W. Callisen, — whose father was born in Schleswig, and who, incidentally, was and is exactly as straight an American as I am. Mr. Callisen introduced Dr. Buenz to me; and I found the Doctor an exceptionally well-informed man about American matters and indeed about world affairs generally. He was at my house on several occasions, and I discussed many things with him, including the German and American navies. I had, however, no idea that he had any knowledge whatever of this phase of the Venezuela affair until after your book appeared. Mr. Callisen happened to read it, was much interested in the part referring to Venezuela, and wrote to a friend of his, Mr. Ambrose C. Richardson, of Buffalo, a letter running in part as follows: —

"'A Chapter of Diplomacy' interested me greatly,

all the more as I knew Dr. Holleben personally, and what is still more to the purpose his most intimate friend, Dr. Buenz, at that time German Consul-General at New York. The story is absolutely true, and here is the sequel.

"The German and British Governments firmly counted on our well-established jellyfish squashiness and felt sure they had a free hand. The Kaiser and Junker party especially had everything cut and dried, and counted the affair as accomplished. The first time, Holleben informed his Government that probably Roosevelt's attitude was a bluff; but on second thought went to his friend Buenz for advice, as B. knew the American people better than any German living, and was a close friend of Roosevelt's (I introduced him) and hence a good judge of the situation. Buenz at once assured him that Roosevelt was not bluffing, and that he could count on his doing as threatened; and that in a conversation Roosevelt had shown that he had an intimate knowledge of the strength and condition of the German fleet which was . . . [then] no match for ours.

"Holleben was obliged to eat his own words and telegraph in hot haste to Berlin, where his message fell like a bombshell. You know the rest. This resulted in Holleben's being recalled and dismissed from the diplomatic service. . . . When he sailed from Hoboken not a single member of the diplomatic corps or German official dared to see him off. Only Buenz (and I) dared to brave official disapproval, and went on board to bid him farewell. I went at Buenz's request."

A copy of this letter came into my possession and I showed it to Mr. Callisen when he was here, at my house, on May 7th last. He wrote alongside the part I have quoted: "The above is absolutely accurate. (Signed) A. W. Callisen." Mr. Callisen informed me that he had not intended the letter for publication, but that as the copy had been shown to several people I was at liberty to make whatever use of it I desired.

After your book appeared, some person wrote a letter to the press stating that at the time of the Venezuela incident the American fleet was not mobilized under Admiral Dewey in the West Indies. The letter was sent to Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, of the National Security League, who thereupon wrote to Admiral Dewey for information on the subject. Admiral Dewey answered him as follows: —

"Office of
"The Admiral of the Navy
"Washington

"May 23d, 1916.

"Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood,
"25 Madison Avenue,
"New York City.

"My dear Mr. Wood,—

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of May 22d, asking me to set you right respecting certain facts regarding Colonel Roosevelt's action over Venezuela.

"I was at Culebra, Puerto Rico, at the time, in command of a fleet consisting of over fifty ships, including every battleship and every torpedo boat that we had, with orders from Washington to hold the fleet in hand and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Fortunately, however, the whole matter was amicably adjusted, and there was no need for action.

"Hoping the above statement is exactly what you want, and thanking you for the compliments you pay me, I am

"Very truly yours,

"George Dewey."

This letter was published in the press; and Mr. Wood then sent me copies of the correspondence.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt.

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